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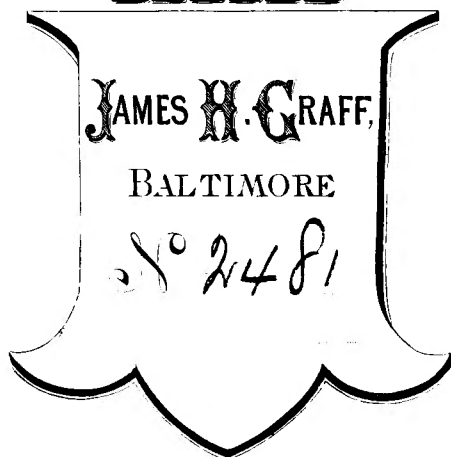
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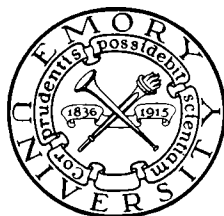
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NIGHTS AT SEA.



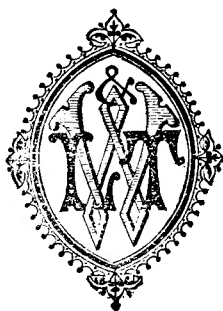
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NIGHTS AT SEA

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

For the purple Nautilus is my boat,
In which I over the waters float.
The moon is shining upon the sea.
Who is there will come and sail with me?—L.F.L.

OF all the craft that ever swam upon salt-water, give me the dashing forty-four-gun frigate, with a ship's company of dare-devils, who would board his Satanic Majesty's kitchen in the midst of cooking-time, if they could only get a gallant spirit to lead them. And pray, what would a ship's company be without leaders? for, after all, it is the officers that make the men what they are; so that, when I see a well-rigg'd man-o'-war, in which discipline is preserved without unnecessary punishment or toil, that's the hooker for me; and such was his Britannic Majesty's frigate, "the saacy, thrash-'em-all SPANKAWAY," for by that title was she known from Yarmouth Roads to the Land's End. Oh, she was a lovely creature! almost a thing of life! and it would be outraging the principles of beauty to give her any other than a female designation. Everybody has been in love some time or other in the course of his existence, and the object of affection was no doubt an angel in the eyes of the ardent lover:—just so was the frigate to me—an angel; for she had wings, and her movements were regulated by the breath of heaven. She was the standard of loveliness, the most exquisite of graceful forms. At anchor she sat upon the water with all the elegance and ease of the cygnet, or like a queen reclining on her downy couch. Under weigh she resembled the pretty pintado-bird skimming the billow tops, or the fleet dolphin darting from wave to wave. Then to see her climb the rolling swell, or cleave the rising foam, baptising her children with the spray, and naming them her seamen—oh, it was a spectacle worth a life to witness!

And who was her captain? the intrepid Lord Eustace Dash, a man more ennobled by his acts than by the courtesy which conferred his title; one who loved the women, hated the French, and had a constitutional liking for the rattling reports

of a long eighteen. His first lieutenant, Mr. Seymour, knew his duty and performed it. The second lieutenant, Mr. Sinnitt, followed the example of his senior. The third lieutenant, Mr. Nugent, obeyed orders, touched the guitar, and was anxious to become an author. Then there was Mr. Scalpel, the surgeon; Mr. Squeeze'm, the purser; Mr. Parallel, the master; with the two marine officers, Plumstone and Peabody. Such was the *élite* of the frigate; but it would be unpardonable—a sort of sea-sacrilege—not to notice Mr. Savage, the boatswain; Mr. Blueblazes, the gunner; and Mr. Bracebit, the carpenter, all good men and true, who had come in at the hawseholes, and served through the various gradations till they mounted the anchor-button on their long-tailed coats. As for the mates, midshipmen, and assistant-surgeons, there was a very fair sprinkling,—the demons of the orlop, each with his nickname. Her crew—but we will speak of them presently.

Hark! it is four bells, in the first dog-watch; and there rolls the summons by the drum, calling the brave to arms. See how the hatchways pour forth the living mass! and in three minutes every soul fore and aft is at his appointed post. The gallant ship lies almost slumbering on the fair bosom of the waters, and the little progress she does make is as noiseless as a delightful dream; like the lone point in the centre of a circle, she is surrounded by the blue waves, and nothing intervenes to break the connected curve of the horizon. Upon the quarter-deck, his right hand thrust into his waistcoat, and his feet firmly planted on the white plank, as if desirous of making the bark feel his own peculiar weight, stands her brave commander; near him Mr. Squeeze'm and two young imps of aides-de-camp take up their allotted stations; the former to note and minute down the details of action, the latter to fly to the infernal regions of the magazine, or anywhere else, at the bidding of their chief. The lieutenants are mustering their divisions through the agency of the young gentlemen; the surgeon and his assistants, happily having nothing to do below, appear abaft the mizen-mast: whilst Mr. Parallel holds brief consultation with the veteran Savage, whose portrait is affixed to each cat-head. Mr. Bracebit is sounding the well, and old Blueblazes is skimming about wherever circumstances require his presence. The marines, stiffened with pipe-clay, and their heads immovable from what the negroes appropriately call “a top-boot round de neck,” are parading on the gangway—their thumbs as stark as tobacco-stoppers, and their fingers as straight as a “ha’porth of pins.” What a compound of pomatum and heel-ball, pipe clay and sand-paper!

And now the officers give in their reports to the captain, who walks round the quarters to make a personal inspection, and, as he looks along the frowning battery, his lordship is proud of his bonny bark ; whilst, as he gazes on his gallant crew, his heart exults in beholding some of the finest specimens of Britain's own that ever made their "home upon the deep."

"What think you of the weather, Mr. Parallel?" inquires his lordship on returning to the quarter-deck. "Will it be fine to-night?"

The old man scans the horizon with an eye of professional scrutiny, and then replies, "I have my doubts, my lord ; but at this time o' year the helements are beyond the ken of human understanding. I've been up the Mediterranean, off and on, man and boy, some five-and-forty years ; it is to me like the face of a parent to a child, but I never could discover from its features what was passing in its heart, or the fit it would take next ; one minute a calm, the next a squall : one hour a gentle breeze that just keeps the sails asleep, the next a gale of wind enough to blow the devil's horns off."

Jord Eustace well knows the veteran's peculiarities ; indeed, he is the only privileged talker in the ship, and so much esteemed by all, that no one seeks to check his loquacity.

"Beat the retreat, and reef the topsails, Mr. Seymour," cries the captain to his first lieutenant, and the latter despatches one of the young gentlemen to repeat the orders.

Rub-a-dub goes the drum again ; but before the sound of the last tap has died away, the twhit-twhit of the boatswain's call summons his mates to their duty ; a loud piping succeeds, and "Reef topsails ahoy !" is bellowed forth from lungs that might have been cased with sheet-iron, so hoarse is the appeal. And see ; before you can slue round to look, from the tack of the flying-jib to the outer clue of the spauker, the lower rattlins of the fore, main, and mizen shrouds are thronged with stout active young men, who keep stealthily ascending, till the first lieutenant's "Away aloft !" sends them up like sparks from a chimney-pot. The top-sails are lowered, the studding-sail booms are triced up, the topmen mount the horses, the earings are hauled out, the reef-points tied, the sails rehoisted and the men down on deck again in one minute and fifty-two seconds from the moment the halliards first rattled from the rack.

"Very well done, Mr. Seymour !" exclaims his lordship, as he stands near the wheel, with his gold repeater in his hand : "and cleverly reefed too ; those after-points are well taut, and show as straight a line as if they had been ruled by a schoolmaster."

"Natur's their schoolmaster, my lord," says old Parallel, with a pleased and business-like countenance; "and consequently, they have everything well taut."

"Very good, master," exclaimed his lordship, laughing, "you get more witty than ever."

"It's strange," muttered the veteran, surlily, "that I can't speak a simple truth, without their logging it down again' me for wit. For my part I see no wit in it."

"Pipe the hammocks down, Mr. Seymour; give them half-an-hour, and then call the watch," orders his lordship.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responds the first lieutenant. "Stand by the hammocks, Mr. Savage."

"Twit-twit!" goes the boatswain's call, followed by a voice like a distant thunder-clap, "Hammocks ahoy!" and away flies every man to the nettings; but not a lashing is touched till the whole have found owners, (the occupation of a minute,) when the first lieutenant's "Pipe down!" draws forth a lark-like chirping of the calls, and in a few seconds the whole have disappeared; even the hammock-men to the young gentlemen have fetched their duplicate, and the cloths are rolled up for the night. The gallant Nelson had his coffin publicly exhibited in his cabin; but what of that? the seaman constantly sleeps in his coffin, for such is his hammock should he die at sea.

Lord Eustace has retired to his cabin, and the officers are pacing to-and-fro the quarter-deck, conversing on

"Promotion, mess-debts, absent friends, and love."

The glory of the day is on the wane; the full round moon arises bright and beautiful, like a gigantic pearl from the coral caverns of the ocean; but there is a sort of sallow mistiness upon the verge of the western horizon, tinged with vermeil streaks from the last rays of the setting sun, that produce feelings of an undefined and undefinable nature; yet there is nothing threatening, for all is delightfully tranquil; no cloud appears to excite apprehensions, for there is a smile upon the face of the heavens, and its dimples are reflected on the surface of the clear waters as assurances of safety. Yet, why are there many keen and experienced eyes glancing at that sickly aspect of the west, as if it were something which tells them of sudden squalls, or whirling hurricanes, like the unnatural flush that gives warning of approaching fever?

"The captain will be happy to have the company of the gun-room officers, to wind up the day, sir," said his lordship's steward, addressing the first lieutenant.

"The gun-room officers, much obliged, will wait upon his lordship," returned Mr. Seymour; then, turning to Mr. Parallel, "Come, master; what attracts your attention there to windward? The captain has sent us an invitation to take our grog with him. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay!" responded the old man, "with pleasure; his lordship means to make Saturday night of it, I suppose; and I must own it has been a precious long week, though, according to the log, it's only Thursday."

The cabin of Lord Eustace had nothing splendid about it; the guns were secured by the tackles ready for instant use, and everything was plain and simple; the deck was carpeted, and the furniture, handsome of its kind, more suited for utility than show. The baize-covered table was amply supplied with wines, spirits, and liquors, which his lordship prided himself in never having but of the best quality; and a jovial party sat around to enjoy the invigorating cheer.

"Gentlemen," said his lordship, rising, "The King!"

Heartily was that toast drunk, for never was monarch more affectionately served by his royal navy than George the Third. Other toasts were given, national and characteristic songs were sung; the relaxation of discipline loosened the restraints on harmony, and that kindly feeling prevailed which forms the best bond of union amongst the officers, and commands respect and esteem from the men.

"Come, Mr. Nugent, have you nothing new to give us? no fresh effusion of the muse?" inquired his lordship.

"As to anything fresh," said Parallel, "I know he puts us all into a pretty pickle with his 'briny helement' and his 'salt-sea sprays,' everlasting spouting like a fin-back at play: what with him and the marines' flutes I suffer a sort of cable-laid torture."

"You have no taste for poetry, master," returned the young officer: "but come, I'll give you my last song; Plumstone has set it to music;" and with a clear sonorous voice he sang the following:

"Hail to the flag—the gallant flag; Britannia's proudest boast;
Her herald o'er the distant sea, the guardian of her coast;
Where'er 'tis spread, on field or flood, the blazonry of fame!
And Britons hail its mastery with shouts of loud acclaim.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag; in battle or in blast;
Whether 'tis hoisted at the peak, or nail'd to splinter'd mast;
Though rent by service or by shot, all tatter'd it may be,
Old England's tars shall still maintain its dread supremacy.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag, that Nelson proudly bore,
When hostile banners waved aloft, amid the cannon's roar;
When France and Spain in unison the deadly battle close,
And deeper than its own red hue the vital current flows.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag; for it is Victory's own,
 Though Trafalgar re-echos still the hero's dying groan;
 The Spaniards dows'd their jaundiced rag on that eventful day,
 And Gallic eagles humbly crouch'd, acknowledging our sway.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag! come, hoist it once again;
 And show the haughty nations round, our throne is on the main:
 Our ships are crowns and sceptres, whose titles have no flaw,
 And legislators are our guns dispensing cannon law.

Once more then hail the gallant flag! the seaman's honest pride,
 Who loves to see it flaunt the breeze, and o'er the ocean ride:
 Like the genius of his country, 'tis ever bold and free:
 And he will prove, where'er it flies, we're sovereigns of the sea."

"Very fair, very fair, Mr. Nugent," said his lordship; "and not badly sung either."

"Ay, ay, my lord, the youngster's well enough," chimed in old Parallel; "but, what with his poetry and book-making, I'm half afraid he'll forget the traverse-tables altogether."

"And pray how does the book-making, as the master calls it, get on, Nugent?" inquired the captain: "have you made much progress?"

"I have commenced, my lord," returned the junior lieutenant, pulling out some papers from his pocket; "and, with your lordship's permission——"

"You'll inflict it upon us," grumbled the old master, and shrugging up his shoulders as he perceived his messmate was actually about to read, whether the captain sanctioned it or not.

"Now then, attention to my introduction," said Nugent, holding up the manuscript, heedless of the nods and winks of his companions; "I'm sure you'll like it. 'The moon is high in the mid-heavens, and not a single envious cloud frowns darkly upon her fair loveliness: there is a flood of silvery light; and fleecy vapours, with their hoary crests, like snow-wreaths from the mountain top, float on its surface to do honour to the queen of night. The winds are sporting with the waters; the amorous waves are heaving up their swelling bosoms to be kissed by the warm breeze that comes laden with perfumes from the sunny clime of Italy. There is a glow of crimson lingering in the west, as if departing day blushed for her wanton sister. Hail, thou inland sea, upon whose breast the gallant heroes of the British isles have fought and conquered! Ancient history recounts thy days of old, and the bold shores that bind thee in their arms stand as indubitable records of the truth of Holy Writ. The tall ship, reflected on thy ocean-mirror, seems to view her symmetry in silent exultation, as if conscious of her grandeur and her beauty, her majesty and her might. The giantess of the deep, her lightnings sleeping and her thunders hushed, dances lightly o'er

thy mimic billows, and curtsies to the gentle gale.' There, my lord, that is the way I begin; and I appeal to your well-known judgment whether it is not a pretty picture, and highly poetical."

"A pretty picture, truly," grumbled old Parallel: "it only wants a squadron of angels seated with their bare starns upon the wet clouds, scudding away before it like colliers in the Sevin, and in one corner the heads of a couple o' butcher's boys blowing wooden skewers, and then it would be complete. Why, there's the marine a-laughing at you. Talk about the winds kissing the waves, indeed. Ay, ay, young sir, when you've worked as many reckonings as ould Will Parallel,—and that's myself,—you'll find 'em kiss somut else, or you'll have better luck than your neighbours. Why don't you stick to natur' if you mean to write a book? and how'll the log stand then?—Why, His Majesty's ship Spankaway cruising in the Mediterranean: and if you've worked your day's work, you ought to know the latitude and longitude. Well, there she is, with light winds and fine weather, under double-reefed topsels, jib, and spanker, the courses snugly hauled up, the t'gant-sels furled in a skin as smooth as an infant's, the stay-sels nicely stowed, and not a yard of useless canvass abroad. There'd be some sense in that, and everybody would understand it; but as for your kissing and blushing, and such-like stuff, why it's all nonsense."

"That's always the way with you matter-of-fact men," retorted the lieutenant; "you make no allowance for the colourings of the imagination; your ideas of the picturesque never go beyond the ship's paint."

"But they do though, my young friend," asseverated the master, to the great amusement of all present. "Show me the ship's paint that can compare with the ruby lustre of this fine old port—here's a discharge of grape."

"That's a metaphor, master," said the purser; "and, moreover,"—and he seemed to shudder at the abomination,—"it is a pun."

"Ay, ay," answered the veteran, holding up his glass to the light, and eying its contents with evident satisfaction, "we've often met afore; and as for the pun, I'll e'en swallow it:" and he drank off his wine amidst a general laugh. "But do you really mean to write a book, Nugent?"

"I do, indeed, master," answered the lieutenant; "but whether it will be read or not is an affair for others to determine. I've got as far as I have repeated to you, and must now pick up incidents and characters."

"A bundle of shakings and a head-robe of wet swabs!"

uttered the old master, contemptuously. "Stick to your log-book, Mr. Nugent, if ever you hopes to get command of such a sweet craft as this here, of which I have the honour to be the master. Larn to keep the ship's reck'ning, and leave authorship to the poor devils who starve by it. There's ounly two books as ever I look at—Hamilton Moore and the Bible; and though I never yet sailed in a craft that rated a parson in commission, yet I make out the latter tolerably well, notwithstanding my edication sometimes gets jamm'd in a clinch, and my knowledge thrown slap aback: but that's all nat'ral; for how can a man work to wind'ard through a narrow passage without knowing somut o' the soundings or the outlines o' the coast? Howsomever, there's one course as is plain enough, and I trust it will carry me clear at last,—to do my duty by my king, God bless him!—and whilst the yards of conscience are squared by the lifts and braces of honesty, I have no fear that I shall cheat the devil of one messmate, and that's ould Will—myself."

"A toast, gentlemen—a toast!" exclaimed his lordship, in high animation; "'The master of the Spankaway and his lady-mate.'"

"I beg pardon, my lord," interrupted the surgeon, "the master is not married; he is yet a solitary bachelor."

"True—most true," chimed in Nugent, laughing; "for, according to the words of the poet,

"None but himself can be his PARALLEL."

"You are too fastidious, gentlemen," said his lordship: "remember, it is 'Wives and sweethearts;' and, as it is a favourite toast of mine, we will, if you please, drink it standing." The toast was drunk with all due honours. "And now," continued his lordship, "without further preface, I shall volunteer a song, which Nugent may hoist into his book, if he pleases.

"Drink, drink to dear woman, whose beautiful eye,
Like the diamond's rich lustre or gem in the sky,
Is beaming with rapture, full, sparkling, and bright—
Here's woman, the soul of man's choicest delight."

CHORUS.

Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast.

Drink, drink to dear woman, and gaze on her smile;
Love hides in those dimples his innocent guile:
'Tis a signal for joy, 'tis a balm for all woe;—
Here's woman, dear woman, man's heaven below.

CHORUS.

Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast.

Drink, drink to dear woman, and look on her tear:—
Is it pain?—is it grief?—is it hope?—is it fear?
Oh! kiss it away, and believe whilst you press,
Here's woman, dear woman, man's friend in distress.

CHORUS.

Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast.

Drink, drink to dear woman, whose exquisite form
Was never design'd to encounter the storm,
Yet should sickness assail us, or trouble o'ercast,
Here's woman, dear woman, man's friend to the last.

CHORUS.

Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast."

As in duty bound, this song elicited great applause, and Nugent declared he should most certainly avail himself of his lordship's proposal for inserting it in his book. "But you have done nothing, Mr. Nugent," said the captain. "You say you want incident and character. You have already taken the frigate for your text;—there's the master, now, a perfect character."

"For the love of good old port," exclaimed Parallel, as if alarmed, "let me beg of you not to gibbet me in your consarn. But I'm not afraid of it; book-making requires some head-piece; there's nothing to be done without a head, nor ever has been."

"I must differ with you there, Mr. Parallel," said Seymour, unobtrusively; "for I myself saw a very difficult thing done literally without a head."

"Galvanised, I suppose?" uttered the doctor, in a tone of inquiry; "the power of the battery is wonderful."

"There assuredly was a battery, doctor," responded the lieutenant, laughing; "and a very heavy one too. But the event I'm speaking of had no connection with galvanism: it was sheer muscular motion."

"Out with it, Seymour!"—"Let's have it by all means!"—"It will be an incident for Nugent!"—"Out with it!"—burst forth simultaneously from all.

"It certainly is curious," said the first lieutenant, assuming much gravity of countenance, "and happened when I was junior luff of the old Sharksnose. We were running into Rio Janeiro man-o'-war fashion, with a pennant as long as a purser's account at the mast-head, and a spanking ensign hoisted at the gaff-end, with a fly that would have swept all the sheep off the Isle of Wight. Away we galloped along, when a shot from Santa Cruz, the three-decked battery at the entrance, came slap into our bows. 'Tell him we're pretty well, thanky,' shouted the skipper; and our jolly first, who took his meaning

literally, pointed the fo'k'stle gun, clapp'd the match to the priming, and off went the messenger, which struck the sentry, who was pacing his post, right between the shoulders, and whipt off his head as clean as you would snap a carrot; he was a stout-made, powerful-looking man, and by sheer muscular motion, as I said before, his head flew up from his body at least a fathom and a half, and actually descended upon the point of his bayonet, where it stuck fast, and the unfortunate fellow walked the whole length of the rampart in that way; nor was it till he got to the turn, and was steering round to come back again, that he discovered the loss of his head, when, according to the most approved practice in similar surgical cases, he fell to the ground. It was sheer muscular motion, gentlemen—sheer muscular motion."

"He would, no doubt, have been a good mussulman, Seymour, if he had been a Turk," said his lordship.

"He couldn't come the right about face," said Peabody, "having lost his head. It would have been a comical sight to have seen him present arms; pray did he come to the present?"

"No, nor yet to the recover, I'll be sworn," observed Plumstone; "no doubt he grounded his arms and his head too."

"Them chance shots often do the most mischief," remarked Parallel. "Who would have thought that it would have gone right through his chest, so as to leave him a headless trunk? Pray may I ax you whether he was near his box?"

"Well hove and strong, master," exclaimed Sinnitt, joining in the general laugh; "your wit equals your beauty."

"What have I said that's witty now?" returned the veteran; "I can't open my mouth to utter a word of truth, or to ax a question, but I'm called a wit; for my part, I see no wit in it."

"Your anecdote," said his lordship, "reminds me of something similar that I witnessed, when a youngster, at one of the New Zealand Isles. Our captain took a party of us to see his dun-coloured majesty at court. The monarch was seated in a mud, or rather clay building, nearly in a state of nudity, his only covering being an old uniform coat and a huge cocked hat: his queens—happy man! I think he had seventy—not quite so decently dressed as himself, were squatting or lying down, in different directions; several of them with such ornaments through their lips and noses as would have answered the purpose of rings in the decks to a stopper'd best-bower cable. I heartily wish some of our court ladies could have seen this royal spectacle. We were ushered in through an entrance, on each side of which was a pile of heads without tails to them, most probably dropped in their hurry to wait

upon the king. His Majesty was a man of mild countenance, and of most imperturbable gravity; behind him stood a gigantic-looking rascal, with an enormous dragoon's sabre over his shoulder, by way of warning to his majesty's wives not to disturb his majesty's repose, or it was amongst the chances of royalty that he would shorten their bodies and their days at the same moment,—a sort of summary process to make good women of them; and I began to suspect that some of those which we saw at the entrance had once touched noses with his most disgusting majesty,—for a filthier fellow I never set eyes on. You've no doubt seen some of those curiously figured heads which grow upon New Zealand shoulders, for many have been brought to England: our skipper, who was a sort of collector of curiosities, was extremely desirous of obtaining one, but he was aware that it was only the head men who were thus marked or tattooed, and he had run his eye over the samples at the door-way, but could not detect one chief who had been deprived of his caput. Nevertheless, by signs and through means of a Scotch interpreter (for the prime minister of Longchewfishcow was a Scotchman), his majesty was informed of the captain's wish; and in a short time several natives handsomely tattooed were drawn up within the building: the skipper was requested to select the figures which pleased him most; and he, imagining that the chiefs had been exhibited merely by way of pattern, fixed upon one whose features appeared to have had pricked off upon them every day's run of the children of Israel when cruising in the wilderness. The chief bowed in token of satisfaction at being thus highly honoured; but, before he could raise his head, it sprang away from his shoulders into the captain's arms, with thanks for the compliment yet passing from his lips:—the life-guardsmen of the king had obeyed his majesty's signal, and the dragoon's sabre had made sharp work of it."

"It was quick and dead," said the old master. "Now, Mr. Nugent, you may begin your book as soon as you please. I'm sure you have plenty of heads to work upon."

"You talk as if I had no head of my own, master," retorted the lieutenant, somewhat offended; "and with all your wit you shall find that I have got a head."

"So has a scupper-nail," returned the veteran, "but it requires a deal of hammering before you can get it to the leather."

"Good-humour, gentlemen! good-humour!" said the captain, laughing; "no recriminations, if you please, or we shall bring some of your heads to the block."

"To make blockheads of 'em, I suppose," observed old

Parallel; "by every rope in the top, but that's done already! Howsomever, as you are lecturing upon heads, why, I'll just relate an anecdote of a circumstance that I was eye-witness to upwards of thirty years ago. I was then just appointed acting-master of the 'Never-so-quick,' one o' your old ship sloops; and we were cruising in among the West Ingee islands, but more especially boxing about the island of Cuba, and that way, for pirates. Well, one morning at day-break the look-out had just got upon the foretopsel yard, when word was passed that there were two sails almost alongside of each other, and dead down to looard of us. There was a nice little breeze, and so we ups stick, squares the yards, and sets the stud'nsls a both sides, to run down and overhaul the strangers, though we made pretty certain it was a pirate plundering a capture; and we was the more convinced of the fact when broad daylight came, and our glasses showed that one of 'em was a long low schooner, just such a one as the picarooning marauders risk'd their necks in, and certainly better judges of a swift craft never dipp'd their hands in a tar-bucket. She saw us a-coming, and away she pay'd off before the wind, and up went a squaresel of light duck that dragged the creatur' along beautifully. The other craft, a large brig, lay quite still with her maintopsl to the mast, except that she came up and fell off as if her helm was lashed a-lee. Now the best point of the ould Never-so-quick's sailing was right afore it, and so we not only held our own, but draw'd upon the vagabond thief that was doing his best to slip his head out of a hangman's noose, whan it fell stark calm, the brig lying about midway between his Majesty's ship and the devil's own schooner. Out went her sweeps, and out went the boats; but she altered her course to get in shore, and without a breath of wind they swept her along at the rate of four knots and a half, whilst our ould beauty would hardly move; so the captain recalls the boats, and orders 'em to overhaul the brig. We got alongside about noon, a regular wasting, burning hot noon; and we found a hand cut off at the wrist grasping one of the main-chain plates, so that it could hardly be disengaged."

"Muscular power!" said Seymour; "the death-grapple, no doubt! astonishing tenacity notwithstanding."

"Howsomever, we did open the fingers," continued the master, "and found by its delicate whiteness, and a ring on the wedding-finger, that it belonged to a woman. When we got on board, the blood in various parts of the quarter-deck, and at the gangways, indicated the murderous tragedy that had been acted; but no semblance of human being could we

find except a head,—a bloody head that seemed to have been purposely placed upon a flour-cask that was up-ended near the windlass. ‘Well, I’m bless’d,’ says one of our boatsun’s-mates, who had steered the pinnace,—‘I’m blessed if they arn’t shaved you clean enough at any rate; but d—— my tarry trousers, look at that!—why then I’m a Dutchman if it arn’t winking at me.’—‘Bathershin!’ says an Irish topman, ‘it’s stretching his daylight he is, mightily plased to see such good company;’ and sure enough the eyes were rolling about in a strange fashion for a head as had no movables to consort to it; and presently the mouth opened wide, and then the teeth snapp’d to again, just like a cat-fish at St. Jago’s. ‘It’s a horrible sight,’ said one of the cutters, ‘and them fellows ’ll go to —— for it, that’s one consolation; but ain’t it mighty queer, sir, that a head without ever a body should be arter making such wry faces, and opening and shutting his sally-port, seeing as he’s scratched out of his mess?’ A hideous grin distorted every feature,—so hideous that it made me shudder; and first one eye and then the other opened in rapid succession. ‘I say, Jem,’ says one of the pinnaces to the boatsun’s-mate,—‘I say, Jem, mayhap the gentleman wants a bit o’ pigtail, for most likely he ar’nt had a chaw since he lost his ’bacca-box.’ This sally, with the usual recklessness of seamen, produced a general laugh, which emboldened Jem to take out his quid, and, watching an opportunity, he clasps it into between the jaws; but before he could gather in the slack of his arm, the teeth were fast hold of his fingers, and there he was, jamm’d like Jackson, and roaring out ten thousand murders. He tried to snatch his hand away, but the head held on to the cask like grim death against the doctor; at last away it rolled over and Jem got clear, but the head stuck fast, and then we discovered that there was a body inside. The head of the cask had been taken out, and a hole cut hardly large enough to admit of the poor fellow’s neck: but nevertheless it had been hoop’d up again, and when we got on board he was in the last convulsive gasps of strangulation. We released him immediately, but it was only to find him so shockingly mutilated that he died in about ten minutes afterwards; and not a soul was left to tell us the fatal tale, though from an ensign and some shreds of papers we conjectured the brig was a Spaniard. The pirates had scuttled her. She made water too fast to think of saving her, and in a couple of hours she went down.”

“Thankye, master, thankye,” exclaimed several; “why, we shall have you writing a book before long, and you’ll beat Nugent out and out. See, he’s ready to yield the palm.”

"Him!" uttered the old man, with a look expressive of rather more contempt than the young lieutenant merited. "Him!"

"Come, master," said Nugent, "we *must* have your song,—it is your turn next."

"So it appears," replied the old man, as the frigate suddenly heeled over. "You have had so much singing that even the winds must have a *squall*." They were rising hastily from their seats, when in an instant the frigate was nearly thrown on her beam-ends. Away went Parallel right over the table into the stomach of the marine Peabody, whom he cap-sized; and before another moment elapsed the gallant captain and his officers were scrambling between the guns to leeward, and half buried in water, amidst broken decanters and glasses, sea-biscuit and bottles. Old Parallel grasped a decanter of port that was clinking its sides against a ring-bolt, and, unwilling that so much good stuff should be wasted, clapped the mouth to his own; the purser was fishing for his wig, as he was extremely tenacious on the score of his bald head; the captain and Seymour were trying for the door; the doctor got astride one gun, and the two marine officers struggled for the other, so that as fast as one got hold his messmate unhorsed him again. Sinnit had crawled up to the table, and Nugent twisted his coat-laps round him to preserve his MS. from becoming saturated. The frigate righted again. His lordship and his lieutenants rushed on deck, to behold the three topmasts, with all their lengths of upper spars, hanging over the side, having in a white squall been snapped short off by the caps. We will leave them for the present to

"Call all hands to clear the wreck."

THE WHITE SQUALL.

I WAS born in a cloud of sulphureous hue—

Darkness my mother, and Flame my sire;

The earth shook in terror, as forth to its view

I sprang from my throne like a monarch of fire!

My brother, bold Thunder, hurraed as I sped!

My subjects laughed wild, till the rain from their eyes

Roll'd fast, as though torrents were dash'd overhead,

Or an ocean had burst through the bounds of the skies!

CHARLES SWAIN.

My last left the gallant Spankaway with her three topmasts over the side; and a very natural question arises, "How did it happen?" Her commander was as smart an officer as ever lived; an excellent disciplinarian when on duty, a thoroughly brave man, but not much of a seaman;—he was of a happy

turn of mind himself, and nothing afforded him greater pleasure than to see everybody else happy around him. On service no one could be more strict; but he loved to see his officers surrounding his mahogany; and not one amongst them was more jovial than Lord Eustace Dash.

On the evening in question, Old Parallel had glanced at the glowing clouds in the west; but the invitation to the captain's cabin had driven the circumstance from his remembrance, and, whilst clinging to his *port*, he thought but little of a storm at sea. Mr. Sinnitt was the lieutenant of the watch; but on such occasions, when there was no apprehension of danger, the mate was allowed to assume the command of the deck, and his superior joined his messmates over the flowing bowl.

The evening was delightfully serene, and groups of seamen clustered together, spinning yarns, conversing on things in general, or singing songs in a low tone, so as not to disturb the sacred character of the quarter-deck; where, however, the young gentleman left in charge was drawing round him a little knot of favourite youngsters, eager to take advantage of the relaxation of discipline. Some were attentively listening to the hilarity going on in the captain's cabin,—for the heat had rendered it necessary to open the skylights; others were paying equal attention to the vocal talents of honest Jack, who, if he did not possess quite so much grace or talent as his superiors, made ample atonement for the deficiency by his peculiar and characteristic humour. Here and there, the treasured grog was served out with scrupulous exactness, exciting many a longing and envious eye. As in communities on shore, every ship had its choice spirits,—its particular and especial jokers, songsters, and tale-tellers—and, not unfrequently, that pest to society, the plausible pettifogger, whose head, like that of a Philadelphia lawyer, was constantly filled with proclamations.

The moon shone with a crystalline clearness, and the gentle motion of the frigate threw the shadows of the people in corresponding movements on the deck, resembling the *ombres Chinois* that delighted us so much in boyhood. The look-outs were placed at their appointed stations; some with a ship-mate to bear them company—others alone, and thinking upon merry England.

"I say, Bill!" uttered the captain of the fore-castle, addressing one of the men, as he was looking to windward from the cat-head—or, as it was more generally termed, 'Old Savage's picture-gallery,'—"I say, Bill! somehow or another I don't much like the looks o' the sky thereaway: to my thinking it's some^{at} fiery-eyed."

"Gammon!" returned the man, without moving from his position. "I'd ha' thought you would have known better, Jem! Well, I'm blowed if we mayn't live and larn as long as there's a flurry o' breath in the windsel! Why, that's ounly the pride o' the sun, to show his glory to the last; would you have him go out like a purser's dip,—a spark and away?"

"No, Bill, I loves to see a good sunset," rejoined the other; "and I never see'd finer than what I've see'd in these here seas. It's some'at strange to my thinking, though, messmate, that God A'mighty should have made this part of the world so beautiful, and yet have put such d—— lousy, beggarly rascals to live in it! Look at them there Italians, with no more pluck about 'em than this here cat-head!"

"Nay, shipmates," said the serjeant of marines, who had just joined them, "you do yourselves injustice. I hope there is some pluck *about* the cat-head, though there may be none in it. But you say right—perfectly right, as it regards those lazy-roany; they are a d—— set, to be sure! But, their women, Jem—their women! Oh! they're dear, delicious, lovely creaturs!"

"Mayhap they may be to your thinking," responded the captain of the forecastle, rather contemptuously; "but give me a good, hearty, right-arnest, full-plump, flesh-and-blood English-woman; and none o' your skinny, half-starved, sliding-gunter-legged, spindle-shank sinoreas for me!"

"You manifest a shocking want of taste, shipmate," returned the serjeant, proudly, and bringing himself to a perpendicular. "The Italian women are considered the most lovely women in the world."

"Tell that to the marines, ould chap!" chimed in a boatswain's mate, who now made a fourth in the party. "The most lovely women in the world, eh? Why, Lord love your foolish heart! I wouldn't give my Mrs. Sheavehole for all that Italy could stow, take it from stem to stern."

"She's your wife, Jack, and the mother of your children," argued the serjeant; "but that cannot make her a bit the more of a beauty."

"Can't it, though!" exclaimed the boatswain's mate, sharply, and at the same time giving the mountain of tobacco in his cheek a thorough twist. "If it don't, then I'm d——! and, setting a case, it's just this here: when we first came within hail of each other, she was as handsome a craft as ever had God A'mighty for a builder; every timber in her hull was fashioned in Natur's own mould-loft, and she was so pinned and bolted together, that each plank did its own proper duty."

"But she's declining in years, you know, Jack," urged the serjeant, provokingly; "and though she might have been once handsome, yet age is a sad defacer of beauty."

"And suppose it is a *facer* of beauty, it can't change the fashion of the heart!" uttered the boatswain's mate. "But, that's just like you jollies!—all for paint and pipe-clay. Now, Suke's as handsome to me as ever she was; and when I sees her like an ould hen clucking over the young uns, I'm blessed if I don't love her more than when she saved me from having my back scratched by the tails o' the cat! I know, when a craft is obliged to be unrigged and laid up in ordinary, she don't look not by no manner o' means so well as when she was all a-taunto, and painted as fine as a fiddle; but still, shipmates, she's the same craft; and as for beauty, why, setting a case, it's just this here: there's ould beauty, as well as young beauty; and it a'nt so much in the figure-head, or the plank-shear, as having done your duty once, and ready to do it again."

"All that *may* be very true, Jack," persevered the serjeant; "but then, you must allow there is as great a difference in the appearance of some women when compared to others, as there is in the build or rig of a vessel."

"Hearken to that, now!" responded the boatswain's mate. "Do you think Jack Sheavehole wants to be told that a billy-boy arn't a ninety-eight, or a Dutch schuyt a dashing frigate? But, look at this here craft that now rolls us so sweetly over the ocean: arn't she as lovely now as when she first buttered her bottom on the slips, and made a bed for herself in the water? and won't she be the same beauty when she's put out of commission, and mayhap be moored in Rotten-row? Well, she's stood under us in many a heavy gale, and never yet showed her stern to an enemy,—that's why I love her; not for what she may do, but for what she has done."

"But, I say, Jack! it's just the time for a yarn," said the captain of the forecabin. "Tell us how Suke saved you from the gangway."

"I wull, messmate—I wull," returned the other; "and then this lubberly jolly shall see if I arn't good right to call her a beauty. I belonged to the Tapsickoree, two-and-thirty; and, though I says it myself, there warn't many more sich tigh' looking, clean-going lads as ould Jack Sheavehole—though I warn't *ould* Jack then, but a reg'lar smart, active, young blowhard of a maintopman. Well, we'd just come home from foreign, and got three years' pay and a power o' prize-money; and so most o' the boys goes ashore on liberty, and carries on till all's blue. This was at Plymouth, shipmates; but, as we

wur expecting to go round to Spithead, I saves my cash—'cause why? I'd an ould father and mother, from whom I'd parted company when a boy, and I thought, if I could get long leave—thinks I, mayhap I can heave alongside of 'em with a cargo o' shiners, and it'll cheer the cockles o' their ould hearts to see their son Jack togg'd off like a jolly tar, and captain of a frigate's maintop; and, setting a case, why it's just this here: I didn't want any thing on 'em, but meant to give 'em better ground-tackle to hould on to life by."

"That was very kind of you, shipmate," said the serjeant.

"Well," continued the boatswain's mate, without heeding the serjeant's observations, "I has a bit of spree ashore at Dock, in course; but soon arter we goes round to Portsmouth. I axes for long leave; and, as I'd al'ays done my duty to Muster Gilmour's—he was first leutenant—to Muster Gilmour's satisfaction, I gets my fortnight and my liberty-ticket, and the large cutter lands me at Sallyport; so I hauls my wind for the Blue Postes on the Pint, and enters myself on the books of a snug-looking craft, as was bound through my native village. Well, shipmates, in regard o' my being on liberty; why, I was a gemman at large; so I buys a few duds for ould dad, and a suit of new sails, and some head-gear for the ould woman: for, thinks I to myself, mayhap we shall cruise a bit among the neighbours, and I'll let 'em see we arn't been sarving the king or hammering the French for nothin'. And, mayhap, thinks I, they arn't never got too much to grub; so I gets a bag, and shoves in a couple of legs o' mutton, and a whole shole of turnips, a full bladder of rum; and, as I knew the ould uns loved cat-lap, there was a stowage of sugar and tea, with a bottle o' milk; and, having plenty of the ready, I buys a little of everything useful in the small way, that the ould chap at the shop showed me: and, my eyes! but there was thousands of packages twisted and twined in true-blue paper;—there was 'bacca, mustard, snuff, salt, soft tommy, pepper, lickrice, matches, gingerbread, herrings, soap, pease, butter, candles, cheese,—in short, something of everything, not forgetting a Welsh wig and a mousetrap; and I'm blowed if I warn't regularly fitted out for a three months' cruise! Well, by the time I'd got all my consarns ship-shape, I twigs the signal for sailing, and so I gets aboard; and, in course, in regard o' my station in the maintop, I goes aloft, as high as possible upon the upper-deck, and claps myself upon the lug-gage; but when the governor as had charge comes to take the twiddling-lines, he axes me to berth myself on the fo'k'stle; and so not to be outdone in civility, or to make 'em think I'd let slip my edication, I comes down, and goes forud, and stows

myself away just abaft the pilot; when we made sail, there was a party o' liberty boys from the ould Hibernia gives me three cheers, and I waves my bit o' tarpaulin, sports a fresh morsel o' 'bacca, and wondered what made the houses and everything run past us so quick; but I soon found out it was the craft—for I remembered the comb of the sea did just the same when the frigate was walking along at a spanking rate. So, for the first hour, I sits quiet and alone, keeping a sharp look-out on the pilot, to see how he handled the braces, rounding 'em in to starboard, or to port—for, thinks I to myself, it's best to larn everything—'cause why? who can tell but Jack Sheavehole mayn't some day or another command just sich a consarn of his own! and how foolish he'll look not to know which way to shape his course, or how to steer his craft! But, I'm blowed! shipmates, if the horses didn't seem to savvy the thing just as well as the man at the helm; for the moment he tauten'd the gear, the hanemals slued round o' themselves all ship-shape, and Bristor-fashion."

"Why, it was the *reins* that guided them," said the serjeant, laughing.

"Then I'm blessed if it was!" returned old Jack; "for there warn't a drop o' *rain* fell that arternoon; it was a bright, sun-shiny day."

"What you call twiddling-lines, they call reins," explained the serjeant; "and the horses are steered by them."

"Mayhap so, brother,—mayhap so," responded the boatswain's mate; "for I arn't much skilled in them matters—'cause why? I never sail'd in one on 'em afore, and ounly once since;—the first was a happy trip, the last was molan-choly:" and Jack sighed like an eddy wind in the galley funnel. "But, to heave a-head——"

"A good look-out before, there!" shouted the mate of the watch, from the quarter-deck, where he was showing his authority by thrashing the youngsters.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the man at the cat-head; and then added, in a lower tone, "They're having a jolly sheave-o in the cabin!"

"It's a sad heart as never rejoices!" said the captain of the forecastle. "But, I say, Jack! I don't like the look o' that sky to windward."

"It's one of two things—a parting blush o' the sun, or a gathering squall o' the night," returned the boatswain's mate; "but we've no reason to care about it—'cause, why? we're all as snug as possible. Well, shipmates, to get on with my yarn:—when we'd run a league or two out of Portsmouth, we hove-to at a victualling port, and I spied a signal for good cheer

hanging out aloft ; and so, without any bother, I boards 'em for a reg'lar stiff nor'-wester, more nor half-and-half, and says I to the pilot, 'Yo-hoy, shipmate!' says I, 'come and set up the standing backstays o' your heart a bit ; and here, ould chap, is somut to render the laneard ;' and so I gives him a share out o' the grog-tub, that set his eyes a-twinkling like the Lizard lights on a frosty night. Well, just as we were going to trip the anchor again, a pretty, smart-looking young woman rounds to under our stern, and ranges up alongside ; and she says to the pilot, says she, 'Coachman, what'll you charge to take me to —— ?' and I'm blessed if she didn't name the very port I was bound to !"

"Why, 'tis quite romantic, Jack !" said the serjeant ; "we shall, no doubt, have a love-story presently ; but I'll wager you my grog to-morrow I can tell you who the female was."

"Then, I'm blowed if you can !" retorted the boatswain's mate. "Now, who was she, pray ?"

"Is it a fair bet ?" inquired the serjeant, with a look of conceited knowledge.

"No, she warn't a fair Bet, nor a fair Moll either," returned old Jack, surlily. "I thought you'd know nothing whatsoever about it ! for that's always the case when a jolly tries to shove his oar into a seaman's rullock—'cause why ? he don't savvy the loom from the blade."

The serjeant laughed. "I meant a fair wager—that is, my allowance against yours to-morrow that I name the female."

"Done !" exclaimed the boatswain's mate ; "and, shipmates, I call you all to witness that everything's square and above-board."

"Why, it was your Sukey, to be sure—Mrs. Sheavehole—anybody could tell that," replied the serjeant.

"There—you're out in your chrissening, ould chap, as you'll find presently," asserted the veteran ; "and so you've lost your grog. But, d—— it ! I'd scorn to take a marine's allowance from him, though you richly deserves it."

"Come, heave ahead, Jack !" said the captain of the for castle ; "make a clear run of it, and don't be backing an filling this fashion."

"Ay, ay, Jem, I wull, I wull," answered old Jack. "But, say, shipmate ! just clap a stopper on the marine's chattering-gear whilst I overhaul my log.—Oh, now I have it ! Up comes the young woman, and 'Coachman, what'll you charge to take me to ——?' —'Seven shillings, ma'am,' says he.—'Carn't you take me for less?' axes she ; 'I've ounly five, and I am very tired with walking.' 'Not a ha'penny less, ma'am,' says he, just as cool as an iceberg in Hudson's Bay ; 'carn't do it,

ma'am.' 'Oh, do try!' says she, and I could see sorrow was pumping the tears into her eyes; 'I would give you more if I had it,' says she. 'Carn't help it, ma'am, says ould surly-chops, 'carn't help it; grub for the hanemals is very dear.' "Oh, what shall I do!" says she so piteously; 'night is coming on, and it's a long way to travel on foot; I shall sink under it: do take the money!' 'Werry sorry, my dear,' says he, shaking his blubber-head like a booby perched on a ratlin, 'werry sorry, but never takes under price. You must use your trotters if you arn't never got seven bob.' 'Then I'm d—— if she does!' says I, "for you shall carry her." 'Gammon!' says he, as spiteful as a pet monkey; 'who's to tip the fare?' So I ups and tells him a piece o' my mind, and axes him if he ever know'd anything *unfair* by Jack Sheavehole, or if he thought I wanted to bilk him out o' the passage-money. 'Will you stand the two odd bob?' axes he. "And d'ye think I won't stand as much as Bob or Dick, or any one else?" says I, in a bit of a passion. 'Avast, ould chap!' says I; 'humanity arn't cast off the mooring-lashings from my heart yet awhile, and I hopes never will;' and so I gives him a seven-shilling bit without any more palaver, and 'Come, my precious,' says I, houlding out my fin, 'mount arcevo;' but I'm blessed if she didn't hang back till the pilot sung out for us to come aboard! And 'Lord love you!' says I, 'you arn't afeard of a man-o-war's-man, are you?' 'Oh, no,' says she, brightening up for all the world like the sun coming out of a fog-bank. 'Oh, no; you have been my friend this night, and God reward you for it!' So we soon clapped one another alongside upon the break of the fo'k'stle, and got to overhauling a little smattering o' larning, by way of being civil, seeing as we'd ounly just joined company. 'I'm thinking that's a pretty village you're bound to,' says I, in a dubersome way; 'I was there once,' says I, 'when I was a boy about the height of a tin pannikin;' for, shipmates, I didn't like to overhaul how I'd run away from home. 'Pray, is ould Martin Joyce alive?' says I. 'He was when I left yesterday morning,' says she; 'but he is confined to his bed through illness.' 'And the ould woman,' says I, 'does she still hould on?' 'Yes,' says my companion; 'but she's lame, and almost blind.' Well, I'm blow'd, shipmates, if I didn't feel my daylights a-smarting with pain with the briny waters that overflowed the scuppers—'cause why? them there wur my own father and mother, in the regard of my having been entered on the muster-books in a purser's name, my reg'lar right-arnest one being Jack Joyce. 'And what makes you cruising so far away from port?' says I, all kindly and messmate-like. 'It's rather a long story,' says she; 'but as

you have been so good to me, why, I must tell you, that you mayn't think ill of me. You shall have it as short as possible.' 'The shorter the sweeter, my precious,' says I, seeing as I cughtn't to be silent. Well, she begins:—'Sister Susan and I are orphans; and when our parents died, ould Martin and his dame having no children, took us under their roof.' 'No children!' says I. 'Why, I thought they had a young scamp of a son.' I said this, shipmates, just to hear what she would log again' me. 'Oh, yes,' says she; 'but he ran away to sea when a boy, and they never heard from him for many years, till the other day they received a letter from Plymouth to say he was in the Tapsickoree frigate, and expected to be round at Spithead before long. So, the day before yesterday, a sailor passing through the village told us he had arrived; and so his parents getting poorer and poorer, with his father sick and his mother lame, I thought it would be best to go to him and tell him of their situation, that if he pleased, he might come and see them once more before they died.'—I was going to say, 'God A'mighty bless you for it!' but I couldn't, shipmates; she spoke it so plaintively, that I felt sumut rise in my throat as if I was choking, and I gulped and gulped to keep it down till I was almost strangled, and she went on:—'So yesterday I walked all the way to Portsmouth, and went aboard the frigate; but the officer tould me there was no man of the name of Joyce borne upon the books.' 'It was a d—— lubberly thing!' says I, 'and now I remembers it.' 'What,' says she, 'what do you mean?' 'Oh, nothing, my precious,' says I, 'nothing in the world;' for I thought the time warn't come for me to own who I was, and it fell slap across my mind that the doctor's boy who writ the letter for me, had signalised my right-arrest name at the bottom, without saying one word about the purser's consarn of Sheavehole. 'And so you've had your voyage for nothing,' says I, 'and now you're homeward-bound; and that's the long and the short on it. Well, my precious, I'm on liberty; and as ould Martin did me a kindness when I was a boy, why, I'll bring up for a few hours at his cottage, and have a bit of a confab consarning ould times.' And the young woman seemed mightily pleased about it; so that by the time we got to —, I'm blessed if, in all due civility, we warn't as thick as two Jews on a pay-day. Well, we landed from the craft, and we made sail in consort for ould dad's cottage; and I'm blessed if everthing didn't look as familiar to me as when I was a young scamp of a boy! but I never said not nothing; and so she knocks at the door, and my heart went thump, thump,—by the hookey! shipmates, but it was just as I've seen a bird try to burst out of

its cage. Presently a voice sings out, 'Who's there?'—and such a voice!—I never heard a fiddle more sweeter in the whole course of my life—Who's there?' says the voice, in regard of its being night, about four bells in the first watch. 'It's Maria,' says my convoy,—'And Jack Sheavehole,' says I. 'Heave ahead, my cherub! give us a clear gangway and no favour.' 'Oh, Maria, have you brought him with you?' said a young woman, opening the door; and by the light she carried in her hand, she showed a face as beautiful—I'm d—— if ever they carried such a figure-head as that in any dock-yard in the world! 'Have you brought him with you?' says she, looking at me, and smiling so sweetly, that it took me all aback, with a bobble of a sea running on my mind that made my ideas heave and set like a Dutch fisherman on the Doggerbank. 'No,' says Maria, with a mournful sigh, just as the wind dies away arter a gale—No; there was no such person on board the frigate, and I have had my journey for nothing.' 'Nonsense!' says the other; 'you want to play us some trick. I know this is he;' and she pointed to me. 'Lord love your heart!' says I, plucking up courage, for I'd flattened in forud, and fallen off so as to fill again,—'Lord love your heart! I'd be anything or anybody to please you,' says I; 'but my name, d'ye mind, is Jack Sheavehole, at your sarvice in all due civility. But let us come to an anchor, and then we can overhaul the consarn according to Hamilton Moore.' So we goes in; and there sat my poor ould mother by the remains of a fire, moored in the same arm-chair I had seen her in ten years afore, and by her side was an ould wheezing cat that I had left a kitten; and, though the cabin-gear warn't any very great shakes, everything was as clean as if they'd just washed the decks. 'Yo-hoy, dame!' says I, 'how do you weather the breeze?' 'Is that my John?' says she, shipping her barnacles on her nose, like the jaws of a spanker-boom on the saddle; and then Maria brings up alongside of her, and spins the yarn about her passage to Portsmouth, boarding the frigate, finding that she was out in her reckoning, and her return with me; and ould dad, who was in his hammock in the next berth, would have the door open to hear it all. And I felt so happy, and they looked so downcast and sorrowful, that I'm blessed if I could stand it any longer: so I seizes Susan round the neck, and I pays out a kiss as long as the main-t'-bowline, till she hadn't breath to say 'Don't;' and then I grapples 'em ail round, sarving out hugs and kisses to all hands, even to the ould cat; and I danced round the chairs and tables so, that some o' the neighbours came running in; and 'Blow me

tight!' says I, side out for a bend, 'here I am again, all square by the lifts and braces,' and then I sings—

“ ‘ Here I am, poor Jack,
Just come home from sea,
With shiners in my sack.’

and I whips out a handful of guineas from my jacket pocket, and shows 'em——

“ ‘ Pray, what do you think of me ? What, mother,’ says I, ‘ don’t you know me ? Why, I am your true and lawful son Jack Joyce ; though, arter I run away, the purser made twice-laid of it, and christened me Sheavehole, in regard of His Majesty liking to name his own children. Never say die, ould woman ! There’s plenty o’ shot in the locker, and come, lasses,’ says I to the young uns, ‘ one of you stand cook o’ the mess ’ ; and I empties my bag on the floor, and away rolled the combustibles, matches, and mutton, and mousetraps and all, scampering about like liberty boys arter a six months’ cruise ; and I picks up the bladder of rum, and squeezes a good drain into a tea-cup, and hands it to the ould woman, topping up her lame leg while she drinks, and, my eyes, there was a precious shindy that night ; the ould uns were almost dying with joy, and the young uns had a fit of doldrums with pleasure. So I gets the big pot under weigh, and shoves in both legs of mutton, and a full allowance o’ turnips, and I serves out the grog between the squalls ; and ould dad blowed a whiff of bacca, and mother paid away at the snuff ; and nobody never warn’t never happy if we warn’t happy that night. Well, we’d a glorious tuck-out o’ mutton, wi’ plenty of capers ; and arter that, I stows the ould woman in alongside of dad, kisses the girls in course, and then takes possession o’ the arm-chair, where I slept as sound as a jolly or sentry.”

“ That libellous ! ” exclaimed the serjeant, somewhat roughly, as if offended : “ It is an unjust reflection, and is clearly libellous.”

“ It’s all the same to ould Jack, whose *bellows* it is,” returned the boatswain’s mate, carelessly ; “ it’s no lie, howsoever, for none sleeps so soundly as a marine on duty. But I arnt got time to overhaul that consarn now ; know I laid in the stock of ‘ hard-and-fast ’ enough to last a three weeks’ cruse. Well, shipmates, we keeps the game alive all hot and warm, and we sported our best duds, and I makes love to Susan, and we’d a regular new fit-out at the cottage, and I leaves fifty pounds in the hands of the parson of the parish for the old folks, and everything went on in prime style, when, one day, the landlord of the public comes in, and says he, ‘ Jack, the lobsters

are arter you.'—'Gammon,' says I, 'what can them fellows want with me?'—'Arn't your liberty out?'—says he.—'I never give it a thought,' says I.—'Where's your ticket?' says he. So I showed him the chit, and I'm blessed, shipmates, but it had been out two days! Well, there was I in a pretty prediklement; and the landlord, says he, 'Jack,' says he, 'I respect you for your goodness to the old uns; though I suspect they arn't altogether the cause of your losing your memory,' and he looks and smiles at Suke. 'Howsomever, the lobsters are at my house axing about you; and I thought I'd slip out and let you know, so that you might have time to stow away.'—'Thanky, my hearty,' says I, but I'm blessed shipmates, if I warn't dead flabbergaster where to find a stow hole, till at last I hits upon a scheme to which Susan consented! and what do you think it was, shipmates? But you'd never guess! Why, Suke slips on a pair of my trousers, and come to an anchor in the arm chair with a blanket round her, below, and I stows myself under her duds, coiling away my lower stanchions sailor fashion; and the doctor coming in to see the ould folks, they puts him up to the trick, and so he brings up alongside of her, and they whitens her face to make her look pale, as if she was nigh-hand kicking the bucket; and there I lay as snug as a cockroach in a chafing mat, and, in all due decency, seeing as Suke had bent my lower casings hind part before, and there warn't a crack or a brack in 'em. Presently, in marches the swaddies! 'Pray, whose cottage is this?' axes the serjeant as stiff as a crutch.—'It's Martin Joyce's,' says Maria.—'Ay! I thought as much,' says he. 'Pray where is his son, Jack Joyce, or Jack Sheavehole?' says he.—'He left us three days ago,' answered Maria, 'to join his ship; I hope nothing has happened to him?' 'Indeed,' says the serjeant.—'Now, pretty as you are, I know that you are telling me what I should call a very considerable'—Suke shrieked out and stopped what he was going to say; for, shipmates, she sat so quiet, that, thinks I to myself, they'll find out she's shamming; so I gives her a smart pinch in an inexpressible part that made her sing out. Well, the long and the short of it is, that the party who were looking out sharp for 'stragglin' money,' had a grand overhaul, but the doctor would not let them interfere with Susan, who, he declared, was near her cushionmong; and, at last, being unable to find me, they hauls their wind for another port.—Well, shipmates, as soon as possible arter they were gone, why, Suke got rid of her trouble, and faith I came as full-grown and handsome a babby as ever cut a tooth. But I warn't safe yet; and so I claps a suit of Suke's duds over my own gear, and, being but a little chap, with some slutching

and letting out a reef or two here and there, I got my sails all snugly bent, and clapped a cap with a thousand little frills round my face, and a straw hurricane house of a bonnet as big as a Guineaman's caboose over all, with a black wail hanging in the brails down afore, and my shoes sandalled up my legs, that I made a good-looking wench. Well, I bid all hands good-bye. Suke piped her eye a bit; but, Lord love you! We'd made our calculations o' matrimony, and got the right bearings and distance (else, mayhap, I should never have got stowed away under her hatches), and she was to join me at Portsmouth, and we were to make a long spice of it off-hand; but then, poor thing! she thought I might get grabbed and punished. Up comes the coach! but the fellow would not heave to directly, and 'Yo-hoy!' says I, giving him a hail.—'Going to Portsmouth, ma'am?' says he, throwing all aback, and coming ashore from his craft.—'To be sure I am,' says I.—'What made you carry on in that fashion, and be d—— to you.—Is that all the regard you have for the sex?' says I. 'Would you like to go inside, ma'am?' says he, opening the gangway port.—'Not a bit of it,' says I, 'stow your damaged slops below, but give me a berth upon deck.'—'Werry good, ma'am,' says he, shutting the gangway port again; 'will you allow me to assist you up?'—'Not by no manner of means,' says I. 'Why, what the devil do you take me for? To think the captain of a frigate's maintop can't find his way aloft?'—'You mean the captain of the maintop's wife,' says Susan, paying me back the pinch I gave her.—'Ay, ay, my precious,' says I; 'so I do, to be sure, God bless you, good-bye! Here I go like seven bells half struck!—Carry on, my boy, and I'm blessed if it shan't be a shiner in your way!' and so we takes our berths, and away we made sail, happy-go-lucky, heaving to now and then to take in a sea-stock; and the governor had two eyes in his head, and so he finds out the latitude of the thing, but he says nothing; and we got safe through the barrier and into Portsmouth, and I lands in the street afore they reached the inn—for I thinks to myself, I'd better get berthed for the night, and go aboard in the morning. Well, shipmates, I parts company with the craft, and shapes my course for the Pint—'cause I knew a snug corner in Capstan-square, and I was determined to cut with all the skylarks in regard o' Suke. Well, just as I was getting to steer with a small helm, up ranges a tall man who had seen me come ashore from the coach, and 'My dear,' says he, 'what! just fresh from the country?' But I holds my tongue, and he pulls up alongside and grabs my arm. 'Come, don't be cross,' says he; 'let me take you in tow; I want to talk with you, my love.' I knew the voice

well, and though he had a pea-jacket over his uniform coat, and, take him 'half-way up a hatchway,' he was a d—— good looking fellow, yet, nobody as ever had seen him could forget them 'trapstick legs'; and so, thinks I to myself, Jack, you had better shove your boat off without delay; for, d'ye see, shipmates, I'd sailed with him when I was a mizen-top-man in the Ould Stag, and I well remembered Sir Joseph Y—ke. But I'm blessed if he didn't stretch out arter me, and sailed two foot to my one; and 'Come, come, my darling,' says he, 'take an honest tar for your sweetheart. Let's look at that beautiful face; and he catches hold o' the wail, and hauls it up chock ablock; but I pulls down my bonnet so as he couldn't see my figure-head, and I carries on a taut press to part company. But, lord love your hearts, it warn't no manner o' use whatsoever—he more than held his own; and 'Pretty innocent country wench, indeed!' says he, 'what! have you lost your tongue?'—'No, I'm d—— if I have!' says I; for I forgot myself, shipmates, through vexation at not being able to get away. 'Hallo!' says he, gripping me tight by the shoulder, 'who have we here?' I'm blessed, shipmates, if, what with him pulling at my shawl, and my struggling to sheer off, my spanker-boom didn't at that moment get adrift, and he caught hold of it in a jiffy. 'Hallo!' says he, catching tight hold of the pig-tail, and slewing me right round by it, 'Hallo!' says he, 'I never see an innocent country wench dress her hair in this way afore;—rather a masculine sort of female,' he says, 'who the devil are you?' 'It's Jack Sheavehole, your honour,' says I, bringing up all standing; and, knowing his generous heart, thinks I, now's your time, Jack; overhaul the whole consarn to him, and ten to one but he pulls you through the scrape somehow or the other. So I up and tells him the long and the short on it, and he laughs one minute and d——ns me for a deserting willun the next; and 'Come along,' says he, 'I must see what Captain B——n will think of all this.' So he takes me in tow, and we went into one of the grand houses in High-street; and 'Follow me,' says he, as he walked up stairs all lighted up for a sheave-o; and there were ladies all toggled out in white, and silver, and gold, and feathers, and navy officers, and sodger officers,—a grand dinner party. 'B——n,' hails Sir Joseph, 'here's a lady wants you;' and he takes me by the hand, all complimentary like, and the captain of the frigate comes towards us, and I'm blessed if every soul, fore and aft, didn't fix their eyes on me like a marine looking out for a squall. 'I've not the pleasure of knowing the lady,' says the skipper; 'I fear, Sir Joseph, you're coming Yoik over me. Pray, madam, may I be allowed the happiness of

seeing your countenance and knowing your name?'—'I'm Jack Sheavehole, your honour,' says I, 'captain o' the Tapsickoree's maintop, as yer honour well knows.'—'I do, my man,' says he, with a gravedigger's grin on his countenance; 'and so you want to desert?'—'Never, yer honour,' says I, 'in regard o' my liking my ship and my captain too well.'—'No, no, B—n, I must do him justice. It appears that he had long leave, and unknowingly overstayed his time; so he rigged himself out in angels' gear to cheat them devils of sodgers. I'll vouch for the fact, B—n,' says he, 'for I saw him myself get down from the coach.'—'All fresh from the country, yer honour,' says I.—'Ay, all fresh from the country, chimes in Sir Joseph. 'He's an ould shipmate o' mine, B—n, and I want you, as a personal favour to myself, to extend his liberty ticket for to-morrow. Such a lad as this would never desert the sarvice.'—'If I would, then I'm d— —! saving yer honour's presence,' says I. Well, shipmates, there I stood in the broad light, and all the ladies and gemmen staring at me like fun; and 'Come, B—n,' says Sir Joseph, 'extend his liberty till to-morrow.'—'Where's your ticket?' axes the skipper; and so, in regard of its being in my trousers' pocket, I hauls up my petticoats to get at it, and, my eyes! but the women set up a screeching, and the officers burst into a broadside o' laughing, and you never heard such a bobbery as they kicked up,—it was a downright regular squall."

"Ay, squall indeed," said the captain of the forecastle, "here it comes with a vengeance!" He bellowed out with stentorian lungs; "Hard up with the helm—hard a-weather." In an instant the sea was one sheet of foam; the wind came whistling like the rattling of ten thousand arrows in their swiftest flight! a report, like the discharge of a heavy piece of artillery, was heard forward, and away flew the jib like a fleecy cloud to leeward. The frigate heeled over, carrying everybody and everything into the lee-scuppers; the lightning hissed and cracked as it exploded between the masts, making everything tremble from the keel to the truck; broad sheets of water were lifted up and dashed over the decks fore and aft; indeed, it seemed as if the gale were striving to raise the ponderous vessel from the ocean, for the purpose of plunging it into the dark abyss; a thick mist, like a shroud hung round her, alone and aloft, as she struggled to lift herself against the tempest. The topsail halliards were let go; but the nearly horizontal position of the masts prevented the sails from running down. Inevitable destruction for the moment threatened to engulf them all, when "crack, crack, crack!" away went the topmasts over the side; the spanker

sheet had been cut away, and off bounded the spanker after the jib. The frigate partially righted, and Lord Eustace and his officers rushed to the deck. But the squall had passed; the moon again shone beautifully clear; the deceitful sky, and still more deceitful ocean, were all smiles, as if nothing had happened,—though the evidence of their wrath were but too apparent in the dismantled state of his majesty's ship. But we must again leave them as we did before, to

“Call all hands to clear the wreck.”

THE CHASE.—THE FORECASTLE YARN.

“Not a cloud is before her
To dim her pure light;
Not a shadow comes o'er her,
Her beauty to blight;
But she glows in soft lustre—
One star by her side—
From her throne in the azure,
Earth's beautiful bride.”

A cheerless and disheartening spectacle is a dismantled ship, with all her mass of wreck still clinging to the hull, that it once bore proudly o'er the billows! 'Tis like the unfortunate abandoned by his friends, who, however, continue to hang around him, though more to impede his way than to retrieve his fortunes, and there lay the Spankaway, with her long line of taper spars reversed, their heads in the water, and their heels uppermost, and, as if in mockery of the mishap, the beautiful bright moon showed their diminished shadows on the again smooth surface of the ocean. The squall had passed away to leeward, and was dwindling to a mere speck of silvery vapour, whilst all besides was still, and calm and passionless.

Now, it was no pleasant sight to Lord Eustace Dash and his officers to witness the dismantling of the craft they loved; as the chief, it may be naturally supposed that the chagrin of his lordship far exceeded that of his subs. But there was one amongst them almost affected to tears, and that was old Will Parallel, the master.

“Smack smooth to the lower caps, by ——!” said his Lordship, as he surveyed the havoc made in his dashing frigate; “not a rope-yarn above the lower mast-head, and——”

“Not a bit of canvas abroad big enough to make a clout for a baby,” chimed in the old master; “spanker, jib topsels, all gone to the devil, as 'll have no manner o' use for 'em than a serjeant of Jollies has for a hand-bible.” “Where's Mr. ——?” shouted his lordship, and the mas-

ter's mate, who had had charge of the deck, stood before him.

"How came all this, sir?"

"It was a white squall, my lord," returned the young man addressed; "not a soul saw it till it caught the ship, and the top-masts went over the side immediately."

"I shall enquire into the fact presently, sir," rejoined his lordship, excessively vexed and mortified. "Turn the hands up—clear the wreck."

"Hands up—clear the wreck!" shouted the first lieutenant.

"Hands up—clear the wreck!" repeated the master's mate.

"Boatswain's mate, pipe 'clear the wreck!'" reiterated the midshipmen. "Twit! twit!" went the call; and "Clear wreck, ahoy!" vociferated Jack Sheavehole, in a voice resembling the roar of the bellows of an anchor forge. The summons, however, was hardly necessary; as every soul had tumbled up at the moment the frigate righted: and all turned to with a hearty good will to repair damages, every officer and man using his best exertions.

"The squall spoilt our fun, master," said the first lieutenant to old Parallel, as the latter was superintending the preparation for unrigging the old, and rigging the new spare topmasts.

"Ay! ay! 'Twas an unfortunate *blow* to the harmony of the evening; but it will do for an incident for Nugent," responded the veteran. "Where's his fine lady curtcheying to herself in a mirror now? If he had stuck to plain matter of fact, mayhap the spars would have behaved better; though, arter all, it's a marcy they were so carrotty, or mayhap her ladyship might have curtcheyed so low as to have gone to the bottom."

That night was a night of arduous but light-hearted toil; no man shrank from his task; and, when they piped to breakfast next morning, the frigate was once more all ataunto, with royals and studding sails set, in chase of a large ship of war-like appearance that was seen in the north-west, running away large, apparently bound in for Toulon.

"Foretopsel-yard, there!" shouted Lord Eustace, from the quarter-deck. "What do you make of her, Mr. Nugent?"

"She is nearly end on, my lord," responded the young lieutenant, as, steadying himself by the topsail-tie, he directed his glass towards the stranger; and then, in a few minutes, added, "She spreads a broad cloth, my lord; and, from the cut of her canvass, I should most certainly say—," and he paused to take another look.

"I'd take my daffy on it, Mister Nugent," said the lookout man: "her topsels are more hollowed out than ourn; her royals never came out of a British dockyard; and I'd bet my six-months' whack against a scupper-nail that she is a Frenchman, and a large frigate too."

"Well, what is she, Nugent?" shouted the noble captain; "can you see down to her courses?"

"Yes, my lord," responded the lieutenant, "we shall, I hope, have her hull in sight before long, as I have no hesitation in saying—that is, my lord, I think she's an enemy's frigate."

The annunciation was heard fore and aft; for, during the time of his lordship hailing, every whisper was hushed, and scarcely even a limb moved, lest the listener should lose the replies. Expectations had been raised that the vessel in sight might be a French transport from the Egyptian coast, or perhaps a merchantman; but the chance of an enemy's frigate was indeed joyous news. Breakfast was hastily despatched; the mess-kids were speedily stowed away, and the boatswain's shrill call echoed amongst the canvass as he piped "make sail, ahoy!" In an instant every man was at his station; every yard of cloth that could catch a breath of wind was packed upon the Spankaway, who seemed to glide along through the water just as easy as when she started from the buttered slips; indeed, Jack Sheavehole declared that "she wor all the better for the sprce she'd had the night afore."

An exciting period is the time of chase, and it is extremely interesting to observe the anxious looks of the officers as they eye the trim of the sails, and the ready attention of the tars as they execute the most minute commands, as if everything depended on their own individual exertions. The usual routine of duty frequently gives place to the all absorbing stimulus which actuates every mind alike; and as the seamen group themselves together, they spin their yarns of battle and captures, and calculate their share of the amount of prize-money before they engage the enemy, totally regardless of the advice in the "cook's oracle," viz., "First catch an eel and then skin him." But what have they to do with the "cook's oracle," when every man is by rotation cook of the mess in his own natural right, and gets the plush (overplus) of grog?

All day the chase continued, and the Spankaway overhauled the stranger so as to materially lessen the distance between them; in fact the hull could be plainly discerned from the deck, and there was no longer any doubt of her national character. In the afternoon permission was given to take the

hammocks below, but not a man availed himself of it; they were therefore re-stowed in readiness for that engagement which all hearts were eager for, all hands itching to begin. Evening closed in and keen eyes were employed to keep sight of the enemy. The men lay down at their quarters; some to take a nigger's sleep — one eye shut, and the other open; some to converse in good audible whispers; some leaning out at the ports, and watching the moonbeams reflected on the waters, whilst the hissing and chattering noise made by the progress of the ship was sweet music to their ears.

It was a lovely night for contemplation—but what did Jack want with contemplation whilst an enemy's frigate was in sight? The breeze was light enough to please a lady,—it would scarcely have vibrated the chords of an *Æolian* lyre; but this was not the breeze for our honest tars; they wanted to hear the gale thrilling through the harp-strings of the standing rigging, with a running accompaniment of deep bass from the ocean as their counter, set in sea, trebled the piping noise of the wind. Yet there was one satisfaction; the Frenchman had no more than themselves, and they carried every fresh capful along with them before it reached the chase. The full round moon tried her best endeavour to make her borrowed radiance equally as luminous as that of the glorious orb which so generously granted the loan, with only one provision, that a certain rate of interest should be paid to the earth; but the old girl on this night tried to sport the principal. The water was vividly clear, and the mimic waves on its surface would scarcely have been rough sea to that model of a Dutch dogger—a walnut shell. Yet the *Spankaway* was stealing along some seven knots an hour, and the sails just slept a dreamer's sleep.

On the forecastle—that post of honour to a seaman, where the tallest and the best of Britain's pride are always sure to be found; men who can take the weather-wheel, heave the lead, splice a cable, or furl a foresail, the A. B.'s of the Royal Navy,—on the forecastle, just in amidships, before the mast, sat our old friend, Jack Sheavehole; Sam Slick, the ship's tailor; Joe Nighthead; Mungo Pearl, a negro captain of the sweepers; Jemmy Ducks, the poulterer; Bob Martingal, a forecastle man; and several others, who were stationed at the foremost guns.

"I just tell you what it is, Jack," said Bob Martingal, continuing a dispute that had arisen, "I tell you what it is, some on you is as onbelieving as that're Jew as they've logged down so much again, and who, they say, is working a traverse all over the world to this very hour, with a billy-goat's beard

afore him as long as a chafing-mat. But take care, my boyo, you arn't convincetecated some o' these here odd times, when you least expects it."

"Onbelieving about what, Bob?" responded the boatswain's mate. "Onbelieving 'cause we don't hoist in all your precious tough yarns as 'ud raise a fellow's hair on cend, and make his head look like a main-shroud dead-eye stuck round with marlin'-spikes?"

"Or a cushionful of pins," chimed in Sam Slick.

"Or a duck with his tail up," added the poulterer.

"Hould your precious tongues, you lubbers!—what should you know about the build and rig of a devil's own craft?" retorted Bob, addressing the two officials. "My messmate here, and that's ould Jack, has got a good and nat'ral right to calculate the jometry of the thing, seeing as he has sarved his life to the ocean, man and boy, and knows an eyelet-hole from a goose's gun-room, which, I take it, is more nor both on you together can diskiver either in the twist of a button-catcher or the drawing of a pullet. But I'm saying, Jack, you are onbelieving,—else why do you misdoubt the woracity of my reckoning?"

"'Cause you pitches it too strong, Bob," answered the boatswain's mate; "your reck'ning is summut like ould Bloward's, as keeps the Duncan's Head at Castle-rag,—chalks two 'or one. Spin your yarns to the marines, Bob; they'll always believe you. 'Cause why?—they expects you'll just hould on by their monkey-tails in return."

"Monkey-tails or no monkey-tails arn't the question," returned Bob, with some warmth; "it's the devil's tail as I'm ceering away upon, and——"

"I'm blessed if it won't bring you up all standing with a ound turn round your neck some o' these here days," uttered Jack, interrupting him.

"Never mind that," returned Bob, with a knowing shake of his head; "I shall uncoil it again, if he arn't got the king's road arrow on the end of it. But mayhap, then, you won't elieve as there is such a justice o' peace as ould Davy?"

"Do I believe my catechiz as I forgot long ago?" responded ould Jack. "Why, yes, messmate, I wooll believe that there is consarn o' the kind; but not such a justice o' peace as you'd ake of him, rigged out in one o' your 'long-shore clargy's y-scraper shovel-nosed trucks, leather breeches, and top-boots! I tell you it won't do, Bob, in the regard o' the graphy o' the matter. Why, where the h— is he to cc&vay his outrigger in a pair o' tight leather rudder-casings 'er his starn? Ax the tailor there whether it arn't onpo-

sible. And how could he keep top-boots on to his d—d onprincipled shanks, as are no better in the fashion of their cut than a couple of cow's trotters? And what single truck would fit two mast-heads at once, seeing as he al'ays carries a pair of horns as big as a bull's. No, no, Bob; you wants to make a gentleman of the picarooning wagabone, when everybody as knows anything about him knows he's a thundering blaggard, as my ould captain, Sir Joseph Y—ke, used to say in one of his beautiful sarmons, 'he goes cruising about seeking to devour a roaring lion,' and that's no child's play, anyhow! But, howsomever, a yarn's a yarn, ould chap; so lather away with your oak stick: I'll hoist in all I can, just to confar a favour on you; and, as for the rest, why I'll let it go by the run."

"I must crave permission to put in a word, since I have been professionally appealed to," said Sam Slick, with becoming gravity, and smoothing down the nap of his sleeping-jacket. "With respect to the breeches,—wash-leather, after they have been worn for some time, will give and stretch, and——"

"Come, none o' your stretching, Sam," chimed in Jemmy Ducks. "What you've got to show is, whether you can stow a cable in a hen-coop."

"Not exactly," returned Sam; "for I'm sure Mister Sheave-hole must allow that the capacity and capability of a pair of leather breeches——"

"I shan't never allow no such consarns as them 'ere!" exclaimed Jack. "Do, Bob, get on with your yarn, and clap a stopper on the lubber's jawing-gear."

"Well, since you've put me upon it by misdoubting my woracity," said Bob, "why, I'll up and tell you a thing or two. Which on you has ever been down to Baltimore?"

"I have," returned a forecandleman, impatient to wedge in a word or two. "I was there onest in a ship transport, and our jolly-boat broke adrift in the night, and went ashore without leave; and so, next morning, we sees her lying on the beach all alone, as if she'd been a liberty-boy hard up in the regard o' the whiskey. And so the second mate and a party goes to launch her: but some wild Ingines, only they warn't quite black, came down, and wouldn't let us lay a finger on her till we'd paid summut for hauling her up, which was all nat'ral, in course; but the second mate hadn't never got not a single copper whatsomever about him, and so he orders us to launch her whether or no, Tom Collins; and, my eyes! but they did kick up a shindy, jabbering in a lingo like double Dutch coiled again the sun; and says one on 'em, seeing as we were man-handling the boat, says he, 'Arrah, Tim, call to de boys to bring down de shticks ——'"

"You means Baltimore in Ireland," uttered Bob, with some degree of contempt, "and I means Baltimore in the United States o' Maryland, where the river runs along about three leagues out of Chesapeake Bay,—and a pretty place it is, too, of a Saturday night, for a bit of a John Canooing, and a bite of pigtail, letting alone the grog and the gals —"

"Which you never did, Bob, I'll be sworn," said Jack, laughing.

"Never did what, Jack?" asked the other, apparently surprised at the other's positive assertion.

"Why, let the grog and the gals alone, God A'mighty bless both on 'em!" replied the boatswain's mate; "but heave a-head, my hearty."

Bob gave a self-satisfied grin, and proceeded. "Why, d'ye mind, I'd been fool enough to grease my heels from a hooker, —no matter whatsoever her name might be or where she sailed from, seeing as she carried a coach-whip at her main-truck and a rogue's yarn in her standing and running gear. But I was young and foolish, and my brains hadn't come to their proper growth; and one o' your land-sharks had got a grip o' me; and there I was a-capering ashore, and jumping about like a ring-tail monkey over a hot plantain; and so I brings up at the sign of the General Washingtub, and there used to be a lot of outrageous tarnation swankers meet there for a night's spree,—fellows as carried bright marlin'-spikes in their pockets for toothpicks, and what not, and sported Spanish dollars in their jackets for buttons. They belonged to a craft as laid in the harbour,—a reg'lar clipper, all legs and wings: she had a white cherry-bum for a figure-head; onuly there was a couple o' grease-horns sprouting out on the forehead, and she was as pretty a piece of timber upon the water as ever was modelled by the hand of the devil."

"Why, how do you know who moulded her frame, Bob?" inquired Jack, provokingly. "It might have been some honest man's son, instead of the ould chap as you mentions. But if any one sees a beautiful hooker that's more beautifuller nor another, then she's logged down as the devil's own build, and rigged by the captain of the sweepers."

"Wharra you mean by dat, Massa Jack?" exclaimed Mungo Pearl, who held that honourable station, and felt his dignity offended by the allusion; "wharra you mean by dat, eh?"

"Just shut your black-hole," answered Jack, with a knowing look; "don't the old witches ride upon birch-brooms, and sweep through the air,—and arn't the devil their commander-in-chief? Well, then, in course he is captain o' the sweepers."

But go along, Bob. I'll lay my allowance o' grog to-morrow she was painted black."

"Well, so she was, Jack," responded Martingal, "all but a narrow fiery red ribbon round her sides, as looked for all the world like a flash o' lightning darting out of a thunder-cloud, and her name was the In-fun-oh (Infernaux), but I'm d—d if there was any fun in the consarn arter all. Well, d'ye see, the hands were a jolly jovial set, with dollars as plentiful as boys' dumps, and they pitched 'em away at the lucky, and made all sneer again. The skipper was a civil-spoken gentleman, with a goodlish-sized ugly figure-head of his own, one eye kivered over with a black patch, and the other summut like a stale mackerel's; but it never laid still, and was al'ays sluing round and round, 'cause it had to do double duty. Still he was a pleasantish sort of a chap, and had such a 'ticing way with him, that when he axed me to ship in the craft, I'm blow'd if I could say 'No,' though I felt summut dubersome about the consarn; and the more in regard of an ould tar telling me the black patch was all a sham, but he was obliged to kiver the eye up, 'cause it was a ball o' fire as looked like a glowing cinder in a fresh breeze. He'd sailed with him a voyage or two, and he swore that he had often seen the skipper clap his cigar under the false port and light it by his eye; and one night in a gale o' wind, when the binnacle-lamp couldn't be kept burning, he steered the ship a straight course by the compass from the brightness of his eye upon the card. Howsomer, I didn't much heed to all that 'ere, seeing as I know'd how to spin a tough yarn myself: and then there was the grog and the shiners, a sweet ship and civil dealing; and I'll just ax what's the use o' being nice about owners, as long as you do what's right and ship-shape? 'Still, messmate,' thinks I to myself, 'it's best not to be too much in a hurry;' so I bucks and fills, just dropping with the tide of inclination, and now and then letting go the keedge o' contradiction to swing off from the shore; and at last I tould him, 'I'd let him know next day.' Well, I goes to the ould tar as I mentioned afore, and I tells him all about it. 'Don't go for to sign articles in no such a craff as that 'ere,' says he in a moloncholy way.—'Why not?' says I, quite gleesome and careless, though there was a summut that comothered me all over when he spoke.—'I musn't tell you,' says he; 'but take my advice, and never set foot on board a craft that arn't got no 'sponsable owners,' says he.—'You must tell me more nor that,' says I, 'or you may as well tell me nothing. You've been to sea in her, and are safe enough; why shouldn't I?'—'I advise you for your

good,' says he again, all fatherlike and gently; 'you can do as you please. You talk of my safety,' and he looked cautiously round him; 'but it's the parson as has done it for me.'—'Oh! I see how the land lies,' said I; 'you're a bit of a methodish, and so strained the yarns o' your conscience, 'cause you made a trip to the coast o' Guinea for black wool.'—He shook his head: 'Black wool, indeed,' says he; 'but no man as knows what I knows would ever lay hand to sheet home a topsel for a commander who——' and he brought up his speech all standing.—'Who what?' axes I; but he wouldn't answer: and so, being a little hopstropulous in my mind, and willing to try the hooker, 'It's no matter,' says I, 'I'll have a shy at her if I loses my beaver. No man can expect to have the devil's luck and his own too.'—'That's it!' says he, starting out like a dog-vane in a sudden puff.—'That's what?' axes I.—'The devil's luck!' says he: 'don't go for to ship in that craft. She's handsome to look at; but, like a painted skulker, or sea-poll-ker, or some such name, she's full o' dead men's bones.'—'Gammon!' says I boldly with my tongue, though I must own, shipmates, there was summut of a flusteration in my heart as made me rather timbersome: 'Gammon!' says I, 'what 'ud they do with such a cargo even in a slaver?'—'I sees you're wilful,' says he angrily; 'but log this down in your memory: if you do ship in that 'ere craft, you'll be d—d!'—'Then I'll be d—d if I don't,' says I; 'and so, old crusty-gripes, here goes;' and away I started down to one of the keys just to take a look at her afore I entered voluntary; and there she lay snoozing as quiet as a cat on a hearth-rug, or a mouse in the caulker's oakum. Below, she was as black as the ace o' spades, and almost as sharp in the nose; but, aloft, her white tapering spars showed like a delicate lady's fingers in silk-net gloves ——"

"Or holding a skein of silk," chimed in Sam Slick.

"Well, shipmates," continued Bob, "whilst I was taking a pretty long eye-drift over her hull and rigging, and casting my thoughts about the skipper, somebody taps me on the arm, and when I slued round, there he was himself, *in properer persones*; and, 'Think o' the devil,' says I, 'and he's over your shoulder, saving your honour's presence, and I hopes no offence.' Well, I'm blessed but his eye—that's his onkivered one, messmates—twinkled and skaled over dark again, just for all the world like a revolving light, and 'Not no offence at all, my man,' says he; 'it's alays best to be plain-spoken in such consarns; we shall know one and another better by-and-by. But how do you like the ship?'—'She's a sweet craft, your honour,' says I; 'and I should have no

objection to a good berth on board her, provided we can come to reg'lar agreement.'—'We shall not quarrel, I dare say, my man,' says he, quite cool and insinivating; 'my people never grumble with their wages, and you see yourself they wants for nothing.'—'All well and good, your honour,' says I; 'and, to make short the long of it, Bob Martingale's your own.' Well, his eye twinkled again, and there seemed to be such a heaving and setting just under the tails of his long togs, and a sort o' rustling down one leg of his trousers, that blow me if I could tell what to make on it; and 'I knew you'd be mine,' says he: 'we shall go to sea in the morning, so you'd better get your traps aboard as soon as possible.' Well, messmates, I bids him good morning; but, thinks I to myself, I'll just take a bit of a overhaul of the craft afore I brings my duds aboard; and so, jumping into a punt, a black fellow pulls me alongside, and away I goes on to the deck, and there the first person I seed was the skipper. How he came there was a puzzler, for d— the boat had left the key but our own since we parted a few minutes afore. 'And now, Bob,' says he, 'I suppose you are ready so sign.'—'All in good time, your honour,' says I. 'You're aboard afore me, but I'm blessed if I seed you come.'—'It warn't necessary you should,' says he; 'my boat travels quick, my man, and makes short miles.'—'All's the same for that, your honour,' says I, 'whether you man your barge or float off on the anchor-stock—it's all as one to Bob.'—'You're a 'cute lad,' says he, twinkling his eye, 'and must rise in the service. Go below and visit your future shipmates.'—'Thanky, your honour,' says I, and down the hatchway I goes; and there were the messes, with fids o' roast beef and boiled yams in shining silver platters, with silver spoons, and bottles o' wine, all in grand style, as quite conflogisticated me; and 'What cheer—what cheer, shipmate?' says they; and then they axed me to take some grub with 'em, which in course I did. She'd a noble 'tween decks, —broad in the beam, with plenty o' room to swing hammocks; but, instead of finding ounly twenty hands, I'm blowed if there warn't more nor a hundred. So arter I'd had a good tuck-out, I goes on deck again and looks about me. She was a corvette, flush fore and aft, with a tier of port-holes, but ounly six guns mounted; and never even in a man-o'-war did I see everything so snug and neat. 'Well, your honour, I'm ready to sign articles,' says I.—'Very good,' says he; and down we goes into the cabin; and, my eyes! but there was a set-out, gold candlesticks and lamps, and large silver figures, like young himps, and clear looking-glasses, and silk curtains, and handsome sofas; and there upon one on 'em sat a beau

tiful young creatur, with such a pair of large full eyes as blue as the sky, and white flaxen hair that hung like fleecy clouds about her forehead,—it made a fellow think of heaven and the angels: but she never smiled, shipmates,—there was a moloncholy about the lower part of her face as showed she warn't by no manner o' means happy; and whilst the skipper was getting the articles out of the locker, she motioned to me, but I couldn't make out what she meant. The skipper did, though; for he turned round in a fury, and stamped on the cabin-deck as he lifted up the black patch, and a stream of light for all the world like the glow of a furnace through a chink in a dark night fell upon her. He had his back to me, so I couldn't make out where the light came from; but the poor young lady gave a shriek and fell backward on the sofa. Now, messmates, I'd obsarved that when he stamped with his foot that it warn't at all like a nat'ral human stamp, for it came down more like the hoof of a horse or a hox: and thinks I to myself, 'I'm d—, Bob, but you're in for it now; the skipper must be a devil of a fellow to use such a lovely creatur arter that fashion.'—'You're right, my man,' says he, grinning like one o' them faces on the cat-head, 'he *is* a devil of a fellow.'—'I never spoke not never a word, your honour,' says I, thrown all aback by the concussion. 'No, but you thought it,' says he; 'don't trouble yourself to deny it: tell lies to everybody else, if you pleases, but it's no use telling 'em to me.'—'God forbid, your—' I was going to say 'honour,' but he stopped me with another stamp, and 'Never speak that name in my presence again,' says he; 'if you do, it ull be the worse for you. Come and sign the articles.' My eyes! shipmates, but I was in a pretty conflobergasticationment; there stood the skipper, with a bright steel pen in his hand as looked like a doctor's lanchet, and there close by his side, upon her beam-ends, laid that lovely young creatur, the sparkling jewels in her dress mocking the wretchedness of her countenance. 'Are you ready?' says he; and his onkivered eye rolled round and round, and seemed to send out sparks through the friction. 'Not exactly, your honour,' says I, 'for I carn't write, in regard o' my having sprained both ankles, and got a twist in my knee-joint when I warn't much higher than a quart pot.'—'That's a lie, Bob,' says he; and so it was, messmates, for I thought I must make some excuse to save time. 'Howsomever,' says he, 'you can make your mark.'—Thinks I to myself, 'I would pretty soon, my tight un, if I had you ashore.'—'I know it,' says he; 'but you're aboard now, and so you may either sign or not, just as it suits your fancy, my man; onuly understand this—if you

don't sign, you shall be clapped in irons, and fed upon iron hoops and scupper-nails for the next six months, and I wish you a good digestion.'—'Thanky, your honour,' says I; 'and what if I do sign?' 'Why then,' says he, 'you shall live like a fighting-cock, and have as much suction as the Prince of Whales.' Well, shipmates, I was just like the Yankee's schooner when she got jammed atwixt two winds, and so I thought there could be no very great damage in making a scratch or two upon a bit o' parchment; and 'All right, your honour,' says I; 'hand us over the pen: but your honour hasn't got never an inkstand.'—'That's none o' your business,' says he; 'if you are resolved to sign, I'll find materials.'—'Very good,' says I; 'I'll just make my mark.' 'Hould up!' says he to the young lady; and she scringed all together in a heap, and shut her large blue eyes as she held up a beautiful white round arm, bare up to the shoulder: it looked as solid and as firm as a piece of marble stationery."

"Statuary, you mean," said Sam Slick, interrupting the narrative. "But I say, Bob, do you expect us to believe all this?"

"I believes every word on it," asserted Jemmy Ducks, who had been attentively listening, with his mouth wide open to catch all that was uttered: "what can you find onnat'ral or dubersome about it? The skipper was no doubt a black-hearted nigger."

"Nigger yousef, Massa Jemmy Ducks," exclaimed Mungo Pearl; "d— you black heart for twist 'em poultry neck."

"Silence there in amidships," said Mr. Parallel: "you make so much noise that I can't keep my glass steady. Spin your yarns, Mr. Pearl, with your mouth shut, like an oyster;" and then, addressing the captain, "We rise her fast, my lord, and the breeze freshens: the ould beauty knows she's got some work cut out for her; she begins to smell garlic, and walks along like an ostrich on the stretch—legs and wings, and all in full play."

"What distance are we from Toulon?" inquired Lord Eustace, as he carefully and anxiously scanned the stranger through his glass.

"About nine leagues," promptly answered Mr. Parallel; "and if the breeze holds on, or comes stronger, another three hours will carry us alongside of the enemy."

"We shall soon have her within reach of the bow-guns," said the first lieutenant, "and a shot well thrown may take in some of her canvass."

"That's a good deal of it chance-work," responded the master; "it mought and it moughtn't; but firing is sure to frighten the——"

"Spirits of the wind," added Nugent, who stood close beside him; "they become alarmed and take to flight, and so we lose the flappings of their airy wings."

"Hairy grandmother," grumbled old Parallel, "hairy wings indeed; why, who ever seed such a thing? Spirits of wind, too,—rum spirits, mayhap, to cure flatulency. Stick to natur, Mr. Nugent, or she'll be giving us another squall, just out o' revenge for being ridiculed."

"Get on with your yarn, Bobbo," said Joe Nighthead, in an undertone; "and just you take a reef in your bellows, Mister Mungo, and don't speak so loud again."

"Where was I?" inquired Bob thoughtfully: "oh, now I recollect;—down in the cabin, going to sign the articles. 'Are you quite ready?' says the skipper to me as he raised the pen. 'All ready,' says I.—'Then hould up,' says he to the young lady, and she raised her fair arm. 'Come here, my man,' says he again to me, and I clapped him close alongside at the table; 'be ready to grab hould o' the pen in a moment, and make your mark *there*,' and he pointed to a spot on the parchment, with a brimstone seal stamped again it—you might have smelt it, messmates, for half a league—and, I'm blessed if I didn't have a fit o' the doldrums; but, nevertheless, I put a bould face upon it, and, 'Happy go lucky,' says I, 'all's one to Bob!' and then there was another rustling noise down the leg of his trousers, and his eye—that's his onkivered one—flashed again, and took to rolling out sparks like a flint mill; 'Listen, my man,' says he, 'to what I'm going to say, and pay strict attention to it.'—'I wool, your honour,' says I; 'but hadn't the lady better put down her arm?' says I, 'it ul make it ache, keeping it up so long.'—'Mind your own business, Bob Martingal,' says he, quite cantankerously; 'she's houlding the inkstand.'—'Who's cracking now, your honour?' says I laughing; 'the lady arn't got not nothing whatsomever in her hand. I'm blowed if I don't think you all carries out your name o' the craft In-fun-oh.'—

'Right,' says he; 'and now attend. If, after I have dipped this here pen in the ink, you refuse to sign the articles—you have heard o' this?' and he touched the black patch. I gave a devil-may-care sort of a nod. 'Well, then, if you refuses to sign, I'll 'nillyate you.'—'Never fear,' says I, making out to be as bould as a lion, for there was ounly he and I men-folk in the cabin; and, thinks I to myself, 'I'm a match for him singly at any rate.'—'You're mistaken,' says he, 'and you'll find it out to your cost, if you don't mind your behaviour, Bob Martingal.'—'I never oponed my lips, your honour,' says I.—'Take care you don't,' says he, 'and be sure to ooeey

orders.' He turned to the lady. 'Are you prepared, Marian?' axes he; but she never spoke. 'She's faint, your honour,' says I, 'God bless her!' The spiteful wretch gave me a red-hot look, and his d—oncivil cloven foot—for I'd swear to the mark it made—came crushing on my toes, and made me sing out blue blazes. 'Is that obeying orders?' says he: 'didn't I command you never to use that name afore me?'—'You did, your honour,' says I: 'but you might have kept your hoof off my toes, seeing as I haven't yet signed articles.'—'It was an accident,' says he, 'and here's something to buy a plaster;' and he throws down a couple of doubloons, which I claps into my pocket. 'You enter voluntarily into my sarvice, then?' says he—'To be sure I do,' says I, though I'm blessed if I wouldn't have given a treble pork-piece to have been on shore again.—'And you'll make your mark to that?' says he, 'and ax no further questions?'—'To be sure I will,' says I, and I'll just tell you what it is, messmates, I'm blowed if ever I was more harder up in my life then when I seed him raise the pen, as looked like a sharp lancet, in his infernal thieving-hooks, and job it right into that beautiful arm, and the blood spun out, and the lady gave a shreek; and 'Sign—sign!' says he; 'quick, my man—your mark!'—'No, I'm d— if I do,' says I; 'let blood be on them as sheds it.'—'You won't?' says he.—'Never, you spawn o' Belzebub!' says I; for I'd found him out, shipmates.—'Then take the consequences,' says he; and up went the black patch, and, by the Lord Harry! he sported an eye that nobody never seed the like on in their lives: it looked as big and as glaring as one o' them red glass bottles of a night time as stands in the potecarry's windows with a lamp behind 'em; but it was ten thousand times more brilliant than the fiercest furnace that ever blazed,—you couldn't look upon it for a moment; and I felt a burning heat in my heart and in my stomach, as if I'd swallowed a pint of vitriol; and my strength was going away and I was withering to a hatomy, when all at once I recollects a charm as my ould mother hung round my neck when I was a babby, and I snatches it off and houlds it out at arm's length right in his very face. My precious eyes and limbs! how he did but caper about the cabin, till his hat fell off, and there was his two fore-tack bumkins reg'larly shipped over his bows and standing up with a bit of a twist outwards just like the head-gear of a billy-goat. 'Keep off, you bitch's babby!' says I, for he tried onknown schemes and manœuvres to get at me; till suddenly I hears a loud ripping of stitches, and away went the casings of his lower stanchions, and out came a tail as long —"

"Almost as long as your'n, I suppose," said old Jack Sheavehole; "a precious yarn you've been spinning us, Mister Bob!"

"But what became of the lady?" inquired Sam Slick; "and what a lubber of a tailor he must have been to have performed his work so badly!"

"The lady?" repeated Bob; "why, I gets her in tow under my arm, and shins away up the companion-ladder, the ould fellow chasing me along the deck with a boarding-pike, his tail sticking straight out abaft, just like a spanker-boom over his stern; but the charm kept him off, and away I runs to the gangway, where the shore-boat and the nigger were waiting, and you may guess, shipmates, I warn't long afore we were hard at work at the paddles; for I laid the lady down in the bottom o' the punt, and 'Give way, you bit of ebony,' says I, 'or Jumbee 'ull have you stock and iluke.' Well, if there warn't a bobbery aboard the In-fun-oh, there never was a bobbery kicked up in the world; and 'Get ready that gun there!' shouted the skipper."

At this moment the heavy booming of a piece of ordnance was heard sounding across the water. Up jumped Jemmy Ducks, and roared out, "Oh Lord! oh dear!—there's the devil again!—what shall I do?" and a general laugh followed.

"The chase is trying his range, my lord," exclaimed Mr. Seymour; "but the shot must have fallen very short, as we couldn't hear it."

"Keep less noise on the fokesel," said old Parallel. "What ails that lubberly wet-nurse to all the geese in the ship? Ay, ay, he'll have hould on you by-and-by! Get a pull at that topmast-stud'nsel tack."

The men immediately obeyed; and, as they were coming up fast with the enemy, excitement and impatience put an end to long yarns. But Bob just squeezed out time to tell them that he got safe ashore with the lady; and the "In-fun-oh" tripped her anchor that same tide, dropped down the river, and put to sea, nor was she ever heard of again afterwards. The lady was the daughter of a rich merchant in Baltimore, who had been decoyed away from her family, but by the worthy tar's instrumentality was happily restored again. Bob got a glorious tuck-out aboard, the two doubloons were safe in his pocket, and the father of Marian treated him like a prince.

Half an hour elapsed from the first discharge of the enemy's stern-chaser, when he again tried his range; and, to prove how rapidly they were nearing each other, the shot this time passed over the British frigate. There was something exhi-

larating to the ears of the seamen in the whiz of its flight. Two or three taps on the drum aroused every man to his quarters; the guns were cast loose, and the bow-chasers cleared away for the officers to practise. Heavy bets were made relative to hitting the target, the iron was well thrown, and every moment increased the eagerness of the tars to get fairly alongside. The land was rising higher and higher out of the water,—the French port was in view,—the enemy began to exult in the prospect of escape, when an eighteen-pounder, pointed by the hands of the old master, brought down her maintop-gallant-mast; and the Frenchman, finding it was utterly impossible to get away without fighting, shortened sail, and cleared for action. Three cheers hailed this manoeuvre. The British tars now made certain of their prize; and, when within half pistol-shot, in came the Spankaway's flying-kites, and in five minutes she was not only under snug commanding canvass, but the moment they returned to their quarters they passed close under the French frigate's stern, and steadily poured in a raking broadside, every shot doing its own proper duty, and crashing and tearing the enemy's stern-frame to pieces, ploughing up the decks as they ranged fore and aft, and diminishing the strength of their opponents by no less than twenty-seven killed and wounded. Still the Frenchman fought bravely, and handled his vessel in admirable style. Six of the Spankaway's lay dead, and thirteen wounded. Amongst the latter was our worthy our friend, Will Parallel, the master: a splinter had struck him on the breast, and he was carried below insensible. Sea-fights have so often been described, that they have now but little novelty; let it therefore suffice, that in fifty-six minutes from the first broadside, the tri-coloured flag came down, and the national frigate Hippolito, mounting forty-four guns, struck to His Britannic Majesty's ship the Spankaway, whose first lieutenant, Mr. Seymour, was sent aboard to take possession, as a prelude to that step which he was now certain of obtaining. Thus two nights of labour passed away, and the triumph of the second made ample amendment for the misfortunes of the first; besides enabling the warrant-officers to expend their stores, and not a word about the white squall.

JACK AMONG THE MUMMIES

"The times have been
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns
To push us from our stools."

SHAKESPEARE.

A STRANGE sail is always a matter of interest in a ship of war; and no sooner was the canvass set in chase of the brig mentioned in my last, than the forecassle of the *Spankaway* received its usual group of yarn-spinners, anxious to ascertain the character of the stranger, and what amount of prize-money was likely to be shared in case of her carrying an enemy's flag. There was our old friend Jack Sheavehole, together with Joe Nighthead, Bob Martingal, Bill Buntline, and several others; and occasionally the warrant-officers, and even the mate of the watch, stopped to chime in with a few words, so as to give life to their conversation.

"It bothers my universal knowledge," said old Savage, the boatswain, "to make out what lay the skipper's on; and as for the chase, mayhap she mayn't turn out to be moonshine arter all."

"How moonshine?" returned Mr. Bracebit, the carpenter; "she's plain enough to be seen, and they've made her out to be a brig: there can be no moonshine in that anyhow."

"But I tell you there is moonshine in it," persevered the boatswain, "a complete bag of moonshine, unless you can discover the right bearings and distance o' the thing. I tell you what it is, Mr. Bracebit, I arn't been these many years man and boy in the sarvice——"

"You should say boy and man, old Pipes," exclaimed the mate of the watch as he stopped short in his walk by the veteran's side.

"And why should I say boy and man, instead of man and boy, Mr. Winterbottom?" demanded old Savage, in anger.

"Because, according to your own maxim, everything should be done ship-shape," replied the other; "and you was a boy before you was a man."

"He has him there," whispered Jack Sheavehole to his messmate Bob. "I'm blessed if that arn't plain-sailing, anyhow!"

"Ship-shape do you call it?" answered the boatswain wrathfully. "Ay, ay, Muster Winterbottom, mayhap it may be according to your calculations of the jometry of the thing. It's nothing new now-a-days to see the boy put forud afore the man;" and he laid strong emphasis on the latter words.

"There he hit him again, Jack," observed Bob Martingal in a whisper; "and I'm blowed if there arn't gospel truth in that, anyhow!"

"Well, well, don't be angry, old friend," said Mr. Winterbottom, himself somewhat offended; "there's no occasion for being hot upon it; but if you are, you may go to — and cool yourself!"

"And a precious queer place that 'ud be for a cold bath," said the carpenter: "but let's have no contentions, gentlemen. What do you take the brig to be, Mr. Winterbottom?"

"A ship with her mizen-mast out, bound to Bombay with a cargo of warming pans," replied the young officer.

"That arn't being over civil, anyhow," whispered Bob to his messmate; "though mayhap they may want warming-pans in Bumbay as much as they do in the West Ingees. To my thinking, she's a treasure-craft laden with mummies."

"Did you ever fall athwart any o' them there hanimals, Bob?" inquired Joe Nighthead.

"What animals do you mean, Joe?" returned Martingal. "For my part, I've seen a little somut of everything."

"I means the mummies," replied Joe, as he squatted down in amidships just before the foremast, in preparation for a yarn, and was soon surrounded by the rest; — I mean the mummies, my boyo."

"No; can't say as I have," answered Bob; though I've heard somut about 'em too:—what rig are they?"

"Why, for the matter o' that," said Joe, laughing, "they're a broomstick-rig as soon as they makes a brush of it; but I'm blow'd if I hadn't onest as pretty a spree with a whole fleet of mummies as ever any man could fall aboard of in this world, or t'other either."

"What was it, Joe?" asked the boatswain's mate eagerly. "Pay it out handsomely, messmate; but don't pitch us any of Bob's devil's consarns; let's have it all truth and honesty."

"I'd scorn to deceive *you*, Jack, or anybody else o' my shipmates wot's seamen," responded Joe reproachfully. "It's all as true as the skipper's a lord, and looks, alongside o' Johnny Cropoh there, like a man alongside of a — But there, it arn't honourable to make delusions; and so, shipmates, here goes for a yarn. I was coxswain in the pinnace of the ould Ajax, the Honourable Captain Cochrane, at that 'ere time when Sir Richard Bickerton took command of the fleet, and a flotilla was employed in co-operating with the troops again' Alexandria. Well, shipmates, I was always fond of a bit of gab; and so, the night we lay at a grapplin', waiting for daylight to begin the attack, my officer gets to talking about the place, and

what a grand consarn it was in former days for gould and jewels, and sich like; and thinks I to myself, mayhap the Lords of the Admiralty will take all that 'ere into account in regard o' the prize money: and then he overhauls a good deal about the hobbylicks and Clipsypaddyree's Needle, and what not, that I'm blow'd if it didn't quite bamfoozle my larning. Well, we'd four or five days' hard work in the fighting way, and then there was a truce, and my officer run the pinnace aboard of a French prize laden with wine and brandy; so we starts the water out of one of the breakers and fills it with the real stuff, and I man-handled a pair of sodger's canteens chock-full; and the prize-master, Muster Handsail, an old shipmate of mine, gives me a two-gallon keg to my own cheek, and I stows 'em all snug and safe abaft in the box, and kivers 'em up with my jacket to keep 'em warm. Well, it was just getting dusk in the evening when the skipper claps us alongside, and orders the leftenant to land me well up the lake, so as I might carry a letter from him across to a shore party as manned one of the heavy batteries away inland, at the back of the town.

"Now, in course, shipmates, I warn't by no manner o' means piping my eye to get a cruise on *terror firmer*, seeing as mayhap I might chance to pick up some 'o' the wee things about the deck' as likely wud get me a bottle o' rum in England,—for my thoughts kept running on the gould and jewels the leftenant spun the yarn about, and I'd taken a pretty good whack of brandy aboard the prize, though I warn't not in the least tosticated, but ounly a little helevated, just enough to make me walk steady and comfortable. So we run the boat's nose on to the beach, and I catches up my jacket and my canteens, leaving the keg to the marcy of Providence, and strongly dubersome in my mind that I had bid it an eternal farewell. Howsomever, I shins away with my two canteens filled chock-ablock; and 'Bear a hand, Joe?' says the leftenant, 'though I'm blessed if I know what course you're to take, seeing as it's getting as dark as a black fellow's phisog.'—'Never fear, yer honour,' says I; 'ounly let me catch sight o' Clipsypaddyree's Needle for a landmark, and I'm darned if I won't find myself somewhere, anyhow;' and away I starts, shipmates, hand over hand, happy-go-lucky—all's one to Joe! But it got darker and darker, and the wind came down in sudden gusts, like a marmaid a-sighing; so, to clear my eyes and keep all square, I was in course compelled to take a nip every now and then out of the canteen, till at last it got so dark, and the breeze freshened into a stiff gale, that the more I took to lighten my way and enable me to steer a straight course, I'm blessed, ship-

mates, if I didn't grow more dizzy ; and as for my headway, why, I believes I headed to every point in the compass :—it was the dark night and the cowl'd breeze as did it messmates."

"No doubt in the world of it, Joe," assented Jack Sheave-hole ; "for if anything could have kept you in good sailing trim, it was the brandy, and the more especially in token of your drinking it neat :—them dark nights do play the very devil with a fellow's reckoning ashore, in regard of the course and distance, and makes him as apt to steer wild, like a hog in a squall."

"You're right, Jack," continued Nighthead ; "and anybody as hears you, may know you speak from experience of the thing. Howsomever, there I was—not a sparkler abroad in the heavens, not a beacon to log my bearings by ; and, as I said afore, there I was in a sort of no-man's-land, backing and filling to drop clear of shoals, sometimes just at touch-and-go, and then brought-up all standing, like a haystack a-privateering. At last the weather got into a downright passion, with thunder, lightning, and hail ; and 'I'm blessed, Joe,' says I to myself, 'if snug moorings under some kiver or other, if it's only a strip o' buntin', wouldn't be vastly superior to this here !' But there was no roadstead nor place of shelter, and the way got more rougher and rougher, in regard o' the wrecks of ould walls and ould buildings, till I'm blessed if I didn't think I was getting into the latitude and longitude of the dominions of the 'long-shore Davy Jones.'"

"My eyes, Joe !" exclaimed Martingal, replenishing his quid from an ample 'bacca' box, "but you was hard up, my boy !"

"Indeed, and I was, Bob," responded the other : and I'm blowed if everything that I seed about me didn't begin to dance jigs and hornpipes to the whistling of the wind, that I thought all manner of bedevilment had come over me, and so I tries to dance too, to keep 'em company. But it wouldn't do, shipmates, and I capsizes in a sudden squall, and down I went, headforemost."

"It's precious bad work that, Joe," said the old boatswain's mate, shaking his head. "A fellow in an open sea may do somut to claw to wind'ard ; but when you're dead upon a lee-shore, it's time to look for your bag. But what did you do, Joe ?"

"Why, what could I do, shipmate, but to take another nip at the canteen," responded Joe ; "it was all I had in life to hold on by, with a heavy gale, strong enough to blow the devil's horns off, and the breakers all round me : my eyes ! but it was a reg'lar sneezer. 'Howsomever,' thinks I, 'it won't do, Joe, to be hove down here for a full due—you must

at it again, culd chap ;' and so I tries to make sail again, and heaves ahead a few fathoms, when down I comes again into a deep hole, and before you could say Jack Robinson, I'm blow'd if I warn't right slap in the middle of a large underground vault, where there was a company o' genelmen stuck up in niches, and peeping over mummy-cases with great candles in their hands ; and in other respects looking for all the world like the forty thieves as I once seed at the play peeping out of their oil jars ; and there was a scuffling and scrimmaging at t'other eend o' the vault : and, 'Yo hoy !' said I, 'whar cheer—what cheer, my hearties ?' but not nobody never spoke, and the genelmen in the niches seemed to my thinking, to be all groggy, and I'm blessed if ever I seed such a set o' baboon-visaged fellows in all my days. 'Better luck to us, genelmen,' says I, filling my tot, and taking a dram ; but not a man on 'em answered. 'Pretty grave messmates I've got,' says I : 'but mayhap you don't hail as messmates, seeing as you harn't yet had a taste o' the stuff. Come, my hearties, I'll pipe to grog, and then I'll sarve it out all ship-shape to any on you as likes.' So I gives a chirp, and 'Grog ahoy !' sings I. Well, shipmates, I'm blessed if one on 'em didn't come down from the far eend o' the vault, and claps me alongside as I was sitting on the ground, and he takes hould o' the tot, knocks his head at me, as much as to say, 'All in good fellowship,' and down went the stuff through a pair o' leather lips in the twinkling of a handspike. 'All right, my hearty,' says I, filling the tot again : 'is there any more on you to chime in ?'—'Sailor,' says he, in a voice that seemed to come from a fathom and a half down underneath him, for I'm blowed, messmates, if his lips ever moved ;—'sailor, you must get out o' this.'—'Lord love your heart,' says I, 'the thing 's onpossible ; you wou'dn't have the conscience to make an honest tar cut and run in sich a rough night as this here.'—'We arn't never got no consciences,' says he ; 'we're all dead.'—'Dead !' says I, laughing, though, messmates, I own I was a bit flusticated ; 'dead ;' says I ; 'that's gammon you're pitching, and I thinks it's hardly civil on you to try and bamboxter me arter that fashion. Why, didn't I see you myself just now when you spliced the main brace ?—dead men don't drink brandy.'—'We're privileged,' sings out a little cock-eyed fellow up in one o' the niches : 'we're the ould ancient kings of Egypt, and I'm Fairer.'—'If there warn't many more fairer nor you,' says I, 'you'd be a cursed ugly set, saving your majesty's presence,' for I thought it best to be civil, Jack, seeing as I had got jammed in with such outlandish company, and not knowing what privileges they might have had sarved out to 'em

besides swallowing brandy. 'Will your majesty like just to take a lime-burner's twist, by way of warming your stumack a bit, and fumigating your hould?' says I, as I poured out the stuff.—'Give it to King Herod, as is moored alongside of you,' says he, 'and keep your thumb out of the measure;' for, shipmates, I'd shoved in my thumb pretty deep, by way of lengthening out the grog, and getting a better allowance of plush. How the ould chap came to observe it, I don't know, unless it was another of their privileges to be up to everything. 'Keep your thumb out!' says he.—'All right, your honour,' says I, handing the little ould fellow the tot; and he nipped it up, and knocked off the stuff in a moment. And 'Pray,' says I, 'may I make bould to ax your honour how long you've been dead?'—'About two thousand years,' says he: and, 'My eyes!' thinks I, 'but you're d—d small for your age.'—'But, sailor,' says he, 'what brought you here?'—'My legs, your honour,' says I, 'brought me as far as the hatch-way: but I'm blowed if I didn't come down by the run into this here consarn.'—'You mustn't stop here, sailor,' says he, (that's King Herod)—'you can have no business with us, seeing as we are all mummies.'—'All what?' says I, 'all dummies?' for I didn't catch very clearly what he said; 'all dummies?' says I. 'Well, I'm bless'd if I didn't think so!'—'No, no! mummies,' says he again, rather cantankerously; 'not dummies, for we can all talk.'—'Mayhap so, your majesty,' says I, arter taking another bite of the cherry, and handing him a third full tot, taking precious good care to keep my thumb out this time, 'but what am I to rouse out for? It 'ud take more tackles than one to stir Joe Nighthead from this. I'm in the ground-tier,' says I, 'and amongst all your privileges, though you clap luff upon luff, one live British tar, at a purchase, is worth a thousand dead kings, any day.'—'Haugh!' says he, as he smacked his leather lips, and the noise was just like a breeze making a short board through a hole in a pair of bellows; 'Haugh!' says he, as soon as he'd bolted the licker, 'it doesn't rest with us, my man: as mummies, we're privileged against all kinds of spirits.'—'Except brandy,' says I.—'I means evil spirits,' says he: but if the devil should come his rounds, and find you here upon his own cruising-ground, he'd pick you up, and make a prize of you to a sartinty.'—'D—the devil!' says I, as bould as a lion, for I warn't a-going to let the ould fellow think I was afeard of Davy Jones, though I was hard and fast ashore; and 'D—the devil,' says I, 'axing your majesty's pardon; the wagabone has got no call to me, seeing as I'm a honest man and an honest man's son as defies him.' Well, shipmates, I had my head turned a little, and

something fetches me a crack in the ear, that made me all sneer again, and 'Yo hoy! your majesty,' says I; 'just keep your fingers to yourself, if you pleases.'—'I never touched you,' says he; 'but there's one close to you as I can see, though you can't.'—'Gammon!' says I; 'as if your dead-eyes were better than my top-lights.'—But, shipmates, at that moment somut whispers to me,—for may I be rammed and jammed into a penny cannon if I seed anything; but somut whispers to me, 'Joe Nighthead, I'm here over your shoulder.'—'That's my name all reg'lar enough, whatever ship's books you got it from,' says I: 'But who the blazes are you that's not nothing more than a voice and no body?'—'You knows well enough who I am,' says the whisper again: 'and I tell you what it is, Joe, I've got a job for you to do.'—'Show me your phisog first,' says I, 'or I'm blow'd if I've anything whatsomever to say to you. If you are the underground Davy Jones, it's all according to natur, mayhap; but I never signs articles unless I knows the owners.'—'But you *do* know *me*, Joe,' says the voice, that warn't more than half a voice neither, in regard of its being more like the sigh of a periwinkle, or the groan of an oyster.—'Not a bit of it,' says I: for though I suck-spected, shipmates, who the beggar was, yet I warn't going to let him log it down again me without hoclar proof, so 'Not a bit of it,' says I; 'but if you wants me to do anything in all honour and wartue,'—you see, Jack, I didn't forget wartue, well knowing that when the devil baits his hook he claps a 'skylark' on to the eend of it; so 'all in honour and wartue,' says I, 'and Joe's your man.'—Do you know who's *alongside* of you?' says the voice.—'Why, not disactly,' says I: 'he calls himself King Herod; but it's as likely he may be Billy Pitt, for anything I knows to the contrary.'—'It is King Herod,' says the whisper again, 'the fellow who killed all the Innocents.'—What innocents?' axes I, seeing as I didn't foregather upon his meaning.—'The innocent babbies,' says the voice; 'he killed them all, and now he's got a cruising commission to keep me out o' my just rights, and I daren't attack him down below here.'—'The ould cannibal!' says I: 'what! murder babbies?—then I'm blowed if he gets a drop more out of my canteen.'—'Who's that you're meaning on?' says King Herod; 'who isn't to get another taste?'—'Not nobody as consarns you, your honour,' answers I, for I didn't like to open my broadside upon him, in regard of not knowing but he might have a privilege to man-handle me again. 'I think you meant me,' says he; 'but if you didn't prove the truth on it by handing me a full gill.' Well, shipmates, that was bringing things to the pint, and it put me

into a sort of a quandary ; but 'All in course, your honour,' says I, 'but I'm saying, your majesty, you arn't never got sich a thing as a bite o' pigtail about you, have you ? seeing as I lost my chaw and my 'bacca-box in the gale—hove overboard to lighten ship.'—'Yes, I can, my man—some real Wirginny,' says the king."

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" laughed the serjeant of marines ; "go it, Joe :—you'll rival Tom Pepper, presently. Why Virginia is only a late discovery ; such a place wasn't known in the days of Herod, nor tobacco either."

"To my thinking it's wery hodd, Muster Jolly, that you should shove your oar in where it arn't wanted," muttered Joe. "Why—couldn't they have a Wirginny in Egypt ? and as for the 'bacca, I'm blowed if I don't wouch for the truth on it, for out his majesty lugs a box as big round in diameter as the top of a scuttle-butt, and knocking of the lid, 'There's some of the best as ever was manufacter'd,' says he. 'I loves a chaw myself, and there's nothing whatsomever as 'ull beat the best pound pig-tail.'—'Sartainly not, in course, your honour,' says I ; 'but I'm blessed if it doesn't double upon my calculations o' things to think how your majesty, who ought to be in *quod* in t'other world, should take your *quid* in this.'—'We're privileged, my man,' says he ; 'we're privileged, and allowed to take anything in reason,' and he fixed his glazed eye with a 'ticing look at the canteen. 'You know,' says he, 'that it's an ould saying aboard, "the purser makes dead men chaw tobacco."' Well, shipmates, that was a clencher in the shape of hargyfication that brought me up all standing ; so I hands King Herod the tot again, and I rouses out a long scope of pig-tail out o' the box and takes another nip at the brandy.—'You won't do it, then, Joe,' says the whisper t'other side of me.—'What is it ?' axes I.—'The best pound pigtail,' said King Herod, as if he thought I was speaking to him.—'It's ounly to borrow one of these here mummies for me for about half-an-hour,' says the voice.—'Which on 'em ?' says I.—'This here in the box,' says King Herod : 'why, I'm thinking your brains are getting all becalmed.' And so they was, shipmates ; for what with the voice at one ear that I couldn't see, and his majesty at the other, who often doubled himself into two or three, I'm blowed if I warn't reg'larly bamboozled in my upper works."

"You was drunk, Joe," said the serjeant of marines ; "it's very evident you was *non compos mentis*."

"And, what if I hadn't a nun compass to steer by ?" replied Joe angrily, "is that any reason that I should be tosticated ? I tell you I warn't drunk, in regard o' the full allowance o'

brandy I stowed in my hould to keep me steady and sober. Ax Jack there if it's any way likely I should be drunk."

"It stands to reason, not," argued Jack Sheavehole, "or, what's the use of a fellow having the stuff sarved out at all? Short allowance only brings a mist afore the eyes and circum-pollygates the head till everything looms like Beachy in a fog. But when you've your full whack, it clears the daylights, cherishes the cockles o' your heart, and makes you more handy, 'cause you often sees two first leftenants where there's ounly one."

"Dat berry true, massa Jack," said Mungo Pearl; "me al'ays sweep de deck more clean when me tink me hab two broom in me hand."

"In course," continued Joe, more soothed: "none but a Jolly would go to say anything again it, or doubt the woracity o' the thing. Well, shipmates, to heave ahead, I'm saying I was reg'larly bamblusterated when one of the genelmen up in the niches squeaks out, 'King Herod, I'll just thank you for for a thimble-full of the stuff.'"

"Did he say 'a thimble-full?'" inquired Sam Slick, the tailor. "It couldn't be a professional thimble, then, for they never has no tops to 'em. It shows, however, the antickity of thimbles; though I thought they never had any use for them in those days."

"And why not, you lubber!" asked Bob Martingale.

"Simply because their garments were not sewed together as they are in the present day," answered the tailor.

"Tell that to the marines, Sam," said the boatswain's mate; "why what was Clipsypaddyree's needle for, eh? But get on, Joe; there's no couvincing such ignoramasses."

"Ay, ay, messmate!" uttered Joe. "'Well,' says the genelman in the niche, 'I'll thank you for a thimbleful of that 'ere stuff.'—'With all the pleasure in life, your honour,' says I, as I filled up the tot, and was going to carry it to him, but—'Give it to me, I'll take it,' says King Herod; and up he gets, —my eyes! I never seed such a queer little ould chap in all my life!—and off he bolts to t'other mummy, steering precious wild, by the way; and he tips him the *likser witey*, and then back again he comes, and brings up in his ould anchor-age. 'May I make bould to ax your majesty,' says I, 'what the name o' that genelman is as you've just sarved out the stuff to?'—'He's not a genelman, not by no manner o' meaus,' says he, in regard of his being a king.'—'And King who?' axes I. —'You're werry quizative, Muster Sailor,' says he; 'but it's in the natur o' things to want to know your company. That's King Hangabull.'—'And a devilish queer name, too,' says I,

'for a fellow to turn into his hammock with. Is he of Irish distraction?'—'His mother was an Irishman,' says the king, 'and his father came out of a Cartridge.'—'And a pretty breed they'd make of it,' says I, 'somut atwixt a salt cod and a marmalade.'—'Will you steal me a mummy?' comes the whisper again; 'you'd better, Joe.'—'No threats, if you please,' says I.—'I never threatened you,' says the king, who thought I was directing my discourse to him; 'but, sailor, I must call over all their names now to see there's none absent without leave,'—and I'm blow'd if he didn't begin with King Fairer; but there was a whole fleet of King Fairers and King Rabshakers, and King Dollyme, and ever so many more, every one answering muster, as if it had been a rope-yarn Sunday for a clean shirt and a shave, till at last I got fairly foozled, and hove down on my beam-ends as fast asleep as a parish clerk in sarmon time."

"A pretty yarn you're spinning there, Mister Joe," said old Savage, who it was evident had been listening,—as he had often done both before and since he mounted his uniform coat:—"A pretty yarn you're spinning. I wonder you arn't afeard to pay out the slack o' your lies in that fashion."

"It's all true as gospel, Muster Savage," responded Joe:—"I seed it, and suffered it myself, and afore I dropped asleep—'Mayhap,' thinks I, 'if I could steal a mummy for myself to give to my old mother, it 'ud be a reg'lar fortin to her,—dead two thousand years, and yet drink brandy and chaw tobacco!' So I sleeps pretty sound, though for how many bells I'm blessed if I can tell; but I was waked up by a raking fire abaft, that warmed my starn, and I sits upright to clear my eyes of the spray, and there laid King Herod alongside of me, with one of the canteens as a pillow, and all the ould chaps had come down out o' their niches, and formed a complete circle round us, that made me fancy all sorts of conjuration and bedevilment; so I jumps up on to my feet, and lets fly my broadsides to starboard and port, now and then throwing out a long shot a-head, and occasionally discharging my starn-chasers abaft, till I'd floored all the mummies, and the whole place wrung with shouts of laughter, though not a living soul could I see, nor dead uns either,—seeing as they'd nothing but bodies. Well, shipmates, if the thought didn't come over me again about bolting with one on 'em, and so I catches up King Herod, and away I starts up some steps,—for the moon had got the watch on deck by that time, and showed her commodore's light to make every thing plain.—Away I starts with King Herod, who began to hollow out like fun, 'Stop—stop, sailor! stop!—where are you going to take me? I'm Cor-

poral Stunt.'—'Corporal H—!' says I, 'you arn't going to do me in that way,—you said yourself you was King Herod.'—'It was all a trick,' says he, again, kicking and spluttering like blazes; 'I'm not King Herod, I'm ounly Corporal Stunt,' says he.—'That be d—;' says I, 'you're convicted by your own mouth. And didn't the voice tell me you was the barbarous blaggard as murdered the babbies?'—'Yes, yes; but I did it myself,' says he.—'I know you did,' says I, fetching him a poke in the ribs,—for, shipmates, I made sure he warn't privileged above ground,—'I know you did,' says I, 'and I'm blessed if the first leftenant shan't bring you to the gangway for it!' And then he shouts out, and I hears the sound of feet astarn coming up in chase, and I carries on a taut press, till I catches sight of Clipsypaddyree's needle, that sarved me for a beacon, and I hears the whole fleet of mummies come 'pad-pad' in my wake, and hailing from their leather lungs, 'Stop, sailor—stop!' but I know'd a trick worth two of that, shipmates; so I made more sail, and the little ould chap tries to shift ballast so as to bring me down by the head; but it wouldn't do, and he kept crying out, 'Let me down! pray let me go, I'm ounly Corporal Stunt!'—'Corporal Stunt or Corporal Devil,' says I, giving him another punch to keep him quiet; 'I knows who you are, and I'm blessed if the ould woman shan't have you packed up in a glass cage for a show! you shall have plenty o' pigtail and brandy:' and on I carries, every stitch set, and rattling along at a ten-knot pace, afeard o' nothing but their sending a handful o' monymments arter me from their bow-chasers, that might damage some of my spars. At last I makes out the battery, and bore up for the entrance, when one of the sodgers, as was sentry, hails, 'Who goes there?'—'No—no!' says I, seeing as I warn't even a petty officer.—'That won't do,' says the sodger; 'you must give the countersign.'—'What the blazes should I know about them there things?' axes I, 'you may see I'm a blue-jacket.'—'You can't pass without the countersign,' says he.—'That be d—d!' says I, 'arn't I got King Herod here? and arn't there King Fairer, and King Dollyme, and King Hangabull, and a whole fleet more on 'em in chase!' says I.—'Oh, Tom Morris, is that you?' says King Herod.—'Yes,' says the sentry; 'why, I say, sailor, you've got hould o' the corporal!'—'Tell that to the marines,' says I, 'for I knows well enough who he is, and so shall my ould mother when I gets him home! But, I'm blessed, but here they come!' and, shipmates, I heard 'em quite plain close aboard o' me, so that it was all my eye to be backing and filling palavering there afore the sentry, and get captured, and with that I knocks him down

with King Herod, and in I bolts with my prize right into the officers' quarters. 'Halloo! who the devil have we got here?' shouts the lieutenant, starting up from his cot.—'It's not the devil, your honour,' says I, 'not by no manner o' means; it's Joe Nighthead and King Herod,' and I pitches the wagabone upright on to his lower stanchions afore the officer.—'There, your majesty,' says I, 'now speak for yourself.'—'Majesty!' says the lieutenant, onshipping the ould fellow's turban and overhauling his face,—'majesty! why, it's the corporal—Corporal Stunt; and pray, Muster Corporal, what cruise have you been on to-night?' and then there was the clattering of feet in the battery, and, 'Here they all are, your honour!' says I, 'all the ould ancient kings of Egypt as are rigged out for mummies. My eyes, take care o' the grog bottles, for them fellows are the very devil's own at a dram! Stand by, your honour! there's King Dollyme and all on 'em close aboard of us! but, I'm blowed if I don't floor some on 'em again as I did in the vault!' Well, messmates, in they came; but instead of mummies in their oil jars, I'm bless'd if they warn't rigged out like sodger officers, and they stood laughing at me ready to split their sides when they saw me squaring away my yards all clear for action."

"But what was they, Joe?" inquired the boatswain's mate, "they must have shifted their rigging pretty quick."

"I think I can explain it all," said the serjeant, laughing heartily, "for I happened to be there at the time, though I had no idea that our friend Joe here was the man we played the trick on."

"Just mind how you shapes your course, Muster Serjeant!" exclaimed Joe, angrily. "I'd ounly give you one picce of good advice,—don't be falling athwart my hawse, or mayhap you may wish yourself out o' this."

"Don't be testy, Joe," said the serjeant, "on my honour I'll tell you the truth. Shipmates, the facts are these:—I belonged to the party in the battery, and went with some of the officers to explore a burial ground, not without hopes of picking up a prize or two, as the report was that the mummies had plates of gold on their breasts. Corporal Stunt went with us; and when we got to the place we lighted torches and commenced examination, but if they ever had any gold about them the French had been there before us, for we found none. Whilst we were exploring, a storm came on, and not being able to leave the vault the officers dressed Stunt up in some of the cerements that had been unrolled from the mummies by way of amusement, little expecting the fun that it was afterward to produce. When Joe came in as he has

described, we hid ourselves, and, if truth must be spoken, he was more than half sprung." Joe grumbled out an expletive. "Stunt went to him, and we had as fine a piece of pantomime——"

"Panter what?" uttered Joe, with vehemence, "there's no such rope in the top, you lubber! and arter all you can say I werily believes it wur King Herod; but you see, messmates, what with running so hard, and what with losing my canteens, I got dumbfounded all at once, and then they claps me in limbo for knocking down the sentry."

"And the officers begged you off," said the serjeant, "on account of the fun they'd enjoyed, and you was sent away on board, to keep you out of further mischief, Joe, and to prevent your going a mummy-hunting again. As for Corporal Stunt——"

"Corporal d—n!" exclaimed Joe in a rage, "it's all gammon about Corporal Stunt; and in regard o' the manner o' that, what have you got to say in displanation o' the voice? There I has you snug enough anyhow; there was no mistake about the voice," and Joe chuckled with pleasure at what he deemed unanswerable evidence in his favour.

"It may be accounted for in the most sensible way imaginable," said the serjeant; "Corporal Stunt was what they call a ventriloquist."

"More gammon!" says Joe; "and, what's a wentillerquis, I should like to know? and how came the mummies to muster out of their niches when I woke?"

"We placed them there whilst you were asleep," replied the serjeant, "and, as for Stunt, he was as drunk and drowsy as yourself."

"Ay,—ay, sarjeant!" said Joe, affecting to laugh, "it's all wery well what you're overhauling upon, but I'm blessed if you'll ever make me log that 'ere down about Corporal Stunt and the wentiller consarn. I ounly wish I had the canteens now."

"Get a musket ready there for'ard?" shouted his lordship from the gangway, "fire athwart the brig's bows."

"They seem to be all asleep aboard, my lord!" said Mr. Nugent. At all events they don't seem to care much about us."

"You're mistaken, Mr. Nugent," replied his lordship, as he directed his night-glass steadily at the stranger, "she's full of men, and if I am correct in my conjectures, there are many, very many eyes anxiously watching our motions."

The musket was fired, and the brig came to the wind with

her maintopsail to the mast. The frigate ranged up to windward of her, and the sonorous voice of Lord Eustace was heard,

"Brig a-hoy ! What brig's that ?"

"L'Hirondelle de Toulon," responded the commander of the vessel hailing through his speaking-trumpet. "Vat sal your ship be ?"

"His Britannic Majesty's frigate, the Spankaway," answered Lord Eustace : "lower away the cutter, Mr. Nugent, and board her."

The two craft had neared each other so closely, and the moon shone with such clearness and splendour, that every thing was perfectly visible from each other on the decks of both. The brig was full of men, and when Lord Eustace had announced the name of his ship, the sounds had not yet died upon the waters when out burst a spontaneous cheer from the smaller vessel such as only English throats could give,—it was a truly heart-stirring British demonstration, and there was no mistaking it. The effect was perfectly electric on the man-of-war's men,—the lee gangway was instantly crowded as well as the lee ports, and, as if by a sudden communion of spirit that was irrepressible, the cheer was returned.

There is amongst thorough tars a sort of freemasonry in these things that no language can describe,—it is the secret sign, the mystery that binds the brotherhood together,—felt, but not understood—expressed, yet undefined.

"Where are you from ?" shouted his lordship as soon as the cheering had subsided.

"From Genoa, bound to Malta, your honour," answered a voice in clear English : "we're a cartel."

"Fortune favours us, Monsieur Capitaine," said his lordship to Citizen Begaud ; "the exchange of prisoners can be effected where we are, and I will take it on my own responsibility to dismiss you on the usual terms, if you wish to return to France."

"A thousand thanks, my lord," returned Begaud, with evident satisfaction. "Yet all places are alike to me now. My spirits are depressed by misfortune ; and my prospects for the future are gloomy, since, my professional career being closed, no further hope of employment remains to me."

"You fought your ship bravely, Monsieur," said Lord Eustace ; "and no one could have done more. I trust that at no very distant day you may have an opportunity afforded you of recovering (against some other enemy) your well deserved laurels."

Captain Begaud bowed with the politesse of his nation ; but he was unable to reply in words. He waved his hand in silence, and they continued their walk along the quarter deck.

"All ready with the cutter, my lord," exclaimed Mr. Sinnitt, coming up to the gangway, and saluting his noble captain, hat in hand.

"Board the brig, Mr. Nugent, and bring the master and his papers to the frigate," directed Lord Eustace. "Call the gunner—a rocket and a blue light."

Both orders were obeyed; the signal was readily comprehended by Mr. Seymour, who hove-to in the prize, and in a few minutes Nugent returned from his embassy with the master of the cartel and the officer authorized to effect an exchange. The papers were rigidly examined—there were no less than one hundred and six Englishmen on board the brig, the principal portion of whom had been either wrecked or captured in merchantmen, and were now on their way to Malta for an equal number of French prisoners in return; the commander-in-chief at Genoa rightly judging that British humanity would gladly accede to the proposition. There were no officers, but Lord Eustace undertook to liberate Citizen Captain Begaud—the preliminaries were arranged—the Frenchmen, man for man, were transferred to the brig (his lordship throwing in a few hands who implored his consideration)—the Englishmen were received on board the frigate—necessary documents were signed, and they parted company—the brig making sail for Toulon—the Spankaway rejoining her prize.

"We've made a lucky windfall, Seymour," hailed his lordship when the frigates had closed; "I've a hundred prime hands for you. Out boats, Mr. Sinnitt, and send the new men away directly—but first of all, let every soul of them come aft." A very few minutes sufficed to execute the command.

My lads," said his lordship, addressing them, "are you willing to serve your country?—speak the word. I've an object in view that will produce a fair share of prize-money—enter for his Majesty's service, and you shall have an equal distribution with the rest. Yonder's your ship, a few hours will probably bring us into action, and I know every man will do his duty."

With but few exceptions, the seamen promptly entered, and were sent away to the Hippolito, where Mr. Seymour was instructed to station them at the guns with all possible despatch.

"Well, here we goes again," said old Savage, as the order was given to bear up and make sail, "it's infarnally provok-

ing not to be able to discover what the skipper's arter. There's the Pollytoe running away ahead, and Muster Seymour's just fancying himself first Lord o' the Admiralty."

"Beat to quarters, Mr. Sinnitt," exclaimed his lordship, "and cast loose the guns."

"Well, I'm — if I can make anything on it, Jack," grumbled the boatswain; "what are we going to engage now — the Flying Dutchman, or Davy Jones?"

"Mayhap a whole shole of Joe's mummies, sir," said Jack Sheavehole, with a respectful demeanour, as he cast loose his gun upon the forecastle, and threw his eye along the sight. Suddenly his gaze was fixed, he then raised his head for a moment, looked eagerly in the same direction, and once more glanced along the gun. "Well, I'm blessed if there aint," says he, — his voice echoed among the canvass as he shouted — "two sail on the starboard bow."

"Who's that hailing?" said the captain, as he walked forward to the bows, with his glass under his arm.

"It's Jack Sheavehole, your honour, my lord," replied the boatswain's mate, his eye still steadily fixed upon the objects.

"If they're what I expect, it will be a hundred guineas for you, my man, and, perhaps something better," said his lordship. "Where are they?"

"Just over the muzzle of the gun, my lord," answered Jack, as a fervent wish escaped him, that his lordship's expectations might be realized; for the hundred guineas and something better, brought to his remembrance Suke and the youngsters.

Lord Eustace took a steady persevering sight through his night glass, as the men went to their quarters, and the ship was made clear for action; his lordship then ascertained the correct distance of the Hippolito ahead to be about two miles. "Get top-ropes rove, Mr. Savage," said he; "heave taut upon 'em, and see all clear for knocking the fids out of the top-masts."

"Ay, ay, my lord," responded the boatswain, as he prepared for immediate obedience, but mumbling to himself, "What the — will he be at next; rigging the jib-boom out o' the cabin windows, and onshipping the rudder, I suppose. Well, I'm —, if the sarvice arn't going to the devil hand-over-hand: I shouldn't be surprised if we have to take a reef in the mainmast next."

"Mr. Sinnitt," said his lordship, "let them pass a hawser into the cutter," — the boat had not been hoisted up again, — "take the plug out, and drop her astern."

"D'ye hear that, Joe?" growled the boatswain; "there'll be more stores expended if she breaks adrift, and I'm — if I

can make it out; first of all, we goes in chase o' nothing—now here's a couple o' craft in sight, that mayhap may be enemies' frigates,—he's sinking the cutter to stop our way. Well, we shall all be wiser in time."

The strangers were made out to be two ships, standing in for the land, and whilst they were clearly visible to the Spankaway and the Hippolito, the position the moon was in prevented the strangers from seeing the two frigates. At length, however, they did obtain sight of them, and they immediately hauled to the wind, with their heads off shore.

"There's a gun from the prize, sir," shouted one of the men forward, as the booming report of a heavy piece of ordnance came over the waters.

"Run out the two bow-guns through the foremost ports, and fire blank cartridge," said his lordship. "Where's the gunner?"—Mr. Blueblazes responded, "Ay ay, my lord."—"Draw all the shot on the larboard side," continued Lord Eustace, to the great astonishment of the man of powder, and still greater surprise of the old boatswain.

"Mr. Seymour is making signals, my lord," said the third lieutenant; "and he's altered his course towards the strangers."

"Very good, Mr. Nugent," said his lordship; "let them blaze away with the bow-guns, but be careful not to shot them."

The Hippolito kept discharging her stern chasers as she stood towards the strangers, who made all possible sail away, and the Spankaway fired her bow-guns without intermission, as she pursued her prize.

"What an onmarciful waste of powder," said the boatswain to his mate; "I say, Jack, just shove in a shot to take off the scandal o' the thing."

Whether Jack complied or not, is unknown. The boat astern was cut away, the Spankaway felt relieved, and drew up with the prize; the strangers retained their position, about three or four miles distant, and thus the chase continued till daylight, no one being able to make out what it all meant.

THE RUSE—THE DUELLO—NAVAL SPORTSMEN.

DAYLIGHT broke upon the scene as the Spankaway, fast closing with the Hippolito, was firing blank cartridge from her bow-guns, and the prize returning it from her stern-

chasers, to the great scandal of old Savage the boatswain, who swore enough that night to serve the Channel Fleet for a twelvemonth.

The beautiful glow of a bright clear morning!—In what part of the world are the mornings so lovely as in the Mediterranean, when the sun climbs above the verge of the horizon, and gilds the fleecy clouds,—white, edged with gold,—as they sail through the azure vault of heaven? And then to see the vast cities, which fancy pictures as rising from the ocean,—turret, dome and minaret, gorgeous palaces, glowing in the full effulgence of glory, with their pavilion curtains of purple, and crimson, and gold; the dark-blue waters doing homage at their feet. Oh! there is no place like the Mediterranean for witnessing a sunrise. The poet has said

“Morning is beautiful everywhere.”

But I have witnessed the first beams of the glorious orb as it seemed to emerge from the Atlantic wave, tinging the ocean and the heavens with their glowing hues; I have seen his red and hazy light, lifting heavily from the waters of the Southern Sea, after tracing his course through the night by the rays that spread themselves above the horizon; I have seen his early radiance resting upon the blue tops of the Andes; I have beheld the glistening reflection of his dazzling brilliancy from the icebergs of the North: but I can, from tried experience, declare that nothing surpasses the spectacle which is exhibited in these seas when “he cometh forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.”

And, as I have already said, the morning of which I am writing was bright and clear. The strangers were made out to be a French frigate, with a large armed ship in company. Up went the national colours of England at the Spankaway’s peak, and up went the republican flag in the Hippolito, as the British frigate was walking up to her supposed enemy hand over hand.

“Fore-top there!” shouted the captain; and as soon as the usual response, “Ay, ay, sir!” was given, his lordship continued, “Away up and knock the fid out of the fore-to’gall’nt mast. Mr. Savage, sway away upon the mast-rope, sir; and when the fid’s out, lower away handsomely.”

“Ay, ay, my lord,” answered the boatswain aloud, and then mumbled to his mate, “Well, Jack, what can you make on it now?—we shall have to knock the chocks away upon the bo’sprit presently, and run it in fore and aft, like a cutter——”

“Bear a hand there forud!” shouted his lordship, “less of the shark’s head, if you please. Are you ready aloft?”

"All ready, my lord," answered the man in the fore-topmast cross-trees; "sway away 'pon deck—High enough?" He pulled out the fid. "Lower away."

"Let run the fore-topsel hailliards," commanded the captain—"lower away the t'gall'nt mast roundly—clear away the lifts and overhaul them—let fly the starboard foretopsel sheet."

The orders were punctually obeyed; the sails hung in entire confusion,—the top-gallant-mast was struck; and this to the distant ships appeared the effects of the Hippolito's shot. They were nearly alongside: the prize rounded to and sent her broadside, and in a few minutes the heavy firing gave notice to the strangers that a severe engagement had commenced.

"Mr. Savage!" cried his lordship, as the veteran stood wondering what it could mean, though the merest boy in the ship had guessed the *ruse*.

"Ay, ay, my lord," returned the man of the silver call, walking aft to the quarter-deck in a state bordering upon amazement, or what Jack Sheavehole called "a fit of perplexity."

"Strike the mizen topmast, Mr. Savage," said his lordship, "and have all clear for swaying aloft again."

The veteran stared with astonishment; but he well knew that his only duty was obedience, and in a very short time the heel of the mizen topmast was half-way down the lower mast, the topsail and top-gallant sail flying in the wind.

"The Frenchman's hove about and standing towards us, sir," hailed a foretopman from aloft.

"Double-shot the starboard guns!" exclaimed his lordship; "round and grape. Mr. Blueblazes! see that every gun on the larboard side is loaded with shot when I give the word. Seymour!" he hailed, "Johnny is running into the trap; be all ready for him."

"D— my owld tarry trowsers! but I sees it all now," uttered the boatswain, slapping his hand vehemently on his thigh. "Well, Jack, it's comical as I didn't diskiver it afore." Then turning to Mungo Pearl, who was rather unceremoniously showing his mirth before his superiors, "Out o' that, you black angel!" said he. "Does the skipper think the nights are not long enough, but he must ship a double allowance o' darkness to stretch 'em out?"

Broadside upon broadside rattled from the sham combatants, till the Spankaway, apparently first noticing the approaching reinforcement of her opponent, up stick to run away. The Hippolito, however, kept close to her,—the strangers made more sail to join in the affray. Onward came the French frigate; not a sail or a spar touched, not a rope-yarn strained; and she looked beautiful as she glided with her swelling can-

vass through the clear smooth waters, the republican ensign floating in the breeze, and a long pennant gracefully descending from the main-truck.

The Hippolito had dropped somewhat astern, and as the French ship hailed in passing, they were so close that their yard-arms nearly touched. The French captain knew the ship, and was congratulating himself upon the easy conquest of a British frigate, (for he made sure of jointly capturing the Spankaway,) when, to his utter amazement, down dropped the national colours, up went an English ensign, and rattle came a broadside that made him stagger again; the mizen mast reeled for a moment, and then, with its whole weight of top hamper, fell over the larboard quarter, the shattered end coming in-board, and knocking away a great part of the wheel. At the same moment the Spankaway crossed his hawse within excellent range, and poured in a raking fire that quite unsettled his nerves. The impetus he had gained made him shoot a-head of the prize without returning a shot.

Instead of finding two to one in his favour, he found that he had two to one against him. Nevertheless, he tried to redeem his error, and manœuvred and fought his ship well: but he had British skill and British valour to deal with. The odds were fearfully unfavourable: the Spankaway had refiddled her mizen topmast and fore-top-gallant-mast, and was all ataunto, to the extreme mortification of the unfortunate Frenchman, who *sacréd* everything an inch high, and was ultimately compelled to haul down his colours.

The armed ship had made sail away; but the Hippolito went in chase, and, after a three hour's run, brought her back to share the fate of her consort. The prisoners were removed, Mr. Sinnitt was sent with a prize-crew to take charge of the frigate, which proved to be L'Ethalion, of thirty-eight guns; and Mr. Winterbottom assumed command of La Gironde, of eighteen guns, acting as a transport, and laden with naval stores.

This bold achievement, however, was not accomplished without loss; seven brave fellows were DD* from the Spankaway's books, and fifteen were severely wounded; but the sweet craft had done her share for that cruise, and, taking the lead followed by her prizes, she hauled her wind, and stood well out to sea, like a swan with well-fledged cygnets in her train.

In his cabin lay the wounded master, whom the noise of the guns and the smell of the powder had brought back to consciousness. During the action he had been stowed away upon his bedding in the very heart of the cable-tier; but now the

* Discharged dead.

battle was fought and the victory won, his cot resumed its berth, and his friend the surgeon stood over him, soothing his mind under the mortification of having been absent from the deck during the engagement.

"Well, the devil's children have the devil's luck!" growled the old man. "Another frigate captured, and ould Will hove down, mayhap for a full due, doctor!—hove overboard into Davy Jones's *locker*, with my *chest* stove in!"

"But you must be sensible, master, that your not being at your station was no fault of yours," urged the doctor.

"Why no, messmate; and that's some gloomy satisfaction too!" responded the veteran mournfully: "like the marmaid who had her eye knocked out when they were heaving the lead, it's more my misfortune than my fault."

"Fault!" uttered Lord Eustace as he entered the cabin; "the term is not applicable to the case, doctor. Do you call it a fault to be laid upon a bed of honour?"

"And with such a *glorious* wound too," muttered the old man, assuming a rueful countenance.

"Why, master, you will be crowned with *laurel*!" exclaimed his lordship cheerfully.

"And have a sick-bay in prospect for the rest of my days," responded the veteran, writhing with pain. "I hope everything is going on right, my lord, in my department?"

"Make your mind easy on that score, Mr. Parallel," returned the noble seaman; "everything is as it should be: but, to prevent errors, I must be at my station." He quitted the cabin to resume his duties.

And extremely important those duties were. The number of prisoners nearly doubled the crew of the *Spankaway*; and as Lord Eustace did not like to exercise much severity towards them, there required great vigilance on his part to keep them in subjection.

The captain of L'Ethalion was a very different sort of a personage to Monsieur Citizen Begaud. The latter was a fine-looking man, with regular and handsome features; whereas the former was a little, shrivelled, weazel-faced creature, with eyes like a hawk and a nose like his beak; in fact, the mouth and chin seemed quite superfluous articles, and totally unnecessary to complete the contour of his countenance. The forepart of his head was bald; but he had a devilish-looking long queue behind, that engrossed the whole of his hair. His dress was a mixture of elegance and *sans-culottism*. He wore silk hose on his spindle-shanks, and the fit was so close that it was impossible for him to plead the negro's excuse when he was told, "Sambo, you've got a crooked leg!"—"No, massa, tan

little bite you please ;—never hab crooked leg—all de fault ob de d— crooked tocking !” He wore high-heeled shoes, with gold buckles ; knec-breeches of a dirty tinge, somewhat between a sandy-grey russet and a fire-stone drab ; a scarlet satin embroidered waistcoat, with slashed pockets ; and a uniform coat, that an English scare-crow would not have exchanged without a consideration. His cocked-hat was of superlative dimensions, and might upon an emergency have served for a jolly-boat,—and the republican cockade was not the least visible part about it.

“ D— my gentility, Jack ! I’m saying, who the blazes does he call himself ?” muttered old Savage to his veteran mate.

“ I’m thinking he’s the skipper o’ the Cropohs, sir,” answered Sheavehole with a grin of contempt. “ God A’mighty cut him out for a monkey, but his mammy would rig him out for a man—and that makes him so d—ly wanting in his outfit.”

“ I wonder if his mother had any more on ’em like him ?” said Joe Nighthead, as he was coiling down a rope.

“ You may be sure not,” responded old Jack ; “ for if she’d had another, she’d have given both on ’em to the pigs.—Well, blow me tight ! just see how he scrapes and bows to the governor ! I’m blessed if it arn’t quite unnatural for a fellow to fling his lower stanchions about arter that fashion.”

“ His father was a professor of music, anybody may see !” exclaimed Bob Martingal.

“ What makes you think so, Bob ?” inquired the serjeant of marines : “ how can you make it out ?”

“ Because the ould chap as owns him gave him a couple of German flutes to walk upon,” answered Bob.

“ And did he walk upon ’em ?” asked Sam Slick, the tailor, in the innocence of his heart.

“ Why, look at them there things as you’d call legs,” responded Bob, “ and then ax that question if you can, you lubber !”

This raised the laugh at Sam’s expense, and an intimation from the boatswain speedily dismissed him from the fore-castle to the waist, his allotted station.

Twilight came again, and the quarter-deck of the Spankaway was crowded with officers of both nations. In the British service, etiquette leaves the weather-side to the sole enjoyment of the captain and the lieutenant of the watch ; whilst the midshipmen pace to and fro under the lee of the foot-rope of the mizen staysail—a very *refreshing* promenade in a stiff breeze. But the Frenchmen made no distinctions,—captain, tenants, and ensigns *de vaisseau* mingled together on terms of equality, and the conversation, usually carried on in under-

tones so as to be heard only by the individual addressed, was now noisy and vociferous, the prisoners one moment deploring *la fortune de guerre* with the most violent gesticulations, and the next, singing snatches of Parisian songs.

As evening advanced, the numbers diminished. The midshipmen went down to their berth,—that is, those who had the watch below; the French lieutenants accompanied the purser and surgeon to the gun-room, whilst Lord Eustace and Mr. Nugent continued to pace the deck.

"You will have plenty of incident for your book now, Nugent," said his lordship, as they traversed fore and aft in that peculiar style which becomes a sort of second nature, turning together as if acted upon by the same especial impulse at the same moment of time. He then added, in a lower key, "I do not much like these prisoners, Nugent; for, if Lavater is to be relied upon, there are amongst them some of the most desperate cut-throat-looking rascals that ever disgraced humanity."

"I'll stake my life upon Lavater, my lord," returned Nugent, smiling. "But Citizen Captain Lamont sets every theoretical principle at defiance."

"And yet he is a brave man, Nugent,—there cannot be a doubt of his courage," said his lordship: "in fact, he is a most extraordinary person; for, ugly as he is,—and perhaps you wouldn't find a greater libel upon the genus *Homo* than Captain Lamont,—yet he either is, or triumphantly affects to be, wholly unconscious of it; for he is unequalled in his devoirs to female beauty, and, to do him justice, there is a fascination in his conversation, and something so engaging in his manners, that he is a general favourite among the ladies. He would make a capital character for you, Nugent; and I'll relate an anecdote which you may hoist into your book if you like."

"Many thanks to your lordship," said the junior lieutenant, now second in command by the absence of his seniors. "Our adventures for the last few days will greatly facilitate my work; and, I flatter myself, the facts embellished by my vivid imagination will do me credit, and be a memorial of our conquests."

"Right, Nugent," uttered his lordship, with a rather incredulous smile; "but now to my tale. I was in Paris soon after the ratification of peace between the two countries, and my companion was the celebrated Jemmy O'Brien:—you have heard of Jemmy O'Brien, I suppose, Nugent?"

"Am sorry that I am compelled to plead ignorance, my lord," replied the junior lieutenant, with a bow.

“Well, then, O’Brien, as you may guess from his name, was a native of Ireland; and when I use the term ‘native,’ I do it to express the most comprehensive meaning of the word. He was a bold, noble-looking fellow, a second Hercules in strength, a perfect Irishman in gallantry, a very dare-devil for a row or a piece of mischief; in short, Jemmy was the boy for anything that promised animal excitement, and as he was an excellent shot, few people cared to thwart him in his humours. Yet, with all this, he was generous to a fault, and never took an illiberal advantage of any soul breathing.

“One evening we were invited to a grand *assemblée* at Monsieur Talleyrand’s, at which the Chief Consul and Josephine, with many who figured in the Revolution, were to be present. We went,—for O’Brien accompanied me,—and certainly the party was very splendid; but amidst the affectation of republican manners it was impossible to avoid detecting those ambitious aspirings to exclusive aristocracy which generally result when national eruptions are subsiding into social order. O’Brien was delighted. His maternal uncle was a general in the French service, whose father had left his country, Scotland, through persecution, when young, and had settled somewhere in France, or, I think, in Cambray, where the general was born, and served in the Army of the North, in which he rose to be *chef de division*. This had rendered the nephew well known and acceptable in the higher circles, and through his medium I was introduced to many eminent individuals with whose history I was already well acquainted.

“Dressed in the very extreme of Parisian fashion, and surrounded by a circle of beauty which he was delighting with the brilliancy of his repartee and the raciness of his wit, was Citizen Captain Lamont. I observed him very narrowly, for O’Brien had called my attention to him by several anecdotes,—one of which was, that in 1794, having refused to lay aside his title, he was near losing his head for the sake of an empty name; in fact, they were hurrying him to the guillotine, the crowd pressing upon each other in their eagerness, when he arose in the *fiacre*, and, with perfect self-possession and good-humour, advised them ‘to take their time, and not injure one another, as he was in no haste, but would willingly await their leisure.’ This saved him: the mob were tickled with the pleasantry of the thing,—there was a clapping of hands, the *fiacre* was turned round, and Lamont escaped. ‘Do you see you giant?’ said O’Brien, looking towards a tall, muscular, dark-looking majestic man, gorgeously dressed in green, with broad gold lace and embroidery, and decorated with stars and orders: he was nearly seven feet high, stout in proportion, and his

olive-coloured face had a terrific appearance from his enormous whiskers and moustache. 'That is the Marquis Pistazzi,' continued O'Brien, 'an Italian, the bully of the *salons*, a professed duellist, and——. But, halloo! what the powers is the fellow at!'

"The marquis had been standing near Lamont, occasionally joining in the conversation, and O'Brien's exclamation was caused by seeing the giant catch hold of the little count with one hand, and carry him towards the wall of the apartment, where, having removed a large and superb timepiece from a lofty bracket, he quickly enthroned Lamont in its place, leaving him to dangle his heels, to the great amusement of the company, the principal portion of which, especially the females, actually screamed with delight: in fact, it was beyond the power of human control to refrain from laughing at the ridiculous figure the unfortunate Frenchman cut, whilst his antagonist, throwing his huge limbs into the attitude of the bolero, imitated the rattling of the castanets with his fingers and thumbs, as any person would, who wished to amuse an infant.

"To my surprise, he retained his position, awkward as it was, with the utmost coolness; indeed, he would have hazarded the breaking of his limbs had he attempted to jump down; but he uttered no invective, and though there was a flashing fierceness in his eyes,—and, no doubt, Nugent, you have perceived how very quick and piercing they are,—yet he did not give the slightest indication that he was annoyed or alarmed, but rather entered with some degree of glee into the sport that he had excited, and remarked to the marquis, 'What a capital old nurse you would make!' This roused the Italian's ire to fury, and seizing one of the wax-lights, he was about to apply it to the count's dress, when O'Brien stepped forward: 'The big blaggard!' said he; and, with one flip of his hand, he sent the candle practising somersets in its progress to the far end of the room.

"The marquis turned short round upon the Irishman, and, drawing his sword, made a furious pass at my friend, which he very cleverly avoided by stepping aside, and the glittering weapon was thrust through the *tourée* and enormous head-dress of an antiquated dowager. This rendered the fellow still more infuriated, and before he could extricate his sword, O'Brien dexterously gripped him by the wrist, and disarmed him in an instant; he then disengaged the weapon and snapped it across his knee, observing that 'it was not fit to treat with a man's life;' he next lifted the count from his unpleasant situation, and placed him upon his legs. I expected,

as a matter of course, that an immediate rencontre would take place; but, to my surprise, the little count bowed most politely to the haughty and enraged Italian, and after a few pleasantries, uttered in the most courteous and agreeable manner to the ladies, recollected another engagement, and, expressing the deepest regret at being compelled to leave them, withdrew.

“‘Bah, the baccahs! * a coward after all,’ said O’Brien, contemptuously; ‘but the devil may care! I’m in for it, Eustace, and you must stand my friend.’ ‘Most certainly,’ said I; ‘and the sooner this affair is arranged the better, for, if I am not very much mistaken, that fellow is of a villanous disposition. I hardly expected the count would have sneaked off as he has; but he’s not worth a thought. Will you meet the marquis at once? or shall we drive to the residence of the English Embassy?’—‘No time like time present,’ replied O’Brien. ‘But how will you get him out?’ inquired I. ‘Och! lave that to me,’ returned O’Brien; ‘maybe I won’t fetch him out o’ that in a minute!’ He passed the marquis, treading heavily on his toes; and as he walked quickly on, he looked over his shoulder at his enemy in a manner that was not to be mistaken. I followed my friend to the carriage; and just before we reached it, the Italian was at our heels. The servant saw us approaching, and opened the door of the carriage: by one common impulse we drew up on each side of the steps, and motioned the marquis to enter. He did so without the slightest hesitation; but he had scarcely passed within the vehicle, when another person darted forward, sprang up the steps with one bound, and, without uttering a word, promptly took his seat facing the Italian: it was Captain Lamont. O’Brien and myself also entered. ‘What place, signor?’ inquired my companion of the marquis. ‘The Hôtel de Montmorenci,’ replied he. The order was given to the servant, and off we dashed at a rattling pace.

“Not a word was spoken till we arrived at the place of our destination, and were ushered into a capacious apartment well lighted up. The domestics were directed to withdraw, and we became aware that a fifth person had entered with us, who, on being questioned as to his appearance, stated that ‘he was present at Monsieur Talleyrand’s when the unpleasant affair took place—had noticed our leaving the room, and, judging that Monsieur le Marquis would require an attendant, readily volunteered his services.’ The officiousness of this gentleman at once broke the ice, and O’Brien stood forth as a principal in the quarrel; but the count, bowing with the most easy grace, exclaimed, ‘Non, monsieur! do you think so meanly of

* A deformed person—a cripple.

me as to suppose I will allow another to occupy my ground ? 'By the powers ! said O'Brien, 'I thought you were ——.' 'Afraid ?' uttered the count, filling up the pause my friend had made. 'Did you imagine that my quiet demeanour was the offspring of fear ? You are mistaken : I am no poltroon to flourish my sword before ladies so as to terrify them by gasconade ; I would have endured the martyrdom that wretch designed for me without a groan, rather than have alarmed the dear creatures. But allons, monsieur ; we have not a moment to lose. Fouché was in the room, and his men will speedily find us out, if they are not now upon our track.' He drew his sword, bent the point with his hand, threw off his coat, and sprang out of his shoes : cast a look round the room, and chose his position. A contest arose between Lamont and O'Brien as to which should face their terrible opponent ; whilst the latter, taking up a sword that lay upon a couch, addressed a few words to the stranger who had tendered his offices as second, and seemed perfectly indifferent as to which he was to encounter. The Frenchman certainly had the priority, and I was not sorry to see it decided on his side, for I made certain of the impossibility of his surviving against such a giant, and my friend O'Brien, in the event of the marquis becoming victorious, which I did not entertain a doubt of, would have some knowledge of his practice previous to the set-to.

"But I was mistaken : the combatants took their places as appointed by the stranger, who showed himself perfectly conversant with all the rules of the duello. O'Brien was second to the count ; and when the principals stood opposite each other, you may form some guess of the amazing and really ridiculous contrast that was presented,—the head of the marquis towering at least two feet, if not more, above that of the diminutive count. Their swords crossed, and grated with that peculiar sound which comes distressingly upon the ear, causing the sensation styled by the old women as 'making the blood run cold ;' though it quickens the pulses and clears the sights of the individuals engaged. In a few seconds the weapons clashed together to distract the attention, and the marquis made a vigorous thrust, which would have instantly terminated the affair, but for the astonishing quickness and agility of the count, who not only avoided it by a spring like a grasshopper,—for parrying against such violence was out of the question,—but actually, bounding back again to his position, the moment his feet had touched the floor, he wounded his assailant between the ribs.

"The fencing was extremely beautiful and scientific, and I

soon discovered that what was wanting to the count in altitude and size, was amply atoned for by skill, coolness, and judgment. Several severe hits had been exchanged; but, whilst those received by the marquis served to irritate and enrage him, the Frenchman, on the other hand, profited by his, and became more cautious and wary. Blood was flowing very freely, still it was impossible to form a correct idea of the result; though I must own that I experienced unpleasant apprehensions for the safety of my little friend.

"The noise of the fracas, as might be expected, excited alarm amongst the people of the hotel, who soon assembled with the police at the door of the room, which they threatened to burst in, if it were not opened to them. The combatants were at this time eyeing each other with penetrating keenness, as if manifesting a determination to bring the contest to an issue before the police could interfere. There was a sternness in their looks, as their swords crossed and blade clashed against blade, plainly showing that each had made himself up for mischief. Thus they watched with eager intent, when the marquis made a feint to throw the count off his guard; but it failed; and the latter taking advantage of it, would have run his gigantic adversary through the body, but his foot slipping, the point of his sword passed into the fleshy part of the marquis' thigh. The Italian, with a demoniac grin, shortened in his weapon to give Lamont the *coup de mort*; but, in less than an instant—for it passed like a flash of lightning, the Frenchman had disengaged himself—not by springing back, but by boldly rushing in to his man, and tearing away his sword by sheer muscular power as he darted behind him. Still he did not escape without hurt, for the marquis was not to be foiled; although, happily, as I scarcely need tell you, the wound was not mortal, and was instantly repaid by a lunge in the abdomen before the Italian could recover his guard. In fact, I never saw anything performed with more intrepidity and cleverness in my life.

"At this moment the door was burst in: the gendarmes ran between and separated the opponents; we were all disarmed, and they were about to convey us away into safe custody, when the stranger who had officiated for the marquis took the serjeant aside, and in a few minutes O'Brien and myself were released upon our *parole d'honneur* to appear the next day. The marquis and the count had their wounds dressed, and, under the immediate surveillance of the gendarmes, were conveyed to separate apartments; the whole being arranged by the stranger, who, O'Brien subsequently discovered, by the medium of his uncle, was a chief agent of police under Fouché, who had instructed

him to follow us from M. Talleyrand's, and, in the Chief Consul's name, to order the marquis to quit the French territory within twenty-four hours. The agent, however, had received no directions to prevent their fighting, and, being a Corsican, had aided the Marquis.

"What further transpired I cannot tell you, as we heard no more of the matter; but if you are curious to ascertain, I make no doubt the Citizen Captain will afford you every information; and here he is to satisfy you."

The Frenchman advanced with a polite bow, and was addressed by his lordship,—“I was just relating to my young friend here, the cause of our first interview, monsieur.”

“Ha! ha! c'était une affaire très-drôle, milord,” replied he, shrugging his shoulders and laughing.

“And how did it terminate, monsieur?” inquired Lord Eustace. “I quitted Paris a day or two afterwards.”

“Oh, 'twas mere noting, milord,” answered the Frenchman, “De marquis was blessé to confine to his lit,—vat you call couch,—no, bed,—ah, bed, more for one mont, and then he marchez sans tambour for Italye;—moi, seulement tree week; den I ravish des dames wid ma galanterie, and come for my fregate: malheureusement pour moi! never sall be my fregate again!” and he sighed heavily.

“Nugent,” said his lordship, “send down to Mr. Plumstone to go round the decks with a guard, and see that the prisoners are all secure. There must be a picquet kept up throughout the night.”

“Ay, ay, my lord!” responded the lieutenant; and calling to the quarter-master, he directed him to request the marine officer's presence upon deck, where the captain's orders were repeated, and punctually obeyed.

Along the mess-berths were ranged the watch below, intermingled with nearly four times the number of men who had so lately fought against them, and who were now receiving a rough but brotherly attention. It is true that here and there Jack eyed his new messmate with a look that indicated suspicion or dislike; nor, if physiognomy is to be considered an index to human passions, were those feelings unmerited, for certainly there were some villanous countenances to be seen amongst the prisoners. The conversations were carried on in a jargon as barbarous and confused as that which terminated the building of Babel: for the French tried to speak English, and the English—not to be behindhand in good feeling—tried to talk French; whilst at intervals some pretender to both languages would attempt a translation, and thereby make matters ten times worse.

On the old spot, just before the foremast on the forecastle, enjoying the delightful freshness of the evening, were assembled the inveterate yarn-spinners, with a pretty numerous auditory collected round them. But each of the petty officers now had his cutlass by his side, and a brace of pistols in his belt, by way of precaution, and the look-out men were well armed. At the weather cat-head was our old acquaintance Joe Nighthead, parading with a ship's musket over his shoulder, exposed to the gibes of his messmates, who inquired "when he had last seen Corporal Stunt." Joe, however, took it all with perfect good-humour,—stuck to his text about "King Herod," and wished he was ashore "going a-shooting."

"Ah, you looks like a sporting character!" said Bob Martingal; "but I'm blowed if I thinks you could hit a hare—unless you fired at a wig."

"I remembers, some years ago," said the captain of the forecastle, "having a prime bit o' fun in the sporting way. I was a fore-topman in the Plover sloop-of-war as was fitting in Portsmouth harbour, and had charge of the jolly-boat. So, one day the purser axes me whether I'd go with him and the master out a-shooting, just to carry the game and some grub;—I supposes they meant me for a pointer. So, in course, messmates, I says 'Yes,' and away we started; them with a long gun each, and I with powder and shot, and a bread-bag with some biscuit, a piece of beef, and a full bottle of rum. Now, messmates, thinks I, 'Where the devil's the use of going a-sporting without dogs?' and so, going through Oyster-street, I sees a bandy-leg cur as come waddling and barking out of a barber's shop, and I chirps to him like a bird, and throws him a bit of beef, and I'm blessed if he didn't follow me as nat'ral as a child would its daddy, and so I christens him 'Beauty;' and he twinkles his daylights and wags his outrigger abaft, as had ounly a short stump left; and I gives him another piece of beef, and he joins company just as rational as anybody else as was hungry. Presently afterwards I falls in with a larger hanimal as was caulking under the lee of a butcher's shamble;—I thinks he was what they calls the bull breed,—but he was blind of one eye, and precious fine in his scantling, seeing as he showed his ribs through 'em. So I pitches him a piece of beef: for, says I to myself, 'It's best to have a pair on 'em, seeing as mayhap we may go a-hunting afore we gets into port again,'—for, shipmates, as all on you knows, there's never such a thing as telling what may turn up when onest you're in chace. So, as I said, I pitches him a lump of beef, and 'Yo-hoy!' says I, 'will you haul your wind and go along wi' me?' So he picks up the beef, and winks his one eye at me, as much

as to say, 'Don't let my master know, and I'll be under your stern in a minute.'—"All's well and good," says I, 'and there's no more about it.' So I christens him 'Boney,' and coaxes and pats him; and away he dropt into my wake alongside o' Beauty, just as nat'ral as life.

"And a pretty fleet there was of us, messmates, as we went sailing along all ship-shape, in three divisions. First, there was Muster Gunter, the master, reg'lar Dutch build, weighing about eighteen stone, and as full of blubber as a sparmacity. By his side was Muster Stork, the purser, as fat as a match, and his legs swelled as thick as tobacco-pipes: he was nearly a fathom in length, and he looked for all the world as if his mother had stretched him out like a thread-paper, that his figure might keep tally with his name. These two, with their guns over their shoulders, formed the van division. Then there was me, Bill Thompson, made the centre division; and the two hanimals, Boney and Beauty, brought up the rear. So away we goes into the fields,—where I hadn't been for many a long day—no, not since I was a younker, and went birds'-nesting. Howsomever, away we went, and every now and then the guns went bang! but we couldn't never see no game whatsomever to pick up; so I sarches along in the dykes, and the dogs follows me; and, being out of sight of the officers, I sarves out the rum in fair drams atwixt myself and the hanimals, seeing as we had most of the work to do."

"You don't mean to say, Bill, that you gave the dogs the rum?" said the serjeant of marines, who stood leaning against the mast.

"But I do, though!" responded Bill, somewhat angrily. "Do you think I'd cheat a messmate? for I baled 'em out full measures, and axed 'em to take it, and if they wouldn't, why then in good right, as belonging to the same mess, it was mine; and so, every time as I took a nip myself, in course I sarved it out to them. I defy any messmate as ever I had, to say I ever wronged him!"

"I'm satisfied, Bill," said the serjeant of marines, laughing; "such messmates, when they pipe to grog, would be convenient every day. But go on, my boy!"

"Well, shipmates," continued Bill, "d—the thing could we find, though both the purser and master swore they'd hit everything they'd fired at; and, being cowl'd, I got behind a haystack with the hanimals, and fell foul of the beef and bread, whilst the officers were sarching for hares, and rabbits, and pheasants, and ducks, and partridges; and a precious lot in 'em they shot, oonly the creatures couldn't be found. At

last the grub was all gone, and we'd emptied the bottle; so I made convenient to drop the bag as we were crossing some stubble to join the rest of the fleet; and then I got a blowing-up for my carelessness, and they swore I was drunk,—as if one bottle of rum was likely to tosticate three on us. But they were cowl'd and hungry, and so we bore up for a snug village; where we got into a capital roadstead, and the master ordered a fresh supply of provisions,—eggs and bacon, and roast pork, with a glorious mixing of hot flip and ale, and brandy pawney. So the officers din'es by theirsels, in course, in one room; and we—that's me, and Boney, and Beauty—pipes to dinner in another; and so I makes each on 'em sit up at table all mess-mate-like, and sarves out the grub reg'lar fair and square, and offers 'em the suction as I did afore, and, as they wouldn't stow it away, I was compelled to take their share and my own too. And a jovial time we had of it! we lived like fighting-cocks, and Boney wink'd his one eye and Beauty wagged his stump, as I drank, 'Better times to us!' and the lubbers in the galley laughed, and there was a precious shindy.

"Arter a good tuck-out, and hoisting in a proper allowance o' strong flip, the master would go out and try his luck with the gun again; so away we went; and I'm bless'd if I didn't see plenty of game,—for every sparrow looked to me as big as a turkey-cock; but, somehow or other, they all got away. At last says Muster Gunter, says he, 'Hould on, Thompson, there's a fine hare!' And sure enough there was soment upon a ridge near the middle of the field as looked werry much like it; though Muster Stork, who was more aloft than we, swore it was no such thing. Howsomever, the master would let fly at it, and sartinly he knocked it over between the ridges dead enough; but whilst we were going towards the place, we hears the terriblest rumpus behind, and I'm blessed if there warn't a bull coming up astarn within a few fathoms of us! his spanker-boom rigged straight out abaft, and his bow-chasers pointed towards ould Muster Gunter. 'Run, master, run!' shouts the purser, making sail away, and trusting to the length of his heels. 'Run, your honour!' says I, 'or else I'm d—d if he don't mean boarding on you!' And so the ould man starts, and carries on a taut press; and I tries by sending a shot at the hanimal to draw him off the chase. Well, he hauls his wind for an instant, but seeing there wur three on us in the centre and rear division, he ups stick again, and cracks on arter the master, who luckily had got a start through the diversion I had made, and reached the hedge leading into the next field; but he couldn't get through, for the passage was

choked by one of them yarn-winch stiles, and he got jammed hard and fast in the middle of it just as the bull was coming to close quarters.

"Hurrah, messmates!" says I to the two dogs. "Hurrah, Boney! hurrah, Beauty! bear down to the rescue!" And so off we set, the hanimals understanding me all the same as nat'ral-born Christens; so that just as the bull was going to sky Muster Gunter up like a ha'penny for heads or tails, Boney seizes him by the nose and pins him down, whilst Beauty catches hould of his neck. "And that's my darlings!" says I; "they're reg'lar hunters; nothing comes amiss to 'em, from a cockroach to a buffalo!" Well, shipmates, at that very momentum,—the master stuck hard and fast, and the bull repelling the boarding-party,—up comes a gang of liberty-boys from the ould Rattlesnake, as was lying next hulk to ours, who had come out for a country cruise, and we soon drove the bull off, with the help of Boney and Beauty; and having got the master out of limbo by rousing down the stanchion, we look'd out for the purser; but, like the game they'd shot, he warn't nowhere to be seen, till at last we dis-kivered a pair of heels sticking out of a hedge, and I'm blowed if they warn't Muster Stork's! He'd taken a run to jump over, thinking the hanimal's horns were in his starn, had made a bit of a slip, and come down head-foremost on to the top of the hedge, burying his head and shoulders in the bushes, and jamming his arms like Jackson so as he had no manner o' use on 'em: and there he stuck, with his legs spread out, looking for all the world like the letter Y, or more like the Shears beacon in the Swin.—Well, arter a good deal o' trouble and man-handling, we roused him out o' that, and set him on eend all ataunto, except his figure-head, which had got d—ly mauled amongst the brambles. But the master would go for the hare he had shot, and so we all made sail along with him to the place; and when we got there, he lifts up from atwixt the ridges—and what do you think it was, shipmates? Well, then, I'm blow'd if it warn't the bread-bag as I dropped there afore dinner! and the shot had knocked the rum-bottle all to shivers, so that me and my messmates were saved from blame in regard of the stuff being gone."

A general laugh followed this announcement, which brought a command from the quarter-deck for "less noise, and a better look-out on the fo'k'stle!"

"Well, shipmates," continued Bill, as soon as the usual "Ay, ay, my lord!" had been given, "away we sherried with the master's hare, shaping our course for the public-house; and if we didn't have a jovial sheave-o for the rest of the day, then

nobody never had a sheave-o in their lives: and Boney and Beauty were treated to the best the place could afford, and if they're alive now, they arn't forgot, no more nor me, the day we went out a-shooting."

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.—THE DYING PRISONER.

If Lord Eustace had felt gratified at having captured one frigate, how much greater were the pleasure and pride of his heart when he beheld two fine frigates and an armed transport gracing his triumph! Yet the greatest cause of satisfaction to his noble mind arose from a conviction that two of his lieutenants would be made commanders, and the same number of passed midshipmen would ship the white lappelles, whilst his brave fellows would receive a very handsome sum as head and prize-money.

It was a fine, clear night, with warm weather, and smooth water, and the vessels moved but slowly through it. Lord Eustace was too anxious for the security of his ship to turn in, so he wrapped himself in his boat-cloak, and took an occasional short snooze upon the sofa, visiting the deck at every interval, to make sure that a strict look-out was kept upon the prisoners. Nugent was equally on the alert; for, though he could not expect present promotion, yet the captures they had made would, he was well aware, tell handsomely in his favour on some future occasion; besides, notwithstanding his boasted appliances to book-making, and having what Spurzheim would have called "*da bomp of consheit vera large*," he was a good officer, attentive to his duty, and obedient to the routine of the service. The purser and the doctor, though only civilians, found plenty to do; the former in attending to the French officers, the latter in looking after the wounded. Meanwhile Plumstone and Peabody, the marines, kept watch and watch, visiting the prisoners, and manifesting to them that all attempts at rising would be met with condign punishment. Nor were those *nosegays** of the navy—the warrant officers—less diligent in their stations. The gunner, with his assistants, was down in the magazine filling cartridges. The carpenter and his crew actively employed themselves in debating upon the best mode of plugging a shot-hole; whilst old Savage leaned over his picture-gallery, looking into the blue depths of the ocean, and praying for

* Called "*Nosegays*" from Lord Melville having pronounced them "the very *flowers* of the service."

the gift of Glendower to "call *spirits* from the vasty deep,"—for the boatswain's bottle was empty, and he longed for a "flash of lightning" to titillate his throat. By his side stood Jack Sheavehole, wondering what his superior could be thinking on, although giving a shrewd guess at the cause which induced him to *ruminate* so ardently.

It was near four bells in the middle watch (two o'clock in the morning), when old Savage turned round to his subordinate, and exclaimed, "Then I'll tell you what it is, Jack; when a fellow's hard up it's d—d onlucky, and that's all about it."

The axiom just suited honest Jack's ideas, and the mathematical precision with which it was uttered,—a precision enforced with all the stamina of a first-rate learned professor in the science, exactly tallied with old Sheavehole's notions of things in general, and he had only to clench it with his Q. E. D. (more properly Q. I. D.). "And, 'cause why, your honour," said he, whilst the boatswain's ears tingled at "*your honour*,"—"if a poor devil arn't got no 'bacca, he can't have no chaw!"

"And if his bottle's empty," resumed the boatswain, in accents half indignant, half sorrowful—

"It stands in good reason that he arn't never got a toothful of stuff to bless hisself with," said his mate, finishing the sentence his superior had commenced.

"Well then, Jack," returned the boatswain with energy, "that's just my predicklement, and I'm — if my inside isn't going round and round like a spun-yarn winch, and twisting my integrals into foxes!"

"That's almost as bad as a stark calm in the wind-pipe," said Jack, commiserating the situation of his officer; "but I'm thinking, Muster Savage, there's some good stuff in the prizes!"

"No doubt on it, Jack; no doubt on it," responded the boatswain; "and I wish I had a gallon or two here; you should have a stiff 'un to cheer the cockles of your heart, Jack; for arter all, I feels more for others than I does for myself. My bowels of compassion yarns for——"

"A glass of grog, and some biscuits and cheese, on the capstan-head, Mr. Savage, with the captain's compliments," said his lordship's servant, addressing the old man. "It is brought up for all the officers; are there any more on the forecastle?"

"Can't say," returned old Savage; "it's quite enough to look out for number one, eh, Jack?" and the veteran walked aft.

"Ah, there he goes, with his bowels of compassion, which I takes to be all fiddle-strings!" uttered Sheavehole, in an under-tone to Bob Martingal. "Well, I won't be envious, though I should like to——"

"Splice the main-brace, boatswain's mate!" shouted Mr. Nugent, from the quarter-deck.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded Jack, shaking the dust out of his call. "He's just hit it, Bob. Twhit! twhit! Splice main-brace, a-hoy!"

Never was summons more cheerfully obeyed. An allowance of stuff was served out to all hands, "that," as Lord Eustace said, "every soul fore and aft might be tarred with the same brush."

Again the yarn-spinners assembled on the old spot before the foremast, and once more they commenced their tough 'uns; their tongues being oiled with the lubricating liquor.

"I say, Bob!" exclaimed Joe Nighthead, "then I'm blessed if we shan't cut a shine out o' all the saacy frigates on the station; and they may get up a gingerbread battle at the theatre, with the thrash-'em-all Spankaway and her prizes!"

"I hope it ull be a better consarn than I once fell foul on in a place they call Bart'lemy Fair," said the captain of the forecastle. "Well, I'm blowed if it warn't out-and-out gammon! D'ye mind, I was in the owld Goliah seventy-four, in '98, at the Nile; and led into the action, although Hood in the Zealous tried d— hard for it; but our skipper, Captain Foley, warn't the boy to let him do the trick, for the Goliah had the heels of the Zealous, and we passed a-head of her, inside the enemy's line, every gun double-shotted: 'Because,' says our skipper, says he, 'we'll take 'em on the in-shore side, as the chance is they'll not expect us there, and that broadside won't be manned;' which in course was all right enough, and just as we found it. Well then, I'm blessed if it didn't look funny to run so close to 'em that you might have seen a moskito wink his eye. We tried first for the French Gorear, but slipped past him to the Conkerant, 'cause the best bower hung in the stopper arter they'd got the cable out abaft. Howsomever, I arn't going to fight the battle over again; ownly at the peace we got long leave, and, having lots of prize-money, I thought I'd go up to Lunnun, just to see what sort of a place it was, as I'd heard my shipmates in their watch overhaul a good deal about it. Well, my boys, I just takes a berth 'pon deck in one o' your fly-by-night vehicles from Portsmouth; but, as to what sort of a passage we had, I don't much disremember about it, seeing as I'd had more plush that day than any cook o' the mess

in the sarvice. Howsomever, next morning, I finds myself all snug, riding it out in a four-masted thing-em-he, as they calls a post bed along shore, and the canvass was hanging in the brails; and there was chairs, and a table, and a looking-glass, and t'other thing, all ship-shape; and I'm blowed if there warn't a beauty alongside o' me. 'Yo-hoy!' says I, 'what ship, my darling?'—'The Goliah, to be sure,' says she; 'don't you know that?'—'I'm blow'd,' says I, 'if you arn't more like a cousin than an acquaintance. How came you in my hammock?' says I.—'You was groggy last night,' says she, laughing like a tickled Venus, 'and so I was afeard you'd rowl out.'—'All right, my precious!' says I; 'but where's the shot, my darling?'—'All safe in the locker,' says she; and so it was, shipmates, every bit of it, not a stiver missing. 'That's my tight 'un,' says I; and, in course, Bob, we consorts together, and that arternoon we hauled our wind for what she called 'showing me the city;' but I'm blessed, shipmates, if I could see anything for the houses till we got to a place as I said afore was named 'Bart'lemy Fair.' Now, in regard o' Sal's kindness, d'ye mind, I'd rigged her out fore-and aft, from the keel to the truck, with a spick-and span new suit o' sails; and, as for colours, then I'm — if she hadn't an ensign and pennant as long as that 'ere craft as swept all the sheep off the Isle of Wight going down Channel. Her gound was covered with flowers, every one on 'em as big as a cabbage; and her bonnet would have sheltered the frigate's marines in a snow-storm. Then she'd pink silk stockings upon her legs, as warn't like yer kickshaw-spindle-shank sliding-gunter ladies', but a reg'lar pair of good, stout lower-deck stanchions, as 'ud howld up stiff in a squall. She wanted boots; but I thought it 'ud be a sin and a shame to hide such handsome and proper consarns in leather casings, so I stepped her heels into pink long-quartered pumps with blue sandals, in regard o' the colour o' the jacket. Then she'd a broad red band round her waist, with a fathom and a half of the same towing over her stern, and when the wind caught it, why it blowed out like a pennant from the peak as a signal for going to church. She'd blue at the main, and a banging gold watch hanging a cockbill under one of her cat-heads; and a smarter-looking frigate — ownly she was pimpled a little about the nose with grog-blossoms—I never set eyes on.

"Well, shipmates, so she said she'd show me Lunnun; but, Lord love yer hearts! I couldn't never make out nothing but a big church as they called Sam Paul's, booming up in the air so as you couldn't see anybody in the tops. At last we got to

Bart'lemy Fair, and then there was som'ut to look at, for I'm blow'd if they hadn't turn'd the hands up to skylark, or rather to mischief! There was such a halloo-bulloo, and some of the lubbers began to overhaul their jawing gear so as to pay out the slack of their gammon, that I should have been dead flabbergasted if it hadn't been for Sal, who pitched it at 'em again, sometimes sending a long-shot a-head, and then giving 'em round and grape from her stern-chasers. As for the shows! well then, I'm bless'd if there warn't a little som'ut of every thing! At last I spies outside one of the booths 'The Battle of the Nile to be seen here!' with some more lingo about machanical figures and tommytoms; but, 'Blow me tight, Sal!' says I, 'that 'ere's just what I must see, in regard o' the owld Goliah and Lord Nelson.' So I tips the blunt to a fellow in a box and walks in, with Sal alongside of me, and a woman comes round with a basket of oranges, and axes me to buy. Well, shipmates, seeing as I'd plenty o' dumps, I buys the whole cargo, and sarves 'em out to all hands, young and old, whilst the fiddlers struck up 'Jack's alive!' and presently they mans the fore clew-garnets, buntlings, and leechlins, and up went the foresel in a crack, and the music changed to 'Come cheer up, my lads!' and says I to Sal, 'Then I'm —— if I don't, owld gal, and so here goes!' and I took a precious nip from a bottle o' rum she'd stowed away in her ridicule. And there was the sea all pretty and picter-like, and the shore beyond; but the devil a bit could I see of the French fleet at anchor, or a craft of any build or rig, till there was a flash o' priming, and then in sails a ship under British colours, and fires a gun; and then, in comes another and another, till there wur the whole of Nelson's squadron, though they were no more like line o' battlers than Mungo Pearl is like the Archbishop of Canterbury. Still, shipmates, I says nothing; for 'mayhap,' thinks I to myself, 'it may do all very well for them know-nothings as never seed a seventy-four in their lives.' But, presently, when they'd all hove in sight, in comes the French fleet arter them, just as if for all the world Nelson had run away, and owld Brewy was in chase. 'D—my precious limbs!' says I to myself, 'but that's coming it pretty strong!' and I shies a orange at the French admiral and capsizes him, so that he went down directly. 'Who threw that 'ere?' shouts that man, poking his head up right in the middle of the sea, like a grampus coming up to blow. 'It was I, and be d—d to you!' says I, shieing another at him, that took him right in his bridle port. 'You lubberly son of a sea-coote!' says I, 'when did Nelson ever run from the enemy, you wagabone? And here goes again!' says I,

for, shipmates, my blood was up, and I slaps another shot at a Frenchman, and sunk him in an instant. Sal hailed me to sit still, and everybody shouted, and the fellow bobs his head down under the sea again; 'Battle of the Nile!' says I, 'and me one of the owld Goliah's, as had young Muster Davies killed along-side o' me! Make the French run, and be d—d to you!' says I; 'heave about, and strike your colours! That arn't the battle of the Nile, yer tink'ring tailers!' But, finding that they were slack in stays, and that the French fleet were pursuing the English, I couldn't bear it any longer, shipmates; so up I jumps and boards the stage, and puts two or three of the French liners into my pocket, when the same fellow rouses out again right through the water, and pitches into me right and left; and I lets fly at him again, till a parcel of pollis-officers came in, and there I was grabbed, and brought up all standing. Howsomever, as they axed me very purlitely to go with 'm, why in course I did, carrying my prizes and Sal along with me, afore some of the big-wigs, and 'Yoy-hoy, yer honours!' says I, making my salaams in all due civility, 'I'm come to have justice done me on that 'ere gander-faced chap as pretends to fight the battle o' the Nile, and me one of the owld Goliah's!' 'Your worships,' says the man, he 'salted me, and 'salted my ships.' 'And pretty pickle you've made of it, you lubber!' says I. And then the big-wigs axed what it was all about, and the man ups and tells 'em about the fleets, and my shieing the oranges, and hitting him in the eye, and the whole consarn, even to my having the Frenchmen stowed away in my lockers. And the big-wigs laughed; and one on 'em says to me, says he, 'Now sailor, let us hear what you've got to say for the *defence*.'—

The Defence, yer honours?' says I, glad to find they know'd som'ut about the squadron; 'the Defence,' says I; 'why, yer honours, she came up a-starn o' the Minnytaw, though she arterwards took her station a-head of her, and engaged the Franklin French eighty—' 'All very good,' says the genelman; 'but we want to know what you've got to say for yourself?'—'Well, yer honour,' says I, 'it arn't altogether ship-shape for a fellow to blow his own trumpet, but I was stationed the fifth gun from chock aft on the lower-deck, and I hopes I did my duty.'—'We've no doubt on it, my man, says another of 'm; 'but how came you to attack this man's *expedition*?'—'Oh, yer honours, if it's ownly an expedition,' says I, 'then I got nothing to say again it, ownly he'd chalked up, that it was the battle o' the Nile, and there warn't one of the French fleet at anchor, but all under way, and giving chase to the English.'—'He mistakes, yer worship,' says the

man ; ' I brought the English fleet on first, out of compliment to 'em.'—' And a pretty compliment, too, ye lubber, to make 'em be running away !' says I. ' But you've done wrong, sailor, in mistaking him,' says one of the big-wigs. ' Let us see the vessels you have taken.' So, shipmates, I hauls 'em out of my pocket ; and I'm blessed if they wur anything more nor painted pasteboard as went upon wheels, and ' Here's the prizes, yer honours,' says I, handing 'em over ; ' it's easy enough so see the wagabone's a cheat.'—' Still he's entitled to his expedition,' says the mag'strate ; ' and I'm sure one of Nelson's tars wouldn't wish to injure a fellow-countryman !'—' Lord love yer honour's heart ! no, to be sure I wouldn't,' says I, ' and so he may have the prizes back again.'—' But you have done him some damage, my man ; and you're too honest not to pay for it,' says he.—' All right, yer honour !' says I, ' in course I'll pay. What's the damages, owld chap ?' So the fellow pulled a long face ; and at last the big-wigs axed him whether ten shillings would satisfy him ? and he makes a low bow, as much as to say ' Yes.'—' All square,' says I, and I pitches a guinea on the table. ' Take it out o' that !' says I ; ' and, yer honours, he may keep the whole on it if he'll let me go and have another shy at the French.' But the genelman laughed me out of it, and the lubber had his ten shillings ; and Sal and I made sail for a tavern, where we got all happy, and then bowled home in the cabin of a coach, singing ' Rule Britannia.' "

" Ah, you man-handled 'em like a Briton !" said old Jack Sheave-hole. " There's nothing like a shot or two to bring the lubbers to reason."

" Trim sails a-hoy !" went the pipe of the second boatswain's mate from abaft, and every soul was instantly on the alert. The breeze freshened from the northward ; canvass was packed upon the frigate and her prizes, and away they danced cheerily over the waters, making a goodly show.

" Everything favours us, Nugent," said his lordship. " I should like to fall in with the admiral, as I make no doubt he would be for keeping the two frigates up the Straits if there was any possibility of getting them manned, and I am certain his best efforts would not be wanting to get Mr. Seymour appointed to one of them. We must look out for another chance for you, Nugent."

" Your lordship is very considerate," returned the lieutenant ; " and I hope I shall not be found unworthy of your kindness."

" Well, doctor, and how d'ye find the master ?" inquired Lord Eustace, as the surgeon made his appearance on the quarter-deck.

"Much better than I could have expected, my Lord," returned the physical functionary. "I hope to set him on his legs again in a week or two. But, my lord, I am here as an ambassador from one of the prisoners who is wounded—mortally wounded, and he earnestly entreats permission to speak to your lordship before he dies."

"Certainly—certainly," said Lord Eustace. "Poor fellow! perhaps some request to make. Where is he, doctor? The colours should make no distinction after an enemy has struck. Pray where is he?"

"He is in the fore cock-pit, my lord," returned the surgeon. "Shall one of the young gentlemen get a lantern?"

"No—no," said his lordship. "I can find my way well enough. The sentry has a light, I suppose?"

"There are plenty of lights, my lord," responded the surgeon; and his lordship having left strict orders for a good look-out to be kept on deck, descended on his errand of mercy.

The number of wounded, and the crowded state of the frigate, rendered it necessary that some place should be entirely appropriated to the former, and here they laid, extended upon hammocks, spread carefully for the purpose, and blocked up in such a manner as to prevent their fetching way, should the ship have any considerable motion. Some of the poor fellows were writhing and groaning with pain; others were venting imprecations in impotent wrath at being maimed; and a few were uttering prayers, as the certainty of death brought with it a stronger conviction of the necessity of imploring pardon for past offences. Every now and then a shout arose of "*Vive la Nation! Vive la Republique Française!*" which was responded to by some British tar with "Howd still, ye lubber, do! and don't disturb them as wants to be quiet!" Whilst one more excited exclaimed, "D— your weovly nashong! Ould England, and ould George for ever!"

It was a mournful spectacle to see so many brave fellows

"Breathing the small remains of life away."

And, as the rays from the lanterns fell upon many a ghastly countenance, where the sunken eyes were fast setting in darkness, the heart of humanity could not avoid deep feelings of commiseration and regret.

Oh, what a horrible thing is war! an insatiate monster, ever demanding human sacrifice! a moloch, at whose shrine the only offering is blood—blood—blood! By what a slight tenure do the seaman and the soldier hold existence! though the former's is the most precarious, having many enemies to contend against, whilst the latter has only one! What a

theme for moralizing does the deck of battle, or the field of carnage, afford ! Who has ever looked upon the hundreds of slain, as they lay in the attitude of quiet repose, or were doubled up in all the hideous contortion of a convulsive dissolution, but has shuddered at the strange mystery which separates the still living spirit from the dead corporeal frame ! One hour strong, active, full of energy, and high chivalric honour ; the next a mangled, deserted corpse, from which we turn away with loathing and disgust !

Lord Eustace looked round upon the wounded and dying, and his manly breast experienced all those sensations of sympathy which are ever the companions of true courage. Several of his own gallant fellows recognized and endeavoured to greet their truly noble commander with a cheer, and the latest, last lingering breath of one escaped his lips for ever, bearing an honest but faint greeting to the ears of the captain, as, following the surgeon, he sought the bed of the expiring seaman who had so earnestly requested an interview with his lordship.

He was apparently a young man of some five-and-twenty years of age ; the upper part of his person was naked, and his gigantic arms and broad chest evidenced that he had possessed herculean powers ; yet, there he lay, helpless as infancy, his physical strength wasted by the loss of the vital current that supplies the fountain of life. The lineaments of his face marked him as one of ardent passions, whether for good or evil, though, by the shade of deep remorse that clouded his brow, an inference might be drawn that the latter had predominated. Still there were the remains of great masculine beauty, and every feature bore ample witness that, though weak in body, and perhaps feeling but little pain, his mind remained still strong to suffer, still mighty to endure. A faint smile, like a gleam of sunshine bursting through the dense cloud of a stormy sky, lightened up his features for an instant as he beheld the captain approach him ; but the opening from his heart through which that ray of seeming pleasure had emanated was soon closed again, and all was as stern and as gloomy as before.

"Voici, monsieur le capitaine," said the surgeon in the best French he could muster. "Dites donc, mon ami."

"Qui que vous soyez, je ferai tout pour vous obliger," uttered Lord Eustace, bending down over the dying man.

"Laissez, laissez," exclaimed the prisoner, waving his hand for the attendants to stand back, which, at his lordship's suggestion, they immediately obeyed, and the two were left nearly alone. The prisoner remained without uttering a word for a minute or two whilst heavy groans and ill-repressed sobs

shook every limb of his enfeebled body. At length he grew somewhat more composed, and by a desperate effort raised himself so that the light might fall strongly upon his pale haggard face.

"Do you not know me, Eustace?" said he in perfect English, and in a manner that made his lordship, though not given to nervousness, suddenly start. "Am I so altered?" continued the prisoner deprecatingly, and then added, "I have not seen my face for many months, and perhaps it may be so, for such was the brand of remorse on the first murderer, and perhaps the approach of death——" he paused and shuddered.

"You are English, then, or I would hope, American?" said his lordship, eyeing the individual with sensations in which indignation and disgust struggled against pity. "Am I speaking to a traitor?"

"And a murderer! both!—both, my lord!" returned the prisoner, falling back. "Yes, a traitor and a murderer! I stained my hands with human gore! the blood of one who fondly, fervently loved me. I fled my country—became a wanderer, an outcast, seeking for death, which constantly avoided me till the present moment; but, oh! I little expected, Eustace, that you would be the avenger!"

The noble commander of the frigate gazed with intense eagerness upon the prostrate man, whose face was again thrown into shade, and it was evident, by the working of every feature, that the brave Englishman was greatly agitated. "Can it be possible?" he murmured with a hissing sound between his compressed teeth; "is it——? I hardly dare even think of the name, associated as it is with every bitter curse my heart has ever vented. Yes; I now see—I now feel you are——"

"Maurice Delaney," groaned the man; "your playmate in childhood, your relative, my lord; think of that, and spare the blood of kindred! Yes, Eustace, for I will still call you so, though you may spurn me for it: our early days were passed in infantile endearment; nursed in the lap of luxury together, we grew up as boys who had but one heart and——"

"Villain! detestable villain!" exclaimed Lord Eustace, whose mind was apparently occupied by one single thought which stung him to the quick, and poisoned all the better feelings of his nature, for it prompted him to deadly revenge upon a fallen and a dying enemy.

"Oh God!" ejaculated the prisoner with anguish, as he clutched his fingers together and convulsively wrung his hands, "I have denied thy being; but no power but that which is Almighty could inflict the pangs I suffer in this hour of retribution. I have scoffed at the mediation of him who

died for man's transgressions, and now—oh! no, no! the unrepented murderer can find no redemption here, no prospect of salvation hereafter. I have laughed at the idea of future rewards and punishments, but oh! I feel that hell has already begun to seize upon my never-dying soul!" He stopped, overpowered by agony of spirit, but in a few seconds proceeded. "Eustace! my lord! say that you forgive me; oh! let me bear the pardon of one fellow-creature that I have deeply injured into the presence of my Maker; it may plead for me at the bar of Eternal Justice—Eternal Justice!—ay! that is it, and there is no mockery in the words. It *is* Eternal Justice, and there is—there can be no hope of mercy for me!"

So horrible, so excruciating appeared the mental sufferings of the unhappy man, that Lord Eustace felt his indignation relax, and fervently offering a humble petition for the gift of forbearance, his mind gradually softened down to the chastened tone of Christian charity and benevolence. "Maurice," said he, and his voice became tremulous with emotion; "cruelly as you have injured me, yet in this hour of dissolution it is no time to cherish malice or revenge. Maurice, may the God of Heaven forgive you, as freely as I forgive you!"

"Your hand, Eustace, my lord, your hand!" uttered the dying man: but his lordship could not avoid a shuddering repugnance that deterred him from compliance. The prisoner was instantly aware of it. "You will *not* forgive me, then? the words are from your lips, and not the honest effusion of your heart:" he folded his arms across his breast. "Well, I merit it; farewell, Eustace! I wished to have spoken to you of my parents—of *her* mother, but——"

The young nobleman extended his hand and grasped that of his traitor captive; the touch seemed almost electric. Lord Eustace sprang from his kneeling position; he looked around and became aware that he was the observed of many eyes, and, motioning to the surgeon, he hastily ascended to the deck, whilst the prisoner, in accents of wild supplication, implored him to return.

"Doctor," said the captain, when they had reached the main deck; "you have been witness to a melancholy scene. I loved him once as a brother loves a brother, but the viper nestled in my affections but to sting me!" he ceased for a minute as a silent prayer was breathed for strength to stay the vindictive risings of impetuous passion. "Doctor," he continued, "will you kindly oblige me by having him removed to my cabin. Is he able to bear it? can it be accomplished?"

"His end is not far distant, my lord," returned the surgeon, much affected with his commander's earnestness, after

the spectacle he had witnessed ; “but I do not think it will be hastened by removal ; on the contrary, it is more likely to be rapid by remaining as he is ; for, hark ! my lord,”—the sound of the unhappy prisoner’s voice was distinctly heard up the hatchway as he raved for pardon,—“his cries will soon destroy him.”

“Be quick, then, my worthy friend,” said his lordship ; “bear a hand and have him conveyed aft in a cot. I will go and order the steward to make every necessary preparation ;” and the officers parted.

The dying prisoner grew more tranquil and composed when the surgeon informed him of his intended removal to the cabin, where, in a very few minutes afterwards, he was carefully deposited on a capacious couch with a small bag he had brought with him, and which he seemed to clutch with a tenacity as if it were the only thing in life he wished to cling to. “May God reward you, Eustace,” uttered he in a low and scarcely audible voice ; “I am going fast ! Say once more that you forgive me ; it is like an opiate to my terror-stricken conscience ; I know that it will be unavailing to save me from eternal condemnation, but——”

“Maurice, I *do* forgive you,” returned his lordship, as the tears stood trembling in his eyes ; “I will think, if I can, of early years alone. But your time is speeding away. Do not then lose one moment in imploring Divine pardon. Pray—fervently pray !”

“Pray !” shrieked the despairing man. “To whom must I pray ? To HIM whom I have for years denied ? Pray ! to the BEING whom I made it my study to deride ? Oh ! no, no, Eustace. Have you forgotten the words, ‘I will mock at their calamity, and laugh when their fear cometh !’ The period *has* arrived ; the scorner is rebuked in his affliction, not pitied ; the scoffer is despised in his last moments, and never can be pardoned.”

“Do not thus throw your only hope away,” said the surgeon, as he smoothed the pillow of the dying man, and gently elevated his head.

“I tell you it is useless !” returned the prisoner, his breathing becoming every instant more and more irregular. “The future is even now opening before me ; I see the bar before which I must shortly appear, and there stands the accusing angel ready to bear witness against me. Eustace ! my mother ! tell me—oh ! my lord—tell me of my mother ! for years have passed since I last heard of any of my family.”

“Your mother, Maurice,” replied the kind-hearted nobleman, deeply affected, “is now amongst the spirits of the blessed.”

"We shall never meet again!" groaned Delaney, as he sobbed convulsively. "Yet, Eustace—dear Eustace, may she not plead for me—me, her unhappy, guilty son?"—his thoughts wandered. "Will she not dissuade Maria from appearing against me before the Judge? I am going, Eustace!—there—there are the terrible agents of divine wrath! I see them waiting for me, and there is no possibility of escape! Chains and a dungeon would be paradise to the place of endless torment; dry bread and water would be sumptuous fare compared with the burning drought where no drop of moisture will ever cool the parched tongue!" He raised himself a little. "Eustace, dear Eustace, hold me—if only for a few minutes, hold me fast! every moment gained in time, is snatched from an eternity of never-ceasing pain!" His lordship took his extended hand, and the surgeon administered a little weak stimulant that revived him! "I have not an instant to throw away, Eustace," continued he, more calmly; "in this bag you will find my brief history, penned by snatches and at intervals; it was the only consolation that my heart knew; do what you will with it. I have suffered—ay! dreadfully suffered, and now—. The priests have told me, '*Ceux qui péchent contre Dieu seul, doivent être punis dans l'autre monde; mais ceux qui péchent contre les hommes, doivent l'être dans celui-ci.*' but I have sinned against both God and man, and as I have been punished in this world, so shall I also be punished in the next. And yet, Eustace, I would fain hear you pray for me—we once mingled our voices together in supplication to the throne of Omnipotence, and though it can never be so again, yet, Eustace, it would calm my last moments to hear you, my much-abused and injured friend, intercede for me."

"Man's intercession is but weak," returned his lordship; "but, Maurice, why will you not look to that which has never failed? The expiring thief found mercy and pardon on the cross."

"You are mocking me," said Delaney, his words becoming less articulate and distinct. "Am I not a renegade to the faith of my fathers, a traitor to the country of my birth, a base assassin, and a murderer? An age of repentance would not suffice to make atonement for the past; and I—there are but a few minutes between me and eternity. Eustace, is my father living?"

"He was, Maurice, when I last heard from England," answered his lordship; "and in good health."

"Never let him know my fearful end, my lord," uttered the dying man; "do not bring down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. And I would ask——"

"She is the same heartless being as ever," responded his lordship, anticipating the question. "But, Maurice, let me entreat you to forget the affairs of this world."

"Will you, then, pray for me?" implored Delaney, "Speak peace and comfort to my mind—lull me into fancied security, that I may enjoy a few moments' cessation from agony before I enter upon everlasting ages of endless misery."

Lord Eustace requested the steward to bring him the Bible, and he commenced reading one of the penitential Psalms. The prisoner lay perfectly still, and apparently tranquil, as the noble chief proceeded; once, and once only, a spasmodic shivering shook his frame, and when the Psalm was ended, a deep silence prevailed for several minutes; the surgeon was the first to break it; he laid his hand upon the face of the captive; it was still warm, though clammy with the dews of death: he shifted his hand to the seat of life, but there was no throb, no pulsation. The spirit had fled.

"His days are ended, my lord," said the surgeon, mournfully; "his earthly sufferings are over."

Lord Eustace shuddered as the thought crossed his mind, that probably the desperate sinner had entered upon a more severe ordeal. He looked upon the corpse of his early playmate and friend, and the lapse of years was forgotten as old associations and old remembrances rose up before him, presenting in the sunshine of boyhood a picture of endearing enjoyment, glowing with those bright tints that colour life but once. Thence the progress to an after period became natural and easy, and the noble captain turned away as a burning flush of indignation, which he could neither suppress nor control, glowed upon his countenance.

"Doctor," said his lordship; "I but little thought, when you requested my attendance upon a dying prisoner, to find in that unhappy man a relative, and one who inflicted upon my heart the severest pang it ever knew. Yet so it is; the mysterious events of real life far surpass the imaginary narrations of romantic fiction. He was a cruel enemy: but, peace to his sou! for once I loved him as ardently as youth ever loved a highly-prized companion. The retributive hand of justice has overtaken him!"

'There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may.'

He spoke of his history in that bag. Shall I peruse it, and tear open afresh the wounds which time and determination were healing? Would it not be better to consign them with his body to the deep? And yet there are things and occurrences which I long to learn; they may clear up much that is now

involved in obscurity; and shall I shrink from the trial? It must be done, but not now—no! not now! I have more important duties to perform.” His lordship released the bag from the drawn-up fingers and paralysed hand of the dead, and deposited it in a drawer, which he locked. “Doctor, you must know by your own feelings what my wishes are, and I am fully sensible that I can rely upon your discretion. Steward, let the body remain for the present;” and Lord Eustace hastily ascended to the quarter-deck, whilst the surgeon went forward to visit his patients in the cockpit.

The breeze was delightfully refreshing, the sky was beautifully clear, the moon, lessening in his diameter, shed its pale silvery lustre upon the ocean, whilst daybreak, with its first orient tints, was colouring over with fairer lights the intense blue that darkened the eastern horizon. The step of Lord Eustace, as he paced fore-and-aft, was at the outset rapid and impatient; his thoughts were absorbed in one all-engrossing subject; he scarcely noticed the officer of marnes, as with a respectful salute he announced “All’s well.” Nugent also saw that something had ruffled him, and kept aloof, though he wished to report progress.

But who has ever gazed upon the lovely face of Nature and not experienced a holy calm within his breast? Such was the case with Lord Eustace Dash: the roseate hue of opening day, blending with the pale chasteness of the moon’s crystalline light, attracted his attention; he stood with fo’ded arms alone, near the taffrail, and the sweet influences of the scene, the golden castles and palaces, with their burnished pinnacles and shining roofs, tinged with bright vermilion, on the horizon; the tranquillity of the heavens above, the murmuring music of the waters below, imperceptibly stole him from his reverie of sadness, and a soothing sensation of delight and admiration softened the asperity of his feelings till every pulse was peace.

Once more he descended to the cabin, and there in the dubious light might dimly be seen the outline of the corpse, as the white sheet fell in strong tracery over the various parts of the human frame. The noble seaman looked upon it long and ardently; big round drops followed each other down his cheeks, and the unrepressed groan burst from his heart; the victor was sad—the conqueror was overcome.

The prisoner had been taken in the *Ethalion*, and it was with no small surprise that Lord Eustace ascertained from the French captain that, instead of being a humble seaman, his relative was an officer, with the rank of major, in the Republican army, and much in the confidence of the Chief Consul. Fearing, in his official capacity, to be detected as an English-

man, he had, when the frigate found her mistake, hastily assumed the disguise of a foremast-man, and it was only as the colours were hauling down, that he received the fatal wound which shortly afterwards deprived him of existence. Presumed to be no other than he appeared, he had been carried to the fore cock-pit of the Spaukaway, where accident conveyed to his knowledge the approximation of his noble relative. Without a moment's hesitation, he entreated the surgeon to intercede for an interview, and the result has already been shown.

A glorious dawn came streaming through the cabin-windows, and the earliest beams of the rising sun played upon the sheet that covered the cold and lifeless corpse. Lord Eustace opened the drawer which contained the prisoner's bag; he drew it forth, and emptying its contents, found a thick but small book of memorandums, the vellum covers of which were fastened by silver clasps; he took it with eager haste, and seating himself on the sofa abaft, turned over the leaves with considerable rapidity, occasionally stopping to peruse some particular passage which caught his eye, till mustering a firmer resolution, he commenced at the beginning, and the emotion and agitation he evinced as he proceeded plainly indicated the deep impression every word made upon his mind.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.—SLING THE MONKEY.—THE PIRATE CRAFT.

My last left the gallant and noble commander of the Spankaway sitting in his cabin at early morning, with no other companion than the corpse of his associate and friend in boyhood, and perusing the manuscript book which had been so strangely bequeathed to him. Powerful emotions shook his frame as many an occurrence was revived in his mind by the narration, which was not written in a connected form, but seemed to have been compiled at different times, and under various feelings, for the language evidently expressed and manifested the ruling passion at the moment of committing the record to paper. Had the volume fallen into any other hands than those of Lord Eustace, the whole would have been unintelligible, and the reader would have considered it as the uncurbed demonstrations of some romantic enthusiast, or the production of an unfortunate individual labouring under the horrors of insanity.

A great portion was occupied with abstruse reasoning to

prove there was no hereafter—no judge of quick and dead—no future state of reward or punishment. And was the reasoning conclusive? No! it only betrayed the incessant struggles of his mind to crush a belief which was ever present to his conscience; it evidenced the futility of the creature warring against the soul-impressing power of the Creator. He had read the works of Paine, and fancied himself convinced of their truth; but there was a still small voice whispering ever in his heart that overturned the fallacies of the infidel; and though the never-dying soul was strong in believing, the pride of perishing human nature set itself up in array against the spirit, and it was not till the immortal essence was about to return to Him who gave it, that mortality yielded up the palm of victory, and in expiring agonies confessed the existence of the Deity, though with the same fool-hardiness it rejected the hopes of its divinest attribute—mercy.

And now there lay the frail body, cold, and rigid, and senseless; the heart could no more say, "I am faint," nor the head that "I am sick; pain and grief, trouble or remorse, wound or disease, would never again produce corporeal suffering; the inanimate dead would return to the dust as it was, and the spirit——

The removal of the dying prisoner to the captain's cabin had very soon become the subject of conversation fore and aft, and various indeed were the conjectures and reports which prevailed, though in one thing all agreed, viz. that in the person of the captive Lord Eustace had discovered a near relation. Amongst the inveterate yarn-spinners the most fertile exaggerations were quickly multiplied; and more than one or two pretended that they "had fathomed the whole affair, and were in possession of undeniable facts, which, however, they meant to keep to themselves," whilst at the same time they just let out sufficient to doubly mistify the thing.

The heat of battle no longer raged, and the dead—which, had they expired on the deck during the fury of contest, would have been launched out at the port—were now quietly extended side by side, and their remains covered over with the flags of their respective nations. But the body of Delaney remained in the cabin, and frequently during the day did Lord Eustace stand over it, and gaze long, and sometimes wildly, upon features that had never been forgotten.

Oh! there is a sad and enthusiastic feeling, so solemn, so mysterious, so undefinable, in looking upon some well-remembered countenance that can never smile again, as, in the ashy paleness of decaying nature, every muscle it rigid and fixed,

and no breath, no sound of breathing, escapes from the pallid lips. Oh! what art thou Death, that destroys the pride of strength in the vigour of manhood, and strikes down the warrior in his might? Youth and beauty, old age and decrepitude, are alike to thee, and thy leaden finger is remorselessly laid on the bright orb beaming with joy unspeakable and never-dying love, as well as the dim and sunken eye whose feeble vision can no longer behold the works of creation.

The evening approached,—a lovely autumnal evening and in that part of the world redolent with glory; the sun was rapidly descending westward, and throwing around him a mantle of brightness as he entered his pavilion of gorgeous clouds, whose tints have ever baffled the painter's art and the writer's skill to describe. Hark! there is the tolling of the ship's bell, and every voice is hushed into a whisper; the ensign and pennant are hoisted half-mast, and the prizes follow the example; a gun is heard booming on the waters, and at the expiration of a minute another, to show that an officer of rank is about to be consigned to his last home. The seamen, arrayed in their white Guernsey frocks and duck trousers, cluster together, and seriously mourning for departed shipmates, each has his anecdote to tell of Jack's worth, Bill's integrity, or Jem's drollery, and frequently the aspiration rose, "God rest their souls!" Such were the English tars.

The French also assembled together in groups, but their sorrow came by sudden gushes, and was violent only whilst the fit lasted. But there was one—a veteran of many years, who sat at the head of Delaney's corpse—silent, and solitary, and sad. No change of countenance betrayed any internal struggle,—not a sigh, not a look, gave evidence that the man had feeling; but there was a sternness on his brow as, resting his elbow on his knee, with his chin buried in the palm of his hand, his eyes were intently fixed upon the deceased—it was the major's confidential servant.

The bell continued to toll, the minute-gun at its stated period sent forth its hollow moan, and the sun seemed to hasten its descent as it approached the verge of the horizon. The officers, both English and French, mixed promiscuously together; but amongst the whole none manifested a finer sense of the solemn occasion than the *ci-devant* Count de Millefleur, now degenerated into Citizen Captain Lamont. Indeed, nature seemed to have endowed him with every noble quality of mind, to atone for the egregious deformity of his person; for he was truly brave, strictly honourable, amiably benevolent, and strong in his friendships. And now he stood with a moistened eye and a softened heart, contem-

plating the havoc of war, and mourning to part from his gallant countrymen whose last battle was over.

The sun was near the verge of the horizon, and the western sky blended with the ocean in its crimson, and purple, and gold; whilst to the eastward the sombre shades were gathering on the rear of the retreating conqueror, to throw their dark array over the plains of heaven as soon as he had departed, and once more claim the victory. It was at this moment that Lord Eustace ascended to the deck, and every head was uncovered with more than usual etiquette. All revered the noble chief, all respected his sorrows. And there were deep traces of the latter upon his countenance, in defiance of his efforts to appear tranquil; a powerful contest had been going on in his mind as to whether the remains of his once beloved relative should be treated as those of a traitor, or allowed the honours which would have been his due had he been in reality a Frenchman of the same rank. He was still debating the question with himself, when four French soldiers came to carry the body to the quarter-deck. They were all fine-looking fellows; and the careful manner in which they raised the corpse, as well as the stern grief which was manifest in their deportment, showed that the major had been valued and esteemed by his men.

Still Lord Eustace was undetermined, when the first minute-gun was heard, and his lordship was happy to find that Nugent had settled the question for him; for the young lieutenant not wishing to trouble his commander on every occasion, and at the same time desirous of showing that he knew and could perform his duties,—there might also be, and probably was, a shrewd guess at the dilemma in which his lordship was placed,—had therefore, amongst his other arrangements for the funeral, prepared that every honour should be shown to the victims of national strife. The gratings were laid open, the gangways covered over with the English and French jacks united, the quarter-masters stood ready, and his lordship, having laid his hat upon the capstan-head, advanced to the spot with the open prayer-book in his hand. In an instant every hat was removed, and the rival seamen mingling together in solemn silence, no other thought pervading their minds than connected with the mournful ceremony in which they were engaged.

A corpse was laid upon the grating, Lord Eustace read the service, and at the words "we commit his body to the deep," the inner end of the grating was raised so as to form an inclined plane outwards, the inanimate remains moved slowly from their position, feet foremost; there was a sullen plunge.

the dark eddies gurgled and foamed over the sinking mass and then resumed their smoothness, scarcely ruffled by the breeze. Another and another succeeded, till the whole, except Delaney, were buried in their ocean grave, and Lord Eustace resigned the prayer-book to the surgeon, who, as soon as the major was extended on his naval bier, recommenced the burial service, and at the usual words he was consigned to the deep deep sea, at the very moment that the upper limb of the sun disappeared below the horizon. Nugent and Citizen Captain Lamont stood at the head of the grating, and as the waves closed over the body, the marines fired three volleys, the seamen slowly retreated from the spot, the gangway was cleared, and everything resumed its ordinary routine.

[I might here enter on a memoir of Major Delaney, and give a biographical sketch of the life of Lord Eustace, but I prefer reserving them for a future occasion.]

"Well," said old Jack Sheavehole, as the usual group took up their accustomed position on the forecandle for yarn-spinning, "well, there's some on 'em drafted into t'other world, and knows a little more about the consarn nor we do, ship-mates. Howsomever, may the Lord A'mighty upon 'em, and muster all hands aloft without a single R among 'em."

"I hope we shan't have to send any more the same way, Jack," said Bob Martingale; "I don't mean to Heaven, but over the standing part of the foresheet. There'll be two or three, if not half a dozen, get Greenige, and be laid up in ordinary for the rest of their days."

"And a pretty sprinkling o' cook's warrants, if Lord Youstitch can have his way," chimed in Joe Nighthead: "I'm bless'd if I should mind getting one at the same price."

"What the loss o' yer precious limb, Joe?" exclaimed old Jack, in horror. "Well, then, you get your greasy commission, and let me keep my timbers."

"Why, what's the harm of an ammunition leg?" said Joe. "Lord love your heart! you should see the wooden pins as they have piled up in tiers at Greenige, my boy! I had, and hopes I have still, an ould uncle in the college, a jolly rampagerant ould blade, as loves a toothfull o' stuff, and a half-ounce chaw o' pigtail as well as ever he did. He lost both his legs on the first o' June, and now he travels about upon a couple of wooden consarns, hopping the twigs as blithe as a lark. I went to see him about a year ago, and so we got to rambling about among the trees in the park, and one and another joined consort, and ould Nunky was the life of the whole on 'em, and 'Fine sports you have aboard, Joe,' says

he; 'none o' yer keelhauling and running the gantline, as there was in my time.'—'Not none in the least, ould boy, says I, 'barring that ere cat as has got as many tails as she has lives, and that's nine. But a fellow has ounly to do his duty, and the cat's tails may lay and grow till the fur comes as long as a badger's. But I say, ould 'un, did you ever play *sling the monkey*?*—'Indeed have I,' says he laughing; 'and I shouldn't mind having another do at it now, purvided it warn't for my legs.'—'Oh, d—n your legs!' says I, for I thought he meant them as had cut his acquaintance on the first of June; 'the wooden pins 'ull do well enough, and a rope over the outrigger o' this here tree, with the soft sweet grass underneath, where there's not no danger whatsoever in a tumble. What do you say, my hearties,—who's for a game of *sling the monkey*? Well, I'm bless'd if there warn't more nor twenty of 'em all mad for it: some had one leg, some two, carried away; ever so many had lost an arm; and there was a flourishing o' three-cornered trucks, and a rattling among the wooden pins, and 'Who'll get a rope?' was shouted as they danced about the ground. So, d'ye see, shipmates, I got a good scope of two and half inch, and passes one end over the arm of the tree, that was rigged out like a lower yard, and makes a bowline noose all ship-shape below, and gets a piece o' chalk, and the ould 'uns makes up their handkerchiefs into knots, and at it we got like fighting-cocks. At last ould Nunky gets to be monkey, and I'm blow'd if I didn't warm his starn for him, anyhow. And ever so many nob's comed to look at us, and so we got 'em to chime in, and one spindleshank, sliding-gunter-looking chap was cotch'd, and I'm a tinker if he didn't shell out a guinea to get off, and the rest o' the gentry giv'd us some more money; so that arter the game was out we had a jolly sheave-o, and I'm bless'd, shipmates, if we didn't sling the monkey in fine style, and treat the landlord into the bargain.'

"I wonder if they plays at sling the monkey in t'other

* Sling the monkey is a favourite pastime amongst seamen. A rope with a noose in the lower end is suspended from one of the yards, the main or fore; the "monkey" passes the noose round his body below his arm-pits, and sufficient slack is left from aloft for the monkey to chase his tormentors, who gathered round him with knotted handkerchiefs, pieces of rope, &c. which they do not fail to lay on pretty smartly at every opportunity. The only defence of the monkey is a piece of chalk, and if he can mark any of his assailants with it, they are immediately transferred to the slings. The greatest humour of the game is that the monkey, in the eager pursuit of his foes, very frequently loses sight of discretion, and runs with such speed as to throw himself entirely off his balance, (the rope being nearly perpendicular, and affording but little check,) he swings up, and then comes bodily down again, when he gets a tremendous buffetting from the rest.

world," said Sam Slick, in the innocence of his heart, and with the utmost gravity of countenance.

"Why, you lubber, to be sure they do," responded Bob Martingale, "or else what 'ud such as we have to amuse ourselves with, and be d— to you. I ounly hope I may catch you there, that's all!"

In a few days, without meeting any obstruction or adventure worth recording, the *Spankaway* and her prizes were safe at anchor in Port Mahon, where several of the dashing frigates were then lying, and the captains, with a commendable generosity, yielded up the palm to Lord Eustace. The prisoners were landed, and Lord Nelson arriving soon afterwards, the two French frigates were taken into the service. The largest was given to a favourite post-captain, who was superseded by a master and commander in the ship he had left. Seymour was made acting post into the small frigate, and Sinnitt took the sloop-of-war which had been vacated; and thus Lord Eustace had the desires of his heart gratified as it respected his two senior officers; and, as a matter of course, lieutenants being wanted for the new purchases, his two oldest midshipmen, who had passed their examination, shipped the white lapelles.

It was a few days subsequent to this that a small party dined with Lord Eustace, and, to his great pleasure, old Will Parallel, the master, was enabled once more to sit at his lordship's table to meet an old messmate, in the person of Captain Hawser. After the repast, whilst the wine was going briskly round, the scenes and events of former days were amply discussed, and ultimately old Andrew Nipper, or, as he was more generally called, Andy Nipper, a veteran quartermaster of the *Spankaway*, was, at Captain Hawser's request, summoned to have a glass of grog; for he had been Hawser's nautical father, hammock-man, and drudge when the gallant captain first entered the service as a volunteer of the superior grade.

"Well, Andy," said Hawser, "and how does the world use you now, old boy?"

The veteran drank off his grog at a draught, with a look which spoke as plainly as look could speak, "Never make two bites at a ripe cherry." "I'm thinking, your honour," said old Andy, "I'm thinking of the times when I was with your honour in the ould Clinkem, eight-and-twenty, in the West Ingees, and we had that bit of a do in the boats arter that devil's own half pirate, half smuggler, the Thundercloud schooner, commanded by a picarooning wagabond as they used to say was a nat'ral-born legepitimate child of ould Belzebub,

and the niggers used to frighten the children to sleep by ouonly naming the name of Captain Blueblazes."

"What was it, Andy?" said Lord Eustace, who greatly esteemed the veteran. "Put the old boy a chair at the side-table, and give him another glass of grog. Let's have the story: and, Nugent, keep your ears open; everything tells in book-making."

The commands were promptly attended to; the old man brought himself comfortably to an anchor, with a stiff nor'-wester before him; and then, turning to Captain Hawser, he commenced, "Your honour 'ull mind the time, I'm thinking."

"Why, yes, Andy, I do remember something of what you are alluding to," returned the officer; "but you know I was only a youngster then, had just served my time, and was waiting to pass, and from some cause or other, I forget what, I was not with the boats on that occasion."

"No; good reason not, your honour," responded Andy. "I remembers it well; you were hove down in your hammock, under yellow Jack, and Muster Handsail had the large cutter—the Irish master's mate, you'll recollect, a tall young man, with broad features and precious comical eyes."

"Why, ay, Andy, your description brings him to my mind," assented Hawser; "we were messmates two years; I believe he squinted."

"No, your honour," explained the veteran, "it warn't a squint, nor cro'jack brace fashion, nor yet a leer, nor cross-sighted, but I'm bless'd if I usen't to think his eyes were knock-knec'd—I could make nothing else on 'em. Well, Muster Handsail had the large cutter; Muster Cocktail, a follower o' the captain's, had the small cutter; and Muster Shauginsea, the second lieutenant, another Irishman, took command in the pinnace, with a twelve-pounder mounted on a slide in the bows, and away we went arter this wagabone of a Thundercloud, right up one of them there narrow creeks in the island of Cuba. D'ye mind we'd chased her for six hours almost within gun-shot, and sometimes throwing the water up close in her broad wake; but, like a d— deceitful two-faced craft as she was, no sooner did we begin to overhaul her, and expect to get her within reach of the long eighteen, than slap we were becalmed, and she walked herself off, the devil, or some of his infarnal crew making him a breeze with their flapping wings. Howsomever, we closed with him at last, just as we run in with the land, and we all made sure on him then, when I'm bless'd if he didn't up stick and stand on for the bush, as if the craft was fond of fruit, and was going to

look for it. 'She'll be ashore directly,' says the skipper; 'out boats, and take forty men, and go and destroy her.'—'She'll ground none,' says the master; 'she'll be in among the trees presently, and you'll see her topsail flying away over the topmast branches as she carries the current up one of the creeks.' And, as he said, so it was. The boats shoved off, but before we'd got half-way betwixt the ship and the shore, she entered a narrow passage, indiscernible to the distant eye, and off she spank'd like a race-horse. Still the skipper made no signal of recall, and so we went in arter her, where her topsail yard-arms must have taken the bark off the trees on both sides, and we cotech'd sight of her, hard and fast as we thought upon a mud-bank; so we gives three cheers, and stretches out at the oars like good 'uns; but just as we'd got within a cable's length of her stern, slap we had the grape-shot dancing about us like a shoal of flying-fish, cutting all manner o' gambols, and splintering the paddles, but without wounding any one. 'Hurrah!' we went again, when away slipped the Thundercloud, and was round a point o'land in an instant. 'Give way, lads!' shouted the lieutenant; 'by Jabez but we'll have her yet. Hurrah!' and round the point we shot, and there she lay close to us; and so we hooked on to her bows, and boarded her before you could say 'Jack Robinson.' Now, your honour, I'd heard in the course o' my experience at sea that them sort o' picarooning craft could change into anything they liked, seeing their owner was al'ays ready to help 'em at a pinch; but I didn't altogether hoist it in, because, as your honour knows, timber is timber, and canvass is canvass, which are somut right arnest like; and although the Flying Dutchman is but the corpse of a ship, yet shows all ataunt-o without a leak; and though a witch can swim in a sieve, yet it rather beat me out when they tould me that these here pirate schooners could slip into a fog-bank and never come out again, or shift their gear in the blowing of a match; why, I *was* dubersome o' the consarn; but I'm bless'd if I didn't see it with my own precious eye-sight, for when we got upon the decks, her long-gun was gone, and all her wagabone thieving crew had disappeared but an ould Spaniard, with a face the colour of an olive, and a couple o' niggers as black as the devil's rump. So arter that we gave it up, for her papers said she was a trader, and the lieutenant would have it that it warn't the same craft we'd chased, and he didn't like to go any higher into the lakes; but we all on us felt sartin that it was the Thundercloud herself transmogrified in an instant to escape capture."

"The lieutenant was most probably right, Andy," argued Captain Hawser, "for O'Shaughnessy wasn't the officer to give

in for a trifle, and had he gone into those infernal lagoons, you would most probably have every one of you lost your lives."

"Mayhap so, your honour, in regard o' the lakes," returned Nipper, "but not in respect o' the schooner, as you shall hear; for arter we left the Spaniard and his bits o' ebony, we set to work with a will to pull out again; but what with the strength of the current and the shattered oar-blades, we made but little headway, and got terribly out in our reckoning, in the matter o' there being a little thousand creeks and channels running into one another, and we couldn't see either to starboard or port for the bush, so as to get any marks on to guide us out of this infernal hole; and by-and-by it came on towards dark, and a thick haze grew up, and we all took to shivering and shaking like—a hem!—like a lady's lap-dog in a snow-storm. Well, at last we had dark night—not a star to be seen,—every soul on us chattering with the ague, till the very boat seemed to have caught it too, for she quivered all the same as if she'd been a right arnest Christian,—and there we was, happy-go-lucky, without one drop o' comfort, grog-time over, and not one on us knew one minute where we should shove our noses the next. 'By the powers,' says Muster Handsail, 'it's in the centre of a hobble we are, anyhow, and it's meself as is bothered entirely which way we'll get out of it. If it was a bit of a bog, now, Andy, and I'd a taste or two of whiskey, 'twould be all clear enough; but here we are like wild geese on a herring-pond, and dothering with the could in a fog as thick as ould Father Ballygannon's night-cap.'—'Don't be talking there in that boat!' shouted Muster Shauginsea; 'they'll be after hearing you presently.'—'Faith, and it's ounly me teeth, sir,' said Muster Handsail in reply; 'it's ounly me teeth chattering in regard o' the ague, sir.' Well, your honour, the furdur we pulled, the deeper we seemed to get into difficulty; sometimes we got a rattling current in our favour, and then we had it like a sluice dead again us; every two or three minutes we were in among the trees, and the stumps scrubbing our bottom, and then we were fouling each other in trying to get out again, so that we were regular bush-rangers, and I'm blessed if any on us could tell at last what course we were on."

"It is rather surprising that Mr. O'Shaughnessy didn't come to a grapnel," remarked Captain Scud, "or make fast to the trees till it cleared up."

"Why, your honour, he did think o' doing on't," asserted Andy, "but then he said that was next kin to nothing, and by keeping in motion we should be sure to find ourselves somewhere; so we kept our small-arms dry in case of falling in

with anything ; and Mr. Shauginsea tould us it was best to be in exercise, as then we should keep our blood in free skrim-migration."

"He was right," observed Captain Hawser, shivering, although the weather was extremely warm. "I well remember the deadly chills of those horrible swamps ; the very thought of them makes my blood run cold."

"Well, your honours, it didn't last very long," continued Nipper, "for just as we had rounded a point as sharp as a winch, slap we ran stem-on to a schooner-rigg'd craft, and in an instant, without waiting for any word, we jumped aboard, and the first thing I twigg'd was the long gun, and the next moment I got a crack on the head that filled my eyes with a general illumination, and brought a noise in my ears just like a Merry-Andrew beating a tattoo on the lid of a gunner's salt-box ; but I didn't go down, for Muster Handsail cotched hold on me. 'Rouse and bitt, Andy !' says he : and so I rallied again, and the Spaniards gave us such a warm reception that it soon took the chill off, and at it we went hammer and tongs, the pirates fighting like devils, seeing as they'd been dropp'd on unawares, and as savage as blazes, 'cause their owner hadn't time to transmogrify her again,—for I am sartin it was the same craft we had overhauled in the afternoon, laying in just the same place at the turn of the point.

"At it we went, howsomever ; and, as all our party got fair footing on the Thundercloud's deck, why Jack Spaniard sallied aft, and in about five minutes, or mayhap it warn't quite so long, we'd driven 'em all, holus-bolus, overboard from the taffrel and quarters, and they were swimming away for the shore. None on us expected such a consarn, for we'd give up all thoughts of the schooner, and the action was all the pleasanter for being touch-and-go. 'By the hooky, Andy,' says Muster Handsail, 'but this is quare work anyhow !' Out o' the fog into the Thundercloud ; and, by the pipers, there's a flash o' lightning for us !' and rattle comes a whole shoal of small-shot from the shore, ripping and rending, and thud-thud they went into the schooner's planking, and whisht-whisht-pas our ears as if they'd coax a fellow out o' the world with a whistle ! We got good sight o' the flash, though, just astarn ; so we slued round the long gun, and sent its contents right in the direction, and we heard a rattling and a screaming, as if we'd pitched the iron into somut, and made the splinters fly. 'Give 'em another taste o' the metal !' says Muster Shauginsea, 'else the fellows 'll think we're playing with 'em ! Lay the gun well, and fire when you're ready :' Slap they had it again,

your honours, round and grape, and I'm blessed but there was a pretty crashing and splitting, though what it was that the shots tould on nobody could guess. Some thought it was a craft, others would have it to be a house, and many said it was ounly the branches of the trees; but then, you know, your honors, them dumb things couldn't screech out. Howsomever, we soon got rid of the ague; and some on 'em as had been overhauling the lockers below, found a breaker of rum, so we spliced the main-brace, and felt all square again. But the Spaniards warn't idle, they kept up a running fire, and presently I heard a little voice alongside o' me say, 'Andy! Andy! they've knocked daylight through me! I'm off, ould boy!' So I looks on the deck, and there lay the poor young gentleman, Muster Cocktail, on his beam-ends. 'Where's Handsail?' says he. So I gave Muster Handsail a hail; but he was pointing the long gun, and 'Never mind, Andy,'—says the child,—for he warn't more nor eleven years of age,—'never mind. He promised to hide me with the coult, but I shall cheat him this time. Oh God, Andy!' uttered he in agony, 'this is dreadful! but it will soon be over. Put your hand to my back, Andy, it is splitting in two! Oh, my poor mother! this 'll break her heart.'—'Who's hurt there?' asked Muster Shauginsea, coming up.—'It's ounly little Cocktail,' said the youngster. 'I'm going, sir; I feel I'm going!' The lieutenant stooped down and took the lad's hand. 'I hope not, youngster,' said he in a voice of kindness; 'come, come, let me raise you up!'—'No, no, sir!' exclaimed the young gentleman; my back's broke, Mr. Shauginsea. I shall never see home again! but, will you tell the captain, sir,—will you tell him that I did my duty, and—' A spasm stopped his utterance for a minute or two, as Muster Handsail again sent the contents of the long gun at the Spaniards; and when the noise of the report died away, 'Cheer up, youngster!' says Muster Shauginsea, 'you're not so much hurt as you think for!' But, your honours, he spoke to a corpse! 'His cable's parted, Andy!' says the lieutenant, laying him gently on the deck, 'but this is no time for snivelling, you d—d ould fool!' Now, your honours, I warn't a-snivelling, though I must own I felt someut like spray in my eyes; but the lieutenant was snivelling like a child (for we all loved the boy,) and so he blow'd me up 'cause I shouldn't take any notice on it. 'Man your boat, Andy,' says he, for I was coxsen of the large cutter, 'and take four marines with you, and be all ready for shoving off.'—'Ay, ay, sir,' says I. So I gets the four jollies and the cutter's crew all ship-shape, when I'm blessed if a large row-boat didn't clap me alongside afore ever I seed a

soul nigh hand ; and one on 'em—that's the pirates, your honor—catches me hould by the nape o' the neck to grapple with me. ' Si Signor,' says I, ' not these ten days !' and I whips a ball through his skull, as cured him for ever of the headache ; but he held on his death-grip, and souse he had me overboard. I felt his last struggle. I heard the grinding of his teeth. He let go his hould ; and I'd just time to swim to the schooner's rudder-chains as I got clear on him, ☛ else I must have gone astarn, and mayhap perished. The noise of the firing put Mr. Shauginsea up to the trick, and the boat was beat off ; but five or six others tried to board, some on the bows, and some on the quarter ; but our brave lads druv 'em away, though they laid off at a short distance, and peppered us with their small arms, but without doing much execution, in regard o' the darkness of the night.

" Well, there was a bit of a breeze sprung np, and it blowed a hole in the fog abaft, and they cotched sight of a row-boat pulling up astarn. Now some o' the boys, by Muster Shauginsea's orders, had run out a couple o' carronades from the starn ports, and they made such a devil of a hullabaloo over my head as I held on by the rudder chains that they couldn't hear me hail for a rope till all was silent just afore they were going to fire, and then the lieutenant looks over. ' It's me ! Andy, your honor !' says I.—' Andy !' says he, ' what not gone down ? They tould me you'd walked off arm-in-arm with the Spaniard.'—' They tould your honour a d—d lie, then !' says I, saving your presence, gentlemen. ' Will you let some o' the lubbers heave me a rope, sir ?'—' Hould on, Andy,' says he quietly, ' we arn't got time now. Lay that gun well, boy !—Ready !—Fire !' and bang went both carronades together. My eyes ! but there was a scattering of chips, and a screeching out, and ' She's going down ! Hurrah, boys ! load away !' shouted the lieutenant.—' Hand us the eend of a rope, and be d—d to some on you !' says I ; but they seemed to have forgot me in their hurry to load again, and ' Away, forud, boys,' cries Muster Shauginsea ; ' the thieves are boarding us on the bows.' Well, your honors, I felt quite flabbergasted to think there was fighting going on, where every man's arm would tell, and there was I, Andrew Nipper, floundering round the rudder-chains, of no manner o' use whatsoever ; so I tries to scramble up, but it was a hopeless consarn, and ' D— the dog that bit the barber,' says I, ' if this arn't a rum go, anyhow !'—' You're right, shipmate !' says a voice just close astarn o' me ; and when I felt the hot breath on my neck I'm blessed if I didn't think it was Davy Jones. ' Yo-hoy !' says I quite constroperously ; ' who the devil may

you be?'—'Exactly so,' says the voice, and a hand laid hould o' my shoulder.—'Murder,' thinks I, 'if it should be the ould sinner arter all come to save his craft, why then, Andy, it's all up with you!'—'What cheer? what cheer?' says he, shoving up alongside o' me, and grabbing hould o' the rudder-chains 'I say, brother, this is a decent night to take a could bath in! Why, what the h—are you looking for? rudder-fish?'—'It's no use being daanted,' thinks I, 'and d—his black muzzle, I never did him any spite!' 'It's not the likes o' you I'm looking for,' says I, 'that's neither fish, flesh, nor fowl.'—'Nor good red herring,' he chimes in, 'but, don't be angry, shipmate. You arn't one o' the schooner's, I take it? There, side out for a bend, and give us room to *swing*.'—'It's just what I'd wish,' says I, 'but I'm thinking swinging's too good for you, whether picaroon or devil.'—'Come, I like that!' says he, laughing quite unconcerned. 'But I say, brother, what ship may you belong to?'—'Why, that's a civil question,' says I, 'and nobody shall ever say I gived an uncivil answer when properly spoken to, though Davy Jones himself was to ax me. I belongs to the ould Cllickm, twenty-eight—'—'Com-manded by Captain Killerack,' says he.—'The same,' says I, struck into a fit of the doldrums to find he knew the craft so well, and still dubersome in my mind whether it warn't Davy Jones arter all. 'Do you know the hooker?' axed I.—'Yes, brother, I do, well,' says he; 'but I wish they'd throw us a rope.'—'They're better engaged,' says I, quite bould,—for lying alongside of him had spirited me up,—'They're better engaged, as you may hear; unless, indeed, they could drop a running bowline, or a hangman's noose round your neck, for I take it you're no better than you should be, or else you wouldn't be here.'—'At all events, I've a companion,' says he, quite softly and good-humoured.—'And so,' thinks I to myself, 'if it is the devil, he does'nt mean me any harm by his fun.'—'We're overboard together, brother,' says he, 'and houlding on by a Thundercloud, which is next kin to hanging by the eye-lids. Natur plays us strange freaks, brother, at times; here we are, safe and snug from all danger, unless, indeed, an ugly customer of a shark should be cruising in the neighbourhood. I'm saying, we're secure whilst there's bloody work going on above, and many a poor fellow will lose the number of his mess. But how came you overboard?'—It warn't to look for my grog kid,' says I; 'but since you axes so many questions, pray what brought you a-swimming to night?' for I thought I'd try and find him out.—'Revenge!' said he, 'indeed he almost screeched,—and if I could ounly lay hould of a rope, I'd put

Muster Shauginsea up to a move or two.' Well, your honors, I felt quite confusterated when I heard him name the leftenant's name ; but I'm blessed if he didn't heave my ideas right slap aback when he adds, quite easy and insinivating, ' Why, I declare, if it isn't Andy Nipper. You must excuse me for not minding you afore, in the regard o' this being a rather out-of-the-way place to meet one's friends.'—' Avast, yer reverence !' says I, ' no friend o' yourn, if you please, seeing as I defy you and all your works !'—' Why, who the devil do you take me for, Andy ?' says he, laughing with as much glee as if it was a good joke.—' Who do I take you for ?' says I, ' why, Davy Jones, to be sure !'—' Capital !' says he, ' most excellent guess ; and ain't you afeared ?'—' Not a bit of it !' says I, for I thought it best to speak out without fear, favour, or affection ; ' not a bit of it, if your holiness will only just give me a wider berth,' for he got scrowging again me as if he wanted to rouse me out o' that. ' Well, Andy,' says he, ' be as quiet as a sucking-babby ; misfortunes make us acquainted with strange bed-fellows,' and he shouted, ' 'Pon deck, there, give us a rope over the starn !' but the uproar of the firing and the fighting prevented anybody hearing, and it struck me comical to think if it really was Davy, why he didn't whisk up without a rope. ' Well, Andy,' says he, just as smooth as varnish, ' there's nothing like patience in this world ; it saves a man from many vexations, and a vast expenditure of animal spirits, as you might have proved, Andy, if, instead of flying in a passion with Mamma Juno at Black-town, when she robbed you of your ticker, you'd taken it all easy.'—' Well, I'm bless'd !' says I, ' but your excellency seems to know all about it, anyhow, though it puzzles my edecation to make out why you stops here, when you've only to catch hould o' the taffrel, and jump on deck !'—' Do you think so, Andy ?' says he, ' Why, then, good-bye !' and I'm blessed if he didn't rise up out o' the water without hardly an heffert, oonly he claps his thieving-hooks upon my shoulders in going aloft, and shoves me under. When I rose, and shook the spray clear o' my daylight, he was gone ; but he'd thrown a rope's-eend over, and in less than no time I was in the middle of my shipmates. But fighting had made sad havoc among 'em. Some of my culdest messmates laid bleeding on the deck, and the dead and the dying everywhere met the eye. Mr. Shauginsea stood leaning against the companion-hatch, his head drooping down, and his sword hanging loosely in his hand ; he was severely wounded, and seemed partly insensible to what was going on : the poor little midshipman was lying at his feet. Muster Handsail was at the

long gun, and by his side was a queer-looking genius pointing it in a new direction. 'Ah, Andy!' says he; and I knew it was my companion of the rudder-chains. 'Here I am, you see, hard at it. Muster all hands, my boy, and get ready to jump in the boats!' I supposed it was all right, seeing as he was alongside the officer. 'Bear a-hand, Nipper, my boy!' says Muster Handsail; and 'Ay, ay, sir!' says I,—for I know'd that obedience to orders is best, let the devil himself be the spokesman. No offence meant, your honours.'

"Well, Andy, and pray who was the gentleman after all?" inquired Mr. Parallel. "You've been working a long reckoning; it is time we should know something of the bearings and distance."

"All in good time, sir; all in good time," returned Andy; "please let me spin my yarn my own way, unless your honours are tired on't."

"Oh, no, Andy, heave a-head, my boy!" exclaimed Captain Hawser, in which he was joined by the rest; "we won't interrupt you; steer your own course."

"Thankee,—thankee, your honors!" said the veteran seaman, pulling out his "'bacca"-box, and replenishing his quid. "Well, d'ye see, I mustered all hands; but, out of forty, we could only number five-and-twenty effective, with three or four not so badly wounded but they might 'tend the schooner; so, arter firing the long gun, down jumps Muster Handsail and the stranger into the boats, and away we stretched out for the shore, where, as we approached, I saw looming in the haze, a large building like a barracks, and then I supposed we were going to storm it. The stranger took the pinnace, but Muster Handsail stuck by the cutter, and 'Be ready to board in the smoke,' says he.—'If I may be so bould as to ax, sir,' says I, 'pray, who is the strange gentlemen in the pinnace?'—'What, don't you know him, Andy?' says he, 'why he's the very devil!'—'That just tallies with my idea on him, Muster Handsail,' says I, more nor ever confarmed that it was ould Davy.—'Howsomever,' says I, 'it's no matter to me, sir, as long as you're satisfied.'—'Hush, Andy!' says he. 'Keep in his wake, and shove her nose in close to the pinnace as soon as she touches. By the powers, but there's a few of 'em waiting for us?' and, sure enough, the landing-place seemed to be crowded. 'Ready?' shouted the stranger in the pinnace.—'All ready,' says Muster Handsail. 'Men, handle your arms.—Fire!' the thing was done in a moment. The Spaniards gave a straggling volley in return; but, when the smoke had cleared away, we run on to the bank, formed in an instant, and tailed on for the

building ; but there was no one to stop our progress. The place was deserted, and so we soon set it in a blaze.

"Well, while this was going on, the stranger disappears ; but when the light began to flare up, he shows himself almost in the middle of it, shouting out for us to extinguish the flames, for he warn't by when they set it on fire. But, Lord love you ! he might just as well have tould us to clap an extinguisher on the sun as to put out the conflagration, the place being built of thin, dry wood, that hissed, and cracked, and burnt like fury. 'What can he be doing there ?' said Muster Handsail, 'some devil's trick or other.'—'No doubt on it sir,' says I ; 'at all events he's more in his nat'ral helement now than when he was floundering under the schooner's counter, and be d—to him ?'—'Andy !' says a voice whispering close to my ear, and so I turns short round, and could'nt see nobody. 'Andy !' it came again, 'show yourself a man if you have a heart, and follow me !'—'Rather not, your reverence,' says I, without turning my head, as I know'd him.—'Plenty of rum,' says he.—'Can't touch it,' says I, paying out as big a lie as ever I tould.—'I shall score you one for that,' says he, and then it struck me how useless it was to think to cheat ould Belzebub.—'Come, nonsense, Andy !' says he, 'I want to catch that wagabone thief, Blueblazes ; bring three hands with you, and I'll see you get the reward. Follow me, Andy !'—'What's the use o' being afraid ?' thinks I to myself. 'Who knows but the ould chap may stand my friend upon a pinch,' and so I makes sail arter him.—'Where's the other hands ?' axes he ; 'but never mind, walk silently, and keep close to me.' So we goes round to the rear of the building, where the bush was pretty thick, and dived down right underground into a dark passage. 'Stay here, Andy,' says he, 'and if anybody offers to come out, take him alive if you can ; and, if he shows fight, shoot him. And now,' added he very solemnly, 'May God Almighty assist my search !'—'Then you arn't the devil ?' says I, quite gleesome to hear him pronounce the great Name, which none o' them infarnal genius dare utter. 'No, Andy, but I haven't time to talk to you now. Halloo ! who goes there ?' and he dashed onwards, and I heard the footsteps of two persons running. Now the passage warn't broader than just to admit one man abreast, so thinks I to myself I may just as well keep watch at the entrance, and then I shall see how the conflagration gets on. So I pokes my head out o' the aarth, and gets my body half-way up, like a fellow creeping through lubber's hole, and looks at the fire which was blazing away merrily, and I sees right in the middle of it a sort of large square tower, that look'd

some'ut like a chimbley, oonly it was so big ; and presently two human beings issued from the top of it, grappling with each other, and struggling for the mastery. One on 'em I soon discovered to be my maty of the rudder-chains, and the other was dressed in a Spanish dress, very dirty and torn. It was an awful spectacle, yer honors, to see them, whilst the destructive helement was raging all around, and the flames snapping like coach-whips right in their very faces ; I'm saying it was anawfulspectacle to see 'em striving to take each other's life. First one, and then the other, was bent back over the burning ashes, as their arms were twined together with a convulsive clutch that nothing but death could loosen, and each alternately obtained advantage. Their faces were smeared with blood and powder, and they looked fearfully terrific as they wrestled upon that small elevated spot, hanging betweext life and death. 'He's no Davy Jones, that's for sartin,' thought I, 'and yon he's contending with must be the skipper of the schooner, who they say is one of Davy's nat'ral childer. At all events I'll try whether he's flesh and blood if I can but get a good aim.' So I claps the but of my musket to my shoulder, steadies the barrel upon the aarth, and points the muzzle at the object. Two or three times I slightly pressed the trigger, as I thought I'd covered him ; but the stranger bobbed in the way, and happily the trigger was a stiff'un. At last the stranger, by a shift of the hand as quick as lightning, seized Blueblazes by his shaggy hair, and bent his head back over the flames. It was a capital mark, with a strong clear light behind it ; and though the heads warn't more nor six inches apart, I lets fly, and there was a wild screech that I didn't care about, but it was followed by a laugh—oh, so horrible that it made my blood run cold ! and then was a hearty cheer from all hands t'other side of the building. 'You 've done some'ut, Andy,' says I to myself. 'Mayhap aimed at ould Nick, and hit the parson. Well, I did it for the best.' So, when the smoke cleared away, I looked at the chimbley ; but there was nobody there. Both on 'em was gone ; and whilst I was a thinking about it, I heard two persons (for they was talking) coming along the passage. 'Then I didn't hit him at last ?' says I, and, dropping my musket, I cocks one of my pistols, and stretches myself out on the long grass just by the hole, so as to command a good sight of it ; and the next thing I hears the stranger's voice calling, 'Andy ! Andy ! where are you my boy ?' and out he comes, 'It's here I am,' says I, rising up. 'Where's Blueblazes ?'—'The villain !' screeched he ; 'I've been revenged ; both his body and soul are in the flames.'

and, could I tell who it was that fired *that* shot, a hundred guineas should be his reward.'—'Hand it over then,' says I, 'for it was sweet-lips there,' pointing to my musket, 'that never sent a ball untrue. But where did it hit him?' says I. —'Can this be true, Andy?' says he.—'Nay, did you or any one else whatsoever ever know'd me to tell a lie?'—'The reward shall be yours, Andy,' says he.—'Gammon!' thinks I, 'you don't seem to be worth tuppence.'—'Come forth, my love,' says he, looking down the underground funnel; and I'm blessed if there warn't a beautiful young creatur stretching out her hands to him for a help up, and so he gives her a lift, and catches her in his arms; and, my eyes, but he sarved out the kisses in grand style! But she could'nt speak a word of English, being of foreign build;—I think she was French."

"She was, Andy," said Captain Hawser, "and as lovely a girl as ever led a poor devil into a scrape. She was a native of France, located at St. Domingo; but I won't heave a-head of your story, Andy—tell it your own way."

"Well, your honours, we bore up for t'other side of the building," continued the narrator, "and then the stranger says to Muster Handsail, says he, 'The lads have done wrong to fire the building,—it will draw enemies from all parts; though, if Kilerack sees it, and I make no doubt he does, we shall have more assistance from the frigate. But come, bear a hand, my boys; let's man the boats, and see after Mr. Shauginsea and the schooner! This devil's nest is destroyed, however, and the sooner we're off the better.'—'Which boat will your lordship have!' axed Muster Handsail, quite respectfully. And 'Wheew!' whistled I, 'here's a pretty kettle o' fish I've made of it! but I'm blessed if I may'nt log down my hunderd guineas now as safe enough, any how!' And so I goes up close to him, and and looks hard in his face as the blazing light fell upon it, and, though I hadn't seen him since he was a midshipman, I'm blowed if I didn't know him directly—it was Lord C—ford. 'I shall go in the cutter with Andy,' says he. And 'God bless your lordship!' says I; 'to go for to think I should take you for—' 'Never mind, Andy,' says he; 'get your boat ready, my boy, and do your best for the lady.'—'That I wull, my Lord,' says I; but ounly think—' 'Bear a hand, Andy,' says he, and then he turns to Muster Handsail. 'Take the pinnace, young gentleman, and shove off for the schooner.' Well, your honours, in a few minutes we were all afloat again, and pulling up in shore; but the tide had changed, and so we stood bouldly off, and we found poor Mr. Shauginsea stretched on the deck alongside of the youngster, and we got him into the pinnace,

d set the schooner on fire fore and aft ; and I'm blessed if he burning didn't drive out a couple of Spaniards that had stowed themselves down in the run, and we made prisoners of 'em. 'Put one on 'em in the pinnace,' says his lordship, 'and, young gentleman, make him pilot you out. If he refuses, or plays you treacherously, shoot him like a dog. And, clap the other in the other in the cutter and leave me to manage him.' So he speaks to them in Spanish, and shows 'em his pistols, and then they were handed into the boats, and their arms were braced slap aback ; so, being all ready, and the flames climbing up the schooner's masts and rigging, we gave three cheers and shoved off. Now I had picked up some spare duds o' jackets on the deck of the craft, and made a nice comfortable seat for the lady, and his lordship passed his arm round her waist, and she laid her head on his shoulder, and they looked as happy as two cherrybums. We'd the tide in our favour now, and in a very short time we danced out into the open sea, and there laid the frigate at anchor with her lights up ; for the fog had quite cleared away, and the moon was stepping out of her hammock, and there was a fine pleasant warm breeze. 'Now stretch out, and beat the pinnace, my men,' says his lordship, 'so that the doctor may be roused out all ready for the wounded that's in her. Give way, my lads, with a will !' And I'm blessed if we didn't give way, and soon passed the pinnace, where we could hear the poor fellows groaning, and we warn't many minutes in getting alongside. Lord C—ford run up the gangway, and presently he and the skipper came and looks over, and there was orders for the chair. But 'Never mind,' says his lordship ; 'Julia can get aboard without slings ;' and so he comes down into the boat, and with both our helps she mounts the side-steps and gets on board like a rigger. Poor Muster Shauginsea was a long time in danger, and at last was invalided home ; but I've seen him since then, when he was first lieutenant of a frigate that fitted out at Deptford ; but he died shortly arter. The poor little midshipman was buried with military honours at Port Royal, and the dead seamen (for we brought away both killed and wounded) were sewed up in their hammocks and consigned to the deep. My eyes ! but we'd plenty of grog that night, and no watch ; and I got my hunderd guineas as snug as a cockroach. There, your honours, is a bit of a yarn ; and now, mayhap, Captain Hawser will tail on to it, and tell you how his lordship came to be there."

"With all the pleasure in life," said the captain, cheerfully, "provided that it is agreeable to all hands."

A ready assent was given.

"But I say, Nipper," exclaimed Mr. Parallel, who in all cases was a sort of matter-of-fact man, "I say, you haven't told us how his lordship went aloft from the rudder-chains to the taffrail."

"No more I arn't," returned Andy; "but I can, sir, for I asked his lordship, and he said somebody threw it, or somehow or other a rope came over the stern—it was the eend of the boom-sheet; and so whilst I was thinking of somut else, and was rather bothered about Davy Jones, he grabs hould without my seeing it, and souses me under, whilst he went up hand over hand, and when he was on deck he sends it down again for me."

"Very good, Andy,—very good," rejoined the master; "and now, Captain Hawser, if you'll please to favour us, I'm all attention."

LORD C—FORD AND THE PIRATE.

Oh, Love, what is there in this world of ours
That makes it fatal to be loved? Ah! why
With cypress dost thou wreath thy bowers,
And make thy best interpreter a sigh!—BYRON.

PLEASANT is the social meeting in the far-off land, when the ties of honest friendship and the bonds of mutual kindness are more strongly cemented by distance from our native country. There is a fraternal feeling at such times, which only those who have been placed in similar situations have ever experienced, and the actuating principle is—HOME.

Oh! there is a magic charm in that word "home"—it produces remembrances and associations inestimably dear and precious to the heart! Let the Englishman be in the East Indies or the West, and have passed the greater part of his life in either colony—still—still he looks to the place of his birth, and calls it "Home."

Lord Eustace and his friends, whilst sitting in the cabin of the frigate, the pleasant breeze blowing through the port-holes, and tempering the heat of climate, enjoyed this national compact to perfection. There were different grades as respected rank at table, but only one bond of brotherhood.

"And now, Captain Hawser," said the noble commander of the Spankaway, "if you are ready, you will perhaps favour us with the narrative you promised relative to Lord C—ford."

Pass the wine round, gentlemen, and pray do not wait for ceremony."

"Most of you know," commenced Hawser, after moistening his throat with eloquent Madeira, "most of you know that Lord C——ford was about as mad-brained a genius as ever existed, and as recklessly daring as he was eccentric. The event of which Andy has been telling us occurred some time previously to that sad affair of poor P——, and his lordship had not long received his commission. I remember his detailing all the particulars to me some time afterwards, when we met in England, and I had got my first step up the rattlins. We were visiting together at the country residence of a relative of mine, and when in the course of conversation he ascertained that I had been in the old Clinkem, we were the best friends in the world. He mentioned the circumstance of the pirate schooner, and, as I expressed an earnest desire to hear the particulars, he, without any further urging, gave me an account of the whole, which I will now repeat as near as my recollection will serve, in his own language.

"‘What is existence,’ said his lordship, ‘without the enjoyments of life? and what is life without that free volition, which yields only to the dictates of honour? Slavery!—it is nothing better than slavery!—Indeed the restraints that mere custom places upon the human mind are infinitely worse than the fetters which tyranny and oppression rivet on the limbs; one is a voluntary sacrifice to the idol Folly, the other is yielded to on compulsion; but the noble spirit would burst the bonds if an opportunity were offered. I tell you, Hawser, I never could bend to the caprice or humour of any man; nor would my pride stoop to countenance the frivolities of every-day habit. When I propose to do anything of moment, I weigh the matter well in my own breast, and, once convinced of the rectitude of my intentions, performance is immediately resorted to. Many persons fancy I have too much top-hammer aloft, and that either my brains are jammed together like the dunnage in an Indiaman’s hold, or else, from their scarcity, have so much room to play, that they run wild like young colts at pasture. They are wrong, Hawser—they are wrong. The whole fact is, that when, once I am determined upon a thing, nothing deters me from executing it. Heat and cold, the certainty of danger, and even the prospect of death, do but operate as stimulants to exertion; for I would rather run over red-hot ploughshares to attain my object than walk quietly to success on a Turkey carpet. I have always considered the worth of an article to consist in what it would

fetch in the market ; so, in like manner, I look upon the value of a conquest as estimated by the difficulties and hazards which have been surmounted. But this is all prosing, —mere prosing, Hawser, and you want to hear of the fair Julia. Now, if there is anything in life worth living for, it is woman's love ; but where is that depth of feeling, that ardent devotion to be found, or if found, how long will it endure ? Yet, Julia, I wrong you ; for there was a fervency of attachment in your affectionate bosom very rarely to be met with in the female world.

“You have been to San Domingo, Hawser, and must know the localities of Port-au-Prince. I was captured in a prize, and taken into that hole at a time when the havoc made by the fire of '91 had been very little repaired ; indeed, the state of the island was such that all confidence was at an end ; and when an individual turned in at night, it was a matter of uncertainty whether he would or would not have his throat cut before morning. I was at first sent to the common prison ; but on demanding my parole, it was granted, and I took up my abode at the house of an elderly Frenchman, which was one among the very few that had escaped the conflagration. It was a pretty building ; but all idea of comfort had been banished, and every article of luxury either concealed or destroyed, lest an inducement should be held out to the perpetration of murder as well as robbery. Now I never was an enemy to freedom, though I like to see every man in his station, and the cook by the fore-sheet ; but it certainly did excite my risibility when I saw the cucumber-shin negroes dressed in splendid uniforms, and aping the manners of the French officers. My host, Monsieur Leffler, had a pretty estate a short distance in the country, with a very neat habitation upon it ; at least I was told so by a very pleasing little girl of colour, who occasionally acted as my personal attendant ; and, as I always had an irritable impulse in the way of love-making, poor Susette listened with too much attention to my badinage, till she had cheated herself into a belief that she was the object of a tender attachment. On my soul, Hawser, I took no pains, I used no undue means, I employed no seductive language to the poor girl. A joke or two, which probably would have gained me a slap on the face in England, was the amount of my wooing. But then I was kind,—and kindness to the poor unfriended orphan was what she had not been accustomed to,—it worked upon the sympathies and grateful feelings of her woman's nature ; and whilst I was, as I thought, harmlessly amusing myself, and

filling up the ennui of doing nothing by talking nonsense to Susette, she was imbibing a deep and impetuous passion, which death alone could dissolve. My parole extended no farther than the boundary of the town, and one day I expressed my intentions to Susette to put on a disguise, and make an excursion amongst the plantations, and perhaps visit the Bellevue of Monsieur Leffler. Never shall I forget the change in Susette's countenance. From the extreme of gaiety it saddened into an expression of deep affliction, which I construed into fears for my personal safety, and the fact opened my eyes at once to the state of the poor girl's heart. Still I could not bear that she should suppose me capable of yielding to apprehensions of any sort—it seemed like an impeachment of my courage; and consequently, though she urged me in the most energetic terms not to go, I resolved to put my scheme into execution. I speak the French language as fluently as a native, and therefore cared nothing upon that score; and my days began to get so excessively dull through monotony, that even if detected and sent to prison, the change would be relief by its novelty. I mentioned my intention to Monsieur Leffler, who confirmed my purpose by endeavouring to dissuade me from it; but he certainly staggered my resolves when he appealed to my generosity as an Englishman not to involve him in ruin by clandestinely quitting his house, as the authorities would immediately apprehend him as having connived at it. Now Monsieur Leffler was a good sort of little Frenchman, quiet and obliging, never interfering with my actions, or intruding himself upon my privacy when I wished to be alone. All the tricks I played him, and they were not few, were forgiven with the utmost good humour; and my numerous pranks, for I was always in some mischief or other, drew down either a kind caution or melancholy smile, though amongst the more crabbed of his countrymen I was called *Le Diable Anglais*. Susette was delighted when she found that my design was for the present abandoned, and her winning fondness was redoubled to render me contented and cheerful. I had not, however, given up my plan, but only manœuvred so as not to bring my kind friend into trouble. I had a double object in my enterprize; I wished to be a free ranger in the air of heaven, and I wanted to make my escape.

“In a few days afterwards I was attacked with violent illness, which brought on delirium. The doctors were called in, and wanted to bleed me; but the paroxysms were so fierce whenever they approached, and having armed myself with a

brace of pistols, with which I menaced them, they were glad to decamp, declaring that I was raging mad. Poor Susette was in despair, for I would not let her come nigh me, which I believe is according to the approved principle of madness, namely, manifesting the greatest ferocity against those whom when sane you professed to love the most ; in short, I acted the part so well, for I hardly need tell you it was all feigned, that nobody but Susette cared to approach me. The doctors, however, made another attempt, and the spectacle must have been extremely ludicrous. I had torn down the curtains from the windows, and, as well as my materials would allow, had manufactured from them a loose Turkish dress, with an enormous turban over all ; some black paint supplied me with a terrific pair of moustaches, and a leopard's skin cut into slips afforded me three long tails, one of which was hung down before, and the others were suspended at each ear. Thus equipped, I perched myself upon a handsome mahogany cabinet about five feet high, where I sat cross-legged, with a huge hanger upon my knees, a pistol in each hand, and a jug well charged by my side. The doctors stared at beholding such a phenomenon, and when I raised one of my pistols they bundled backwards out at the door with a great deal more haste than they employed at entering. Susette pressed in, and I grinned most horribly at her ; several negroes succeeded, but they instantly retreated, swearing Jumbée had taken possession of the house. Monsieur Leffler tried to soothe and coax me to come down, but it was all useless ; there I sat enjoying the fun."

"Ay, I'm bless'd, your honours, but he was a rum'un," said old Andy, laughing. "I thinks I sees him now, grinning at me as he used to do when I roused him out in a morning ; for I was his hammock-man two years, and he was mighty fond o' that Tarkish rig."

"Once more the doctors assayed to advance, (continued the captain ;) one of them had armed himself with a long sword, another had a blunderbuss, and the third carried something which I could not very well make out, but which looked like a large syringe ; they were supported by several negroes, and poor unfortunate Leffler in the background, looking most ruefully at his dismantled windows and bed, with Susette wringing her hands, and crying as if her dear little French heart would break. I sat profoundly still, making, however, several grand salaams to the party, which encouraged the *petit maître* of a physician who shouldered the blunderbuss to come pretty close. I waived my hand for

him to keep off; but he came to the present, when snatching up the jug, away it flew slap at him, and out rushed the whole set, as I roared as loud as my lungs would let me. In another instant I sprang into the middle of the floor, dragging down the cabinet in my hurry, and fastening the door inside, I almost convulsed myself with laughter to hear them rolling over one another down the stairs. Having fully satisfied them of my insanity, I remained quiet; and as soon as it was dusk I changed my dress for that commonly worn by the free negroes, and blacking my face and hands I bundled up my Turk's robes, and slid quietly down the upright of the balcony to the ground. The coast was quite clear, and I walked off to a shed at the bottom of a garden, where I stowed myself away amongst a heap of loose cotton. The back of this shed adjoined some stables, and I had not been long concealed before three or four persons entered them, and by their conversation, which was in French, I took them to be negroes. They were speaking of my mad pranks in the afternoon, but none of them seemed to be aware that I had made my escape.

"Where you for go to-night?" said one of the party; 'dis proper night for Bellevue.'

"Tan you please, Misser Peter," uttered another; 'we no for go dere but on safe ground.'

"Fool too much!" exclaimed a third; 'whar for ground not safe? Eberyting peak for we go to-night. Massa nebber sabby till de ting be done, and den we safe wid toder side—No?'

"Pose you no get de plate to-night, Cumby he gone to-morrow," said a third.

"Oh, ho," thinks I, 'these scoundrels are going to rob their master of what little store he has left! but I'll be close aboard of you, ye villains.'

"Me sabby well where dey put de plate," continued the same voice as had spoken last; 'dere plenty dollar too lib dere.'

"Wy you all bery cleber," said the second voice; 'but you no for tell me how you get pass da buckra sodger.'

"Heara dat nigger!" exclaimed the first; 'we free men now. Pose you no like for go, you top here, and where de dollar for you den? Da buckra sodger shut him eye for keep 'em warm. He sleep too much for catchee we.'

"Haugh, boy, dat all fine for talk; but Missy Julia at Bellevue—What you do for Missy Julia?" remonstrated the disaffected member.

“Chaw! we no can sabby dat till we get dere. Pose you for make her Mamma Cesar?” said another, at which there was a general laugh.

“Farther conversation ensued; the rascals arranged their plans; they made themselves merry, anticipating the sport they would have with ‘Missy Julia,’ who I conjectured was some antiquated negress; and about an hour before midnight saw them stealing along (for they were thieves in all their ways) under the shade of the fence, and I followed at a convenient distance, just so as to keep them in sight. The weather was delightfully serene, the sky was beautifully clear, and studded with its myriads of sparkling gems, and the lovely planet Venus was descending in the west. Which way we were going I could only tell by the stars, and certainly our course would have made a pretty figure in traverse sailing, and must have very much resembled the forty days’ cruize of the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sin, for we headed to all points of the compass. However, I contrived to keep the fellows in view for nearly an hour and a half. We passed the outposts unmolested, and at last clambered over a fence to an elegant little building, which I immediately supposed to be the point of our destination. The rogues had agreed in the first instance to make for the larder and regale themselves, and therefore, as cautious and as silent as possible, whilst they went round to the back of the house, I made for the front, and in less than two minutes I climbed up the pillar of the balcony, and was in the ante-room to the bed-chambers. Here several of the younger negresses were sleeping on their mats; but their rest was too sound to be disturbed. A faint glimmering of light under one of the doors induced me to try the lock; it gave way without noise, and I entered a neat apartment, where everything seemed tastefully arranged in that exquisite manner which can only proceed from female judgment and elegance. A small lamp was burning in a china bowl, just giving sufficient light to enable me to mark the scene. I raised it, and with gentle footsteps approached the bed. The curtains were of fine white gauze, almost transparent, and within them lay one of the most perfect models of loveliness that ever was wrought by the master power of nature. She was in a slumber as soft as that of infancy; a thin dress concealed a great portion of her person; but her beautiful flaxen hair had broken from its restraint, and just barely veiled a bosom as white as the pillow on which the cheek reclined. One arm was thrown over the head, which inclined towards the shoulder with graceful ease; the other

arm was stretched away in an attitude of repose. The features of the countenance seemed perfect; a tranquil smile dimpled the face, and slightly curled the lip, as if her dreams were full of innocent delight; her little feet and part of her legs were exposed, and no marble from the chisel of the statuary could be more exquisitely rounded, the whole figure assuming a cast of mystery from the gauze that was placed between us. 'This, then,' thought I, 'is the Julia the negroes were speaking about, and here also is the cause of Susette's dislike to my visiting Bellevue. But who can she be?' I stood gazing with an intensity of feeling never before experienced by me; it seemed as if in these few minutes I had lived an age of pleasure, so thrilling was the ecstasy that searched my very soul.

"The reverie I was in did not endure long; the painful conviction that this lovely being was in jeopardy came with irresistible force upon my mind, and nerved my spirits up to action. A loose white dress was lying on the chairs, which I noiselessly twisted in some shape or other about me; a cap with a little thousand borders and frills fitted my head to an azimuth; and the powder-puff, hastily dabbed upon my black face, gave me the appearance of a corpse; a lower garment of some kind or other concealed my legs; and thrusting my pistols all handy into my breast, I stood erect upon a stool, in the very middle of the room, with the lamp in my hand, but the light concealed by a thick wrapper round it, leaving only the summit of the chimney exposed, and the reflection showing a small circular illumination on the ceiling. The fellows came stealthily up the stairs, and across the corridor to the room-door, where they stopped to listen; but hearing nothing except the gentle breathing of the beauteous girl, the door slowly swung back upon its hinges, and by the dim light they carried I saw them cautiously enter with that stooping gait which marks a villainous intent. In an instant the foremost caught sight of me, as with fixed but staring eyes I gazed full upon him. He fell back upon his companions, who became immediately aware of the cause of his terror, and the fellow who carried the light in his trepidation let it fall, and for a second or two we were in darkness, except the luminous appearance overhead, which strongly resembled a flaming eye. The decisive moment had arrived: I dexterously disengaged the lamp from its concealment, and holding it out at arm's length, so as to throw the light upon myself, I still kept that part which was nearest to them under cover. The effect upon their superstitious minds was exactly what I anticipated.

The rascals were terrified beyond measure,—they were dumb with fear, for they made sure it was a visitation from the grave. One by one they fell upon their knees, and the noise they made awoke the lovely girl, whose piercing shriek at so horrible a spectacle induced me again to conceal the light, which I silently replaced upon the table, and grasping a pistol in each hand, I advanced to the rascals, and giving the nearest a hearty kick, he tumbled backwards over his comrades, and together they all rolled out of the room, and on to the sleeping negresses in the corridor. A wild shrieking and hallooing now commenced, in the midst of which the conspirators contrived to find the stairs, and were not long reaching the bottom, for I heard them roaring and lumbering down, and looking from the window, I saw them scrambling over the fence, and making as rapid a retreat as their legs would allow them. I really, Hawser, don't know that ever I enjoyed a thing more in my life. But the frightened lady still kept imploring for help, and the negro girls were shrieking and crying in the corridor. I approached the bed, and, in as soothing and as soft a voice as I could muster, I tried to allay her fears by assuring her all danger was past, and that a friend was near who would protect her with his life. 'But the spirit—the spirit!' said she; 'oh, I saw it but too plainly to be deceived!'

"'Believe me, lady,' uttered I, 'it was no spirit of another world, but a human device to scare the wretches who had evil designs against you, and intended to plunder the house.'

"'And where are the thieves?' inquired she; 'have I no one to protect me?'

"'You have, lady—dearest lady, you have,' returned I, with a strong pathos of tenderness; 'the robbers have fled, and there is one close to you who will prize it as the richest honour to defend you from harm.'

"'But the spirit—the spirit,' said she again. 'Oh, it was terrible, and too much of horrifying reality to be deception!'

"'Indeed, lady,' urged I, 'there was no spirit but that of my enacting. Let me implore you to tranquillize your mind, and I will explain everything. Your lamp is still burning—will you sanction my producing it, and then in a moment you will be convinced?'

"'Who are you, and from whence do you come?' she demanded, more calmly. 'Perhaps you are yourself the plunderer.'

“‘Then what prevents me from putting my thievish design into execution?’ responded I; ‘but I do assure you, lady, I am one amongst your most devoted friends—nay, I would peril even existence to secure your happiness. Accident made me acquainted with the intentions of four negro scoundrels to rob the house, and offer dishonour to yourself, of whom three hours since I had never heard. Though well armed, yet had I as a man withstood them all they might have overpowered me, and their nefarious purpose been accomplished. By getting here before them, and assuming the appearance that I did, their own superstitious fears befriended me, and, lady—dear lady, you are saved.’

“‘Can this be true?’ said she. ‘I saw nothing but that terrific figure, which still haunts my mind. Yet you speak gently—your tongue has soft persuasion upon it—Who are you?’

“‘I am a stranger, lady,’ answered I, ‘a persecuted stranger—the white man’s blood runs in my veins; but I am dark-coloured and an outcast. ’Tis I that need protection from my foes—will you, lady—dare you afford me a short interval of concealment? My life is at stake, and I hear your servants coming; for the love of heaven,—for the love of that mother who bore you,—hide me from my enemies!’

“‘Quick, quick!’ uttered she, as I heard her rise, and felt my arm grasped: “you may deceive me, for baseness and ingratitude are engrafted on the heart of man, yet no one shall ever plead to me for life in vain.’ She thrust me into a closet, the door was closed, the bolt of the lock was shot, and the key taken away.—Hawser, I wouldn’t have lost the sport for a thousand pounds.

“The buildings in the West Indies are famous places for crevices, and I was not long, as soon as the lamp was unshrouded, in finding one nicely suited to my eye. Several negroes of both sexes entered the corridor with lights, and their young mistress spoke to them. Many exaggerated accounts were given of the depredators, who had been observed by one of the women; but she was too frightened to call for help. The larder had been cleared, and several large bundles were packed up in the hall ready for carrying off—so far my statements were corroborated. One of the men had witnessed the escape of the rascals over the fence, and had actually recognised two of them, but he did not say who they were. The lady appeared to pay great attention to their recitals, and dispersing the men to search the house, her own immediate attendant assisted her to dress, and missing the habili-

ments which I still retained entwined about me, the young wardrobe-keeper vented no measured abuse and invective upon the thieves; her young lady's morning-cap, too, that she had so tastefully decorated, was gone. The toilette being finished, and the house reported secure, Julia dismissed the girl, and I heard the key turning in the lock of the closet; but, fearing that it was the signal for rousing me out stock and fluke, I feigned sleep. Julia started when she saw my unnatural complexion beneath the laces of her elegant cap, and the missing gown and petticoat twisted about my person; but it was confirmatory of the account I had given of the transaction, and instilled greater confidence into her mind of my veracity. She passed the lamp close to my eyes, but I stood the test; and finding that I was not disturbed, she silently withdrew, locking me in as before.

"Nature will not be played with, Hawser—it must have its influences. I was weary with the exertions and excitement I had undergone, and was soon in a deep and refreshing sleep, from which I did not awake till broad daylight came peeping through the chinks to chide me for my somnolency so near the lovely Julia. She heard me moving, and instantly let in a flood of light at the open door. It was a heavenly morning, cool and delightful, and the fragrance of the flowers came with delicious sweetness to the sense. I divested myself of my unnecessary and unmanly garments, and stood before the lady a dark-skinned Creole.

"‘Stranger,’ said she, with an air of self-respect that would have become a sovereign princess, ‘I have granted your request, and given you sanctuary. Relate to me the whole particulars of last night's adventure; and as you have experienced my generosity, so be generous in return, and conceal nothing of the transaction from my knowledge.’

"I readily complied with her command, and went over the various occurrences, taking care, however, not to betray myself or my real character. I told her I was a prisoner of war, but had effected my escape, and, should she yield me up to the authorities, certain death would be the consequence. The persuasive tongue was never employed in vain to make impression on the tender heart of woman; my entreaties prevailed, and with eyes swimming in tears at my eventful story, she promised to conceal me,—and, Hawser, she religiously kept her word. The revolution at San Domingo had levelled the distinction which had been kept up, and is still preserved, in the colonies, between the whites and the people of colour. Indeed, Julia's hand had been solicited by some dingy mulatto

or other, who had assumed the title of captain, but whom she spoke of with loathing and abhorrence.

"Did you never know, Hawser, what it was to cherish a feeling of regard for anything that you had snatched from destruction? I once saved a boy from drowning, and never parted with him afterwards: my dog I rescued when a puppy, from a similar fate, and I prize the animal more on that account. But women are enthusiastic in that sort of thing,—they almost idolize the creatures of their preservation,—it is a principle, a pride with them, and affection such as a mother feels for her child, frequently takes deep root in the heart. Julia tended me with kindness, she sympathized with my sorrows, and gradually she became pleased with my conversation, and the delicacy of my conduct towards her; but the colour of my skin was a barrier to love. Monsieur Leffler was her father,—her mother was mouldering in the grave,—she said she had been sent to Bellevue to be out of the way of a crazy Englishman, whom the government had quartered upon her parent; but she expressed an earnest desire to see the *pauvre prisonnier*, and thought it hard that he should be deprived of the happiness which her society must have afforded him in his captivity. He was ennobled too, and report spoke well of his qualifications. My ears tingled, and I felt myself blush, though the black paint concealed it from the penetration of Julia.

"Monsieur Leffler visited his daughter the day but one after the attempt of the thieves, and with him came the disconsolate Susette, who narrated to the young lady (with sundry fanciful embellishments, little thinking that I was within hearing) the amiable qualifications, et cetera, of the young English prisoner, his madness, his escape, and, ultimately, his death.

"*"Pauvre garçon!"* uttered the sweet lips of Julia; 'and where have you buried him?'

"*Pardonnez, ma'mselle;* returned Susette; 'the body is not found, and none of us know where to look for it.'

"Then he may still be living,' said Julia, 'and, perhaps—' she ceased, and it struck me that a suspicion of identity had crossed her mind. 'When did he quit you?' inquired she.

"On the evening of the affair at Bellevue,' returned Susette. '*Mais, ma'mselle;* but he must be dead, or he never would have stopped away from me so long.'

"Oh, oh! *ma pauvre Susette!* uttered Julia; '*c'est une affaire du cœur.* Upon my word you have managed it well to drive your lover mad! Such an insignificant being as myself,

I suppose, was not known to be in existence.' This was evidently said with a degree of bitterness that had its source in pique, for women, particularly French women, are jealous of their fascinations.

"Susette felt rebuked; she had disclosed her secret, and I heartily wished her up to her neck in a horse-pond, though in the end it did me service. The result of this visit was directions from Monsieur Lëffler that on the day but one following Julia was to return to the town residence, and the persecution of the Blackberry Baron. It was a fiat of condemnation to me; and when Julia opened my door after their departure, deep traces of regret were easily discernible upon her countenance. Nevertheless she gave me a most searching, scrutinizing look, but I stood it without flinching, and she seemed more appeased; but I frequently detected her gazing at me very earnestly, as if trying to penetrate my disguise. The day of probation was one of delight. Julia embraced every opportunity that prudence would allow to be with me; she freely expressed her repugnance to the baron, and once she exclaimed, after a few minutes deep abstraction, 'Oh, Henri, (the name I had assumed,) why are you not white?'

"The Omnipotent looks deeper than the skin, lady,' answered I, in a tone of mingling humility and fervour, and with as much tenderness as my nature would admit.

"C'est vrai, Henri,' replied she, the tears starting to her eyes; 'mais——'

"Custom demands that the colour of the surface should be a passport to happiness or misery,' added I, completing the sentence she had begun. 'But you are right, lady; you are right. Such transcendent beauty merits all that wealth and rank can bestow upon it.'

"And, what is wealth, or what is rank, without ardent affection?' uttered she, with flashing eyes. 'Poverty, with one I love, would be preferable to riches and distinction with those I hate.'

"The English prisoner, lady?' suggested I,—she turned her quick gaze intently upon me, but I went on unmoved,—'he is noble, as I have learned, and the English are a generous people.'

"He is an enemy,' returned she, sharply, 'and loves another; besides, he is probably numbered with the dead,—pauvre Susette! However, let us talk no more of this. I feel an interest in your welfare, Henri.'

"May Heaven reward you for it, lady!' replied I, almost choked by emotion; for, Hawser, as true as we sit here, I

idolized the woman ; my heart was never made for what the world calls love. It was devotion, worship, madness. 'May Heaven reward you !' said I, 'and when I again become a wanderer in the bush—perhaps with bloodhounds laid upon my track, and dragged to an ignominious death—Julia, my last petition to the throne of mercy shall be for your happiness, and I shall derive consolation in my moments of agony from the certainty of meeting you again where the colour of the skin will be no barrier to a sweet and lasting communion of spirit untainted by the grovelling passions of the world.'

" 'I cannot bear this, Henri !' said she, sobbing hysterically and turning the key of the closet. I heard her in her own room giving vent to a flood of tears.

" Midnight came, and it was the hour of parting. She released me from confinement, and we stood just within the balcony together. There was no envious light to show the complexion. I held her soft hand in mine. I pressed it unrestrained to my lips. It was chastity, innocence, and purity, almost within the grasp of a tiger ; but, Hawser, my heart should sooner have been torn from my breast than I could have injured that masterpiece of God's creation. Indeed, I am convinced the slightest approach to anything indelicate would have driven me from her for ever.

" 'Farewell, Henri !' said she ; 'may Heaven protect and reward you !'

" 'Adieu, lady !' whispered I ; 'should my life be preserved, earth has not a place so secret or so lonely but I will seek you out. Still, in the midst of your blessedness think of me. Adieu !'

" I slid down the pillar of the balcony, and concealed myself in the shrubbery before the house ; and for a long time afterwards I could see her white dress in the same position where I had left her, and I began to meditate upon the probability of her cherishing an attachment for me ; but the thing was impossible, as a negro, or one of negro descent. I felt I should have despised her had she expressed more than a kind interest in my future fate ; but, the fact was, Hawser, all the tender sympathies and sensations of her heart were ripening into mellowness, and she wanted something to love, something round which to throw the warm embraces of her woman's dear regards and ardent passions,—her faith, her hope, her destiny, whether for life or death. I had now an opportunity of effecting my escape, or, at least, of attempting it ; but I could not leave Julia. Fame, rank, fortune, freedom, country, all were forgotten ; and Julia reigned predominant over my future actions. I have often wondered since at the deep infatuation

that enthralled me, but I always had impetuous feelings that were easily acted upon, and strong excitement is a part and parcel of my very nature.

"When Julia withdrew from the balcony my determination was formed. I cleared the fence, and endeavoured to retrace my way to the town, but this was no easy task; and, after wandering about for some time, my dubious geography was brought to a termination by the approach of daylight. At all events, my observations enabled me to ascertain that I was approximating to a high carriage-road, with some buildings a short distance from the way-side. Towards these latter I approached with a very unnecessary caution, for the ravages of intestine warfare had left them desolate. They had once been neat and handsome, and there was even yet a smile upon the face of surrounding nature, as if in mockery at the attempts of man to subdue her fascinations. Into one of these buildings I quickly made my way—for it would have been madness to have continued in my course,—and, depositing myself in the lower apartment so as to command a view of the road, as well as of the approaches to my garrison, I sat down on a heap of dry plaintain leaves, which I suppose some poor unfortunate, when placed as an outpost, had made up for a dormitory. Something struck me that this was the road which Julia would have to travel to the town, and, probably, I should see her pass; but, whilst anxiously watching as keen as any look-out man at a weather cat-head, I fell fast asleep; but in my dreams my solicitude was renewed, and I fancied that I was still earnestly on the gaze for Julia Leffler.

"Toussaint at this time was waging the most deadly hostility to the French, who, to do them justice, were by no means deficient in that remorseless cruelty which recklessly sacrificed both friends and foes; for their conduct to their black prisoners frequently brought down a fearful retaliation on the heads of the unfortunate Frenchmen who fell into the hands of the dark-skinned republicans. Marauding parties were constantly on the movement, and the war was carried on in the exercise of the most barbarous atrocities, in which neither age nor sex were spared, but all the worst propensities of human nature were cherished and indulged. I had witnessed much of this whilst in the prison, for the fate of individuals was frequently decided by the whim or caprice of the gaoler. There was no trial, no legal condemnation; and it happened more than once, when official orders were sent to execute a prisoner named in the document, that the first who came to hand, or happened to be present at its arrival, was

dragged into the square which formed the gaol-yard, and immediately strangled; nor did such *mistakes* lead to any judicial inquiry. Indeed, on one occasion, the very functionary who had brought the death-warrant, was very near suffering the fate he had been the instrument of ordering for another. This messenger had been newly appointed, was unknown to the gaoler, and had by some means or other got amongst the prisoners; he was seized, dragged to the chair, but, fortunately for him, an officer entered at the moment, who recognized his person, and rescued him from death: another two minutes, and he would have been a corpse! The reckless gaol-birds highly enjoyed the *joke*, and regretted that it had not been carried to its last finish. In fact, it is hardly possible to conceive the moral degradation into which those wretches were plunged. But, to proceed.

"My dream of Julia was suddenly broke by a loud scream. I started from my place of rest, and, looking through the dilapidated window, saw a carriage on the road attacked by negroes. They wore a sort of uniform, and an officer richly dressed was at their head. At the same time I noticed a small party of French soldiers stealthily advancing through a cane-patch towards them. A skirmish was inevitable, and I quietly berthed myself so as to become an observant spectator of the event. The negroes had turned the carriage round, by the directions of the officer, and were preparing to move off with their prize, when a female threw herself partly out of the vehicle, but was instantly thrust back again with considerable violence. This was a spectacle I could not witness unmoved. A woman in the hands of such ruffians was quite enough to arouse all my energies; and, springing through the window, I got, unperceived, by a short cut, to a bush by the roadside, and close to which the carriage must pass in its retrograde movement. I had scarcely stationed myself, with my pistols in my hands, when the French party opened a smart fire upon the negroes, who for a minute or two were thrown into disorder; but they soon recovered, and discharged their muskets at their opponents, who foolishly quitted the cane-patch, and exposed themselves to view. At the same instant the black officer gave directions for one of his men to mount the carriage, and drive off, whilst he covered the retreat. Now then, Hawser, was my time. The fellow whipped the poor animals most unmercifully; they started off; but, on passing my place of concealment, I rushed out and shot one of the horses, which instantly fell, dragging the other with it to the ground. The driver fired, but missed me; he then jumped to the ground,

and made off as fast as his legs could carry him. I might easily have done for him, for I seldom miss my man; but he was not worth the only defence that was left me, as I had no second charge for my weapons. The female had fallen to the bottom of the carriage, dismayed by the firing. I hastily opened the door, and the full, beautiful eyes of Julia met my earnest gaze. She knew me at once. 'Save me, Henri!—save me!' she exclaimed, throwing her finely-moulded arm round my neck, and resting her head upon my shoulder.

"'I will do all that man can do to protect you,' replied pressing her closely to me; 'but you must alight, and follow me; not a moment must be lost.'

"She quitted the carriage; and, though straggling shots were whistling about us, yet we reached the building unharmed, and I was enabled to place her in comparative safety. The hostile parties continued warmly engaged, manifesting more resolution and courage than I had given them credit for possessing, but without the smallest demonstration of military evolutions: it was merely load and fire as fast as they could. At last the negroes began to give way, and one of them made for the house; he rolled in at the window, but was not permitted to rise, for I grappled and disarmed him, and the astonished black, terrified at the suddenness of my attack, escaped out of the door in the rear of the premises, and got safe off. Only a few minutes elapsed, and a second negro made his appearance in my enclosure; but I was not so successful in mastering him. He was a powerful, athletic man, and I was compelled to fire in my own defence: he fell, never to rise again. I had now two muskets, two bayonets, and a good stock of ammunition, and I determined to defend the place whilst life endured. The parties closed, and a hand-to-hand fight took place, both sides displaying the most sanguinary ferocity. The officers met, and I have seldom seen more perfect science displayed; both were masters of the sword, but the negro had the longest reach, whilst the Frenchman's guards were admirable. The negro was the most powerful of the two, but the activity of his antagonist evaded the desperate lunges he made, and not unfrequently receiving a slight wound in recovering his position. No one attempted to interfere with them, and as the personal contest continued for some time, both parties suspended hostilities to watch the result; in fact, I myself became at last so much interested and excited that I jumped out of the window, and advanced towards them. The negro had his back towards me, the Frenchman nearly faced my approach:

bewildered him; his opponent took advantage of it, and his

weapon passed through the white man's body. I saw the mischief I had done, but could not remedy it. The Frenchmen again rushed upon their foes. I hastened forward for the purpose of assisting them; but the attack was so impetuous that the negroes gave way and fled, and were closely pursued by the French, dealing death at every blow.

"I returned to the house, and released the terrified Julia, whose gratitude was exceedingly expressive. 'But, yourself, Henri?—yourself,' said she, 'will they not take *you*?'"

"That circumstance had never once entered my mind, but now it recurred to me in full force that I was a prisoner of war, on my *parole d'honneur*, yet was wandering about the country. Another thought also crossed me; the colour I had assumed might bring me under imputation as a spy, and it was probable that on the return of the victorious party I might be led out and shot off-hand either in that character, or as a negro. I saw that Julia would be perfectly safe with her countrymen, and the consequent inutility of my risking life without any adequate advantage. 'You are right, Julia,' said I, with emotion; 'self-preservation urges me not to remain; but can I leave you unprotected? You, who have indeed been my guardian angel?'

"'Hush! hush, Henri!' uttered she, interrupting me. 'Consider the debt of gratitude I owe to you. But, Henri, let me implore you to attend to your own safety. The danger to me has passed away. Go—go! I will never cease to remember you in my prayers.'

"'Am I then to be banished from all on earth my soul can worship?' said I with emphasis. 'Oh, Julia—Julia, cannot you think of me with one gratifying feeling of affection?'

"There was evidently a struggle going on in her heart as she averted her look from me; but, when my complexion met her eyes I saw she shuddered. 'I am grateful, Henri,' said she, 'truly grateful. What more would you desire?'

"'Your love, dearest Julia,' replied I with warmth and tenderness, 'that which would be to me the soul of existence, the sunlight of happiness.'

"'Forbear, Henri—forbear!' remonstrated she with energy as she covered those beautiful eyes with her delicate white hands. 'I respect, I esteem you; but, love—oh, no—no—it is impossible!'

"Her refusal afforded me much satisfaction. A shrill exultation passed through my whole frame, and yet there was a feeling of pique with it. 'You have decided my destiny, Julia,' said I, sorrowfully, 'and yet I cannot blame you. Once

again, 'farewell! but, think not that it shall be for ever. Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'

" 'To God and the Virgin I commend you, Henri,' said she, vainly endeavouring to suppress the heavy sobs that struggled in her bosom. 'Here is a small token of my esteem. Wear it, and if my slender services can at any time avail you, it shall be the passport to my best exertions.'

"It was a ring of no great pecuniary value, but to me it was inestimable. I took it, placed it on my finger, pressed her hand to my lips, and after waiting a few minutes to see her join the few who surrounded the wounded officer, I passed out the back way into the bush, and at length, about dusk, after encountering many strange adventures, I reached the garden of Monsieur Leffler's house, and got to the outbuilding, where I had overheard the plot of the negroes, and had stowed away my Turkish dress. My first effort was to get rid of my black colour, which I found no very easy task, nor could I tell how far I had accomplished it. In some parts the skin had come entirely away, and the whole felt very sore. As soon as it was dark I ascended to the balcony of the house, arrayed myself in the fantastic habit I had made, and went quietly to my chamber. A diminutive gong had been my usual signal for summoning Susette, and I struck it loud enough to be heard all over the building. A confused noise instantly followed, busy feet were heard near the door, but no one durst enter, till Susette, bolder than the rest, and possibly far more interested, pushed in, and saw me sitting very tranquilly on the floor. 'I have had a dreadful dream, Susette,' said I; 'how came I here, and in this costume?'

" 'Grâce à Dieu!' shrieked the animated girl, 'it is the English prisoner! Are you really alive, and not his spirit?'

" 'I am really and actually alive, Susette,' returned I; 'at least I think so; though I hardly know what has happened to me. Ah, Leffler!'—he had just entered,—'can you explain?'

" 'Monsieur has been ill,' replied he considerably; 'mal à la tête,' touching his head significantly, 'too much fever; but, thank God! you seem to be recovering. Your mind has been wandering. Mais, I cannot tell all. Mon Dieu! it has been unfortunate for me!'

"I felt something like remorse at having been the cause of distress to so worthy a man, and was about to express myself to that effect, when I observed he was not alone. An officer attended him, who looked earnestly at me for a few seconds, and then politely informed me that my parole was at an end,

and I must prepare to return with him to the common gaol. I firmly remonstrated; pleaded my illness, (and my face bore me out in that respect); but the only mitigation I could obtain was permission to remain guarded in my apartment till the following morning. Poor Susette was in despair, and I drew from her an exaggerated statement of what had occurred relative to myself, but not one word did she utter about her young mistress, or the meditated robbery at Bellevue; and, of course, I could put no questions upon the subject, lest I should betray myself. I was soon unrigged and in bed, (having previously, however, by dint of water and soap, got rid of all remains of dinginess from my complexion,) and there I laid, reposing my really aching limbs, and enjoying sweet rest. The man appointed to watch my proceedings was a civil, communicative fellow, full of the *esprit* of his countrymen; and, as from motives of policy I humoured him, so I readily obtained information that Julia was then under the same roof with me, and heard a very marvellous account of the attempt of the negroes to carry her off, 'which they would most certainly have effected but for the bravery of a few Frenchmen, who gallantly came to the rescue. The negroes were five hundred strong (there might have been about thirty,) the French had only twenty, yet they drove the black rascals like chaff before the wind, and Ma'mselle Julia was saved.' "

LORD C—FORD AND THE PIRATE.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

"I SLEPT soundly that night (continued his lordship), and, the next morning, having equipped myself in my uniform, I endeavoured to obtain an interview with the beautiful Julia, who had taken such a strong hold of all my mental faculties. I gave my guard the most solemn assurances that I would not attempt to escape if he would allow me to quit the room. I also presented him with a doubloon, and the request was complied with. But Susette was on the watch, and, as I passed along the gallery, she fell on her knees and clung to me with desperate energy, at the same time pouring out the most passionate exclamations of grief. Her swollen eyes and pale cheeks plainly evinced the manner in which she had passed the hours of the night, and the evidences of her agony were too palpable to excite the smallest suspicion of deception. I

raised her up, talked to her, tried to soothe her mind, and endeavoured to rally her out of the attachment she professed to have for me, at the same time pointing out the impossibility of its meeting with a suitable return.

“‘You have deluded me, monsieur,’ said she, as a fresh burst of anguish, mingled with resentment, convulsed her features, ‘basely deluded me!’

“‘No, no, Susette,’ I emphatically pronounced; ‘you have deceived yourself. But come, come, do not be a simpleton, and indulge thus in useless regrets. I leave you to-day, and perhaps we may never meet again.’

“‘You know but little of my heart if you can think so meanly of me,’ she quickly replied. ‘Who is to visit you in prison if I do not? Who will attend to your necessities, and administer to your comforts, if I refrain? No, monsieur; though you have betrayed me in your lighter mirth—though you love me not, yet it shall never be said that *my* affections—the affections of the lowly Susette—withered beneath the blast of your adversity.’

“There was an heroic fervour in the poor girl’s manner that powerfully interested me, and pleaded strongly in her favour.

“‘But, Susette,’ said I, in a tone of reasoning, ‘they will not allow you to enter the gaol; and if they would, I ought not, under all circumstances, to give my sanction to it. No, no, Susette, you must not run any risk for me. It will not be long before I shall be exchanged or at liberty.’ The thought rushed upon my mind that, being deprived of my parole, I could make use of her assistance to effect my escape; but the remembrance of Julia banished the idea. ‘You may, however, materially serve me, Susette,’ said I.

“‘How?—in what?’ inquired she, eagerly catching hold of my arm, and gazing in my face, whilst her looks manifested the keenest desire to comply with my wishes. ‘Ask my life,’ and it is yours!’

“‘May I confide in you, Susette?’ I solemnly asked; ‘will you not betray me?—will not jealousy—revenge—’

“‘Ha!’ uttered the sorrowing girl, as she drew a convulsive respiration, ‘jealousy!—revenge? Is it even so? Am I scorned, contemned, loathed, abandoned for another? Yet what am I, that I should aspire to happiness? An outcast thrown upon the world as the receptacle for its contempt!’

“‘Susette,’ remonstrated I, ‘why should you imagine such unaccountable things? But I see you will not be my friend, and therefore we will part.’

“‘I would be more than your friend,’ returned she with energy, ‘I would be your devoted worshipper, your abject slave. What is there in Susette’s power that she would not readily undertake to prove her love? You may, you must confide in me. I will perish rather than betray you—I will die with your name upon my lips!’ and she burst into tears.

“Time was getting very precious to me—I had no other chance of gaining access to Julia; and, observing that Susette was more placid, I said, ‘Well, then, I will put trust in you; and, though the task be painful, yet I am certain you will not shrink—Ma’m’selle Julia——’

“‘Ha!’ shrieked the unhappy girl, as she drew herself rigidly up, and her countenance assumed a livid whiteness. She pressed her hands upon her forehead, and her look was wild despair—the next instant she darted upon me like an adder from its coil—a poniard gleamed for a moment in the air—it descended erringly and harmlessly, and Susette fell prostrate without animation or sensibility on the floor. The shriek and the noise alarmed several of the household, and both Monsieur Leffler and his daughter hastened to the spot. I endeavoured to make it appear that I had been drawn thither by a similar impulse; but Julia looked incredulous, and the poor girl was carried away to her own apartment. Leffler, with the *politesse* of his nation, could do no other than introduce me to the beautiful girl before me; and, as accident had thus brought us together, I endeavoured to improve the opportunity by conversation. I could see that my voice was familiar to her ear, by the sudden starts which she gave when I addressed her, and the abrupt earnestness with which she frequently gazed at my features. There was a restlessness in her mind which could not, however, dispel the clouds of mystery that hung around her remembrances. The voice was that of Henri, but the person was that of the English prisoner.

“We breakfasted together, and Leffler seemed to be really grieved at the prospect of my leaving him, though I certainly did not give him much credit for sincerity; but Julia warmly expressed her regret, and importuned her father to use his endeavours to avert it. He shrugged up his shoulders, shook his head, and then slowly whispered,

“‘Monsieur is too generous to expect me to sacrifice all I am worth, perhaps my very life, to entreat so small a service, and which no doubt would at once be promptly refused.’

“I readily acquiesced in his views, and spoke lightly of their apprehensions, expressing a conviction that my incarceration

would not be of long duration, as the interval of aberration of intellect, when proved by the medical man, must exonerate me. My guard reminded me that the hour for departure had arrived; but I entreated a little longer delay, which was purchased by another piece of gold. The conversation turned upon the events of the preceding day, and, whilst Julia was speaking in high terms of her defender, Monsieur Leffler was called out on business, and we were left alone.

“‘Your defender, Miss Leffler, has been captured,’ said I. ‘He came here early this very morning to seek you, and fell into the hands of his enemies.’

“‘Pauvre Henri!’ uttered Julia, in great agitation, as the tears rushed to her eyes; ‘he deserved a better fate.’

“‘And can one so surpassingly lovely,’ said I, with something like reproach in my manner, ‘can one so beautiful as Miss Leffler bestow her affections on a negro?’

“‘Your question is most unmanly and insulting, sir,’ uttered she in anger, whilst her dear little heart was ready to burst with grief and vexation. She rose from her seat to quit the room; but the only passage was close by my side, and as she essayed to go by, I held up the token.

“‘Do ladies present rings,’ said I, ‘without attaching any meaning to the gift? You will pardon me, Miss Leffler, for being thus abrupt, but the moments are precious.’ She eyed the token with evident astonishment, then sank in a chair by my side. ‘Your negro friend entreated me to place this bauble in your sight, and your pledge was given to try and save him. He also made me acquainted with his claims—’

“‘His claims?’ repeated Julia, in an inquiring tone of contempt and surprise. ‘Pray, what claims, sir, did he urge? He is a negro, sir,—kind, brave, and generous, it is true, ay, even to shame many a whiter skin; but he has no claim except upon my gratitude, and that will prompt me to struggle for his rescue. You, I am sure, will not despise a gallant and intrepid spirit because it may be covered by a dark skin.’

“‘You have rightly judged me, lady,’ rejoined I, *emphatically*; ‘and though I would not have you love—’ *Her eye flashed with impatience.*

“‘It is folly, sheer folly, to cherish *such* a preposterous thought,’ said she, ‘and I must insist that my ears are not again outraged by so horrible an *idea*. Yet, sir, that man twice saved me from destruction—he snatched me from a dreadful fate—he has—in *short*, he merits all my best exertions in his behalf; and I must also demand your assistance in my endeavours to obtain his freedom.’

“‘Oh that I were the happy man!’ exclaimed I in a tone of tenderness, that made Julia start and fix her eyes steadily upon me. ‘Had I been your deliverer, lady, could you—’ I lowered my voice to deep pathos—‘would you have loved me?’

“‘That is a prompt question, monsieur,’ returned she, smiling through the gloom of sorrow that hung upon her brow: ‘perhaps Susette could best afford you a reply,’ and she rose to depart.

“‘Stay—one moment stay, Miss Leffler,’ said I, as I caught her hand with ardour. ‘Susette is no more to me than Henri is to you.’ She gently tried to disengage herself. ‘Nay, nay,’ continued I, ‘my honour, my oath, shall convince you of the truth of my assertion. My very soul adores you;—every faculty and feeling of my mind is yours, for I am——’ Her father’s footstep was heard at the door, and the intended announcement was immediately silenced as Julia, trembling with emotion, immediately withdrew.

“‘Monsieur must depart,’ said my guard; ‘I cannot admit of longer delay, and shall be reprehended for that which has already been allowed.’

“‘I am prepared,’ replied I, proudly; and bidding farewell to my worthy host, I accompanied the man to the place of incarceration, and in another quarter of an hour was securely immured within the walls of the jail. A few hours afterwards, and I was called before an officer, who questioned me as to the cause of my absence. I refused to state particulars, but briefly pleaded brain fever, and complained of dreadful palpitation of the heart, and again demanded my parole.

“‘Does monsieur know nothing of an English fleet upon the coast?’ inquired the interrogator.

“‘On my honour, nothing whatever,’ answered I; ‘but I sincerely hope it is true, and that they will blow the place about your ears, so that I may once more swing in my cot.’

“‘A thousand thanks, monsieur,’ returned the officer, smiling with bitterness; ‘*mais*, you must take care you are not blown up with us.’

“‘I’ll run my chance,’ said I, carelessly: ‘but the presence of my countrymen is no reason why I should be denied my parole.’

“‘*Vous avez raison, monsieur,*’ rejoined the officer; ‘you have given us the slip once, and, without meaning any personal offence, you probably would not hesitate to do it again. You have been very intimate, and quite at home with Monsieur Leffler.’

“‘Undoubtedly,’ returned I, with warmth: ‘he has behaved

with great hospitality and kindness, and I shall always respect him for his generous conduct to an unfortunate prisoner. Would to Heaven I could find all his countrymen equally as well inclined.'

" '*Vous avez raison*,' again repeated he, with a look of malicious contempt; 'we should see the ensign of St. George on the flagstaff of the tri-colour, and perhaps Monsieur Leffler would profit by the exchange.'

" 'You do him gross injustice,' exclaimed I: 'he has ever acted with honour as it respects myself. But I suppose there is some petty pique, some rancorous dislike in your breast against him; and malignity in power has but to hurl the stone—'

" He shrugged his shoulders. 'I am too humble an individual to place myself in juxtaposition with Monsieur Leffler,'—his keen eye was bent intently, peeringly upon me, as he added, 'his daughter is courted by the general's aide-de-camp, and,' he curled his upper lip in scorn, '*ils s'aiment beaucoup*.'

" Happily I saw his drift was to throw me off my guard, and therefore I answered with an air of indifference, 'Settle that with your countryman; but if you are only in an inferior station, what right have you to question me?'

" 'Monsieur is angry,' said he, smiling, and endeavouring to assume composure. '*Vous les connaissez tous les deux* ?'

" 'I shall make no reply,' returned I, folding my arms in defiance, 'until I know who my examiner is.'

" '*Pardonnez moi, monsieur*,' said he, somewhat obsequiously, though evidently in mockery; 'shall I refresh your memory? Answer or not as you please—remember, silence gives consent. Was not your absence connected with negotiations from Leffler to the royalists?—your malady all affected?—the attack upon Mademoiselle Julia of your planning?'

" 'For myself,' said I proudly, 'I would scorn to answer; but for a worthy and honourable man like Monsieur Leffler, I cannot refrain from speaking. And, first of all, you are a withered, sapless, ignorant old fool,'—he bowed—'for imagining such things; and, secondly, I have never in a single instance conversed with Leffler on national concerns. I am a British officer, and demand to be treated as such.'

" 'So you shall—so you shall,' quickly returned he; 'but you must also prove yourself worthy of the character.'

" '*Eh bien!*' exclaimed I, walking leisurely towards him, and taking his nose between my thumb and finger, gave it a

screw that made the gristle chatter, 'there is a return for your insult in daring to suppose me capable of treachery.'

"*Mon Dieu—diable—peste!*" shouted he, as he plucked his sword from the scabbard, and made a lunge, which I dexterously parried with my bare hand, for I was always a tolerable swordsman, Hawser. But the affair was becoming serious. '*Sa—sa—sa!*' he continued with every thrust, till a favourable opportunity occurring, after a slight scratch or two, I knocked him down.

"*'Chaque pays a ses usages,'* said I as he fell, 'and that's a taste of English fashion when a dastardly coward uses his sword upon an unarmed man.'

"The whole place was soon filled with '*Sacrés!*' from the jailor and his attendants, who ran in on hearing the noise; and, seeing the officer stretched upon the ground, one of them exclaimed, '*Mon Dieu! le général est mort!*'

"'I'm in for it,' thought I, for I had heard of the brutal character of this man, though I had never seen him before. However, I carelessly leaned against the wall as they gathered him up, and was almost immediately, by his orders, conducted back to solitary confinement in a wretched dungeon, where scarcely a ray of light entered, and the heat was perfectly intolerable. A scanty portion of bread and water was my only fare, and no human voice except my own did I hear for a whole fortnight. At the expiration of that time I was removed to a more comfortable berth; but my anxiety on Julia's account was too great to allow me to be mindful of increased enjoyment. In a day or two subsequent I was again summoned to appear before the general. At first, I determined to refuse, but a desire to witness the manner in which he would receive me overcame my repugnance, and after a little preparation I accompanied the messenger. I entered the apartment, assuming a bold and determined look: but oh! what a sudden change came over my heart when, standing before the general, and loaded with heavy fetters, I saw the generous-minded Leffler. He had been arrested on a charge of holding intercourse with the royalists of Jeremie, who were strongly suspected of encouraging the English to make a landing, and I was supposed to have aided in his designs. Such was the trumped-up allegation against us; but, as far as Leffler was concerned, it achieved its end. I approached my unhappy friend,—his woe-begone countenance displayed the inward workings of alarm,—and offered him my hand. He took it, bowed politely, but said nothing, and the general directed him to be removed to another part of the room.

"A military tribunal was assembled, composed of the creatures of the commander-in-chief, and poor Leffler was placed upon his trial. And who do you think were the principal evidences against him? The vilest of the creation—suborned witnesses—even the very negroes I had followed to Bellevue were called to give false testimony. I was interrogated, and for his sake answered every question. I denied the existence of any communication between myself and the prisoner relative to the royalists or my countrymen. I charged the negroes with attempting to rob his premises; I spoke with fervour in his defence, but I saw it was all useless;—his condemnation had been previously agreed upon, and there was only the mockery of judicial proceedings:—he was sentenced to die. He heard his fate with calmness, arising from conscious innocence, and his only apprehensions were for his daughter.

"He was conducted back to prison and his confessor, and in the evening, as an *especial favour*, I was allowed to visit him in his cell to take my last leave. The object of the *kindness*, however, was to place spies upon our actions, and listeners to our conversation. I found him in a cell whose blackened walls had indeed a funereal gloom, reminding the inmate of that sepulchre to which he was shortly to be consigned. He was seated at a small table, on which stood an emblem of the crucifixion, his daughter knelt before him with her head resting on his knees, and prostrate by her side laid Susette. The confessor stood a short distance apart, but I could trace very little in his countenance of that sympathy or commiseration which the spectacle was calculated to excite. Leffler's left hand covered his face, his right was on Julia's shoulder, and the only sound within that gloomy darkness was sobs and groans. I remained just inside the door for several minutes before I advanced. The scene in a great measure unmanned me. At length I approached Leffler, who instantly looked up and extended his hand, which I grasped with fervour. Julia, too, raised her head and stared wildly in my face, but not a word was uttered for some time,—the hearts of all were too full, too much overwhelmed to find immediate utterance.

"After several minutes had elapsed, Leffler himself was the first to break the silence. 'You have come to bid me farewell,' said he, with a smile that reminded one of the grinning of a skull. 'I am prepared for the change, my friend. *Nul ne sait s'il est juste devant Dieu*; but I do not remember any very great crime to charge myself with, and God is merciful. Yet, Monsieur Anglais, it is hard to leave those we love, and

to leave them unprotected amongst ravening wolves,'—he paused for a moment, looked down at his daughter, and then continued, 'But it is better to suffer than deserve——'

"'Oh, my father!' exclaimed Julia, as she gazed eagerly in his face, 'who has wrought this heavy calamity?—what means have been used to overwhelm us with destruction? Alas! alas! can nothing be done to save you? Monsieur,' she continued, addressing me, 'have you no influence, no power with the commissioners? I have knelt before them, implored them with bursts of anguish and with tears wrung from the heart by agony. Oh God! they have mocked my woe by offers which my soul spurns, but will not save my father.'

At this moment an officer entered, in the splendid full dress of an aide-de-camp; he was a mulatto, but very dark, and the noise of his spurs and sabre as they clattered on the ground attracted attention towards him. Julia rose up; and, standing by her father's side, leant, sobbing on his shoulder. Susette for the first time raised her head, and fixed her eyes on me; whilst Leffler, still clinging fondly to the love of life, sat with breathless attention to hear the expected communication. But the officer remained silent; he approached Julia, took her delicate white hand between his, and expressively shook his head. 'Enough!' said Leffler, a pallid hue spreading over every feature; 'they are not content with robbery, but must add murder to their crimes!'

"Julia withdrew her hand, and turned away. Susette arose, and implored me to save her master. Alas, poor girl! she had so exalted the English prisoner in her own estimation that she believed him capable of performing anything.

"'Can I see the commissioners?' demanded I.

"'Monsieur has greatly offended,' returned he, 'and I fear his application would be rejected.'

"'Can I see them?' repeated I. 'What their decision may be is another thing. May I solicit the favour of your good offices in obtaining me an interview?'

"He shook his head as if afraid to speak. 'I fear it will be of no avail,' said he, looking towards Julia, whose countenance betrayed a scowl of contempt as she returned his glance;—it had its effect. 'I will endeavour to ascertain,' added he, turning round, and giving indications of his departure by the jingling of his paraphernalia.

"'Monsieur Leffler,' said I, with deep feeling, 'I am now a prisoner of war, and unable to render much assistance either to yourself or daughter. If I can see these commissioners, I will plead with them; and, if they will not grant my request, will

Miss Leffler—will Julia believe that she has a friend who will peril life itself to secure her safety?’ I approached, and took her hand, whilst Susette looked on in stupified amazement, but she did not speak. ‘I trust I shall not always be powerless,’ continued I; ‘and my every effort shall be used to promote the well-being of your daughter.’

“‘I am grateful—very grateful, my friend,’ returned he, with much emotion; ‘but Julia must return to France. She has relations there; and perhaps justice may be done to my memory when the winds of the Atlantic are sweeping over my grave.’ The poor girl sobbed hysterically. ‘Come, come, Julia,’ continued he, ‘the young Englishman means you well; suppress this agony, and try—’ his voice was tremulous and mournful,—‘try, my love, to be calm.’

“‘I do not doubt Monsieur’s generosity,’ said Julia, looking towards me as I still retained her hand; ‘it is not unknown to me,’—and I felt a gentle pressure, which at once informed me my incognito had been discovered;—‘but, oh, my heart will break! I cannot—cannot be tranquil, and you, my father, to be taken from me for ever! Oh! God support me in this hour of trial!’

After a lapse of about a quarter of an hour the mulatto aide-de-camp returned, and a suspicion that he was the individual who aspired to the hand of Julia, caused me to take greater notice of him. He was about two-and-twenty years of age, superbly dressed, rather below the middle stature, slender in figure, and with a face, if not absolutely ugly, yet far from prepossessing; but his eyes were particularly keen and piercing; in fact, they were scarcely ever quiescent, and his look had a strange effect upon those who came beneath his glances. His entrance aroused the attention of Leffler and his daughter, who immediately raised their heads in breathless stillness, whilst eager, agonising attention appeared upon the countenance of both. The officer remained silent for a minute or two, and fixed his impatient sight on Julia, who shrunk from his penetrating gaze.

“‘Will the commissioners grant me an interview?’ inquired I.

“‘No, Monsieur,’ returned he stiffly; ‘and I am directed to send you forthwith to your own place of confinement.’

“‘Must you, too, be taken from me!’ exclaimed Julia in tones of deep affliction. ‘Am I to be left without one friend—one protector? But I know their cruel minds and purposes,’ she spoke with more firmness, ‘yet they shall not succeed.’

"Never shall I forget the fierce glare of that black fellow's eyes as Julia uttered this; but, softening their expression, he mildly answered, 'Can Ma'am'selle Leffler doubt the affection or friendship of her devoted admirer?'"

"'Peace, Jean Pierre!' exclaimed the high-minded girl in a voice of command; 'this is no time to talk of such affairs. Save my father, and I will make any sacrifice that honour may command,' and she shuddered at her own proposition. The mulatto shook his head. 'You cannot—I am well aware you cannot—for they deceive you, as well as every one else. Do your errand, then, Jean Pierre, as you would to an utter stranger.'

"'First, I must send away this Englishman,' said he with contemptuous menace that fired my spirit, 'your friend, Ma'm'selle Leffler—and then—Here, soldiers, do your duty!'"

"'Boyer,' pronounced Julia with emphasis, and the aide-de-camp stood motionless as if bound by a spell, 'have you not one spark of generosity in your nature?'"

"'I despise his generosity, Miss Leffler,' said I; 'my domestics are of his colour, yet I would not treat them ill. He, perhaps, has been a slave.'

"'Never!' returned he with vehemence. 'I was always free from my birth! Who can impeach my father's character?'"

"'But your mother *was* a slave!' exclaimed Susette, who had hitherto remained silent; 'and your father was a tailor.'

"Nothing could exceed the silly exasperation of the mulatto at this declaration, which, if true, entailed no disgrace upon him. He gnashed his teeth, shook his clenched fist in the poor girl's face, and seemed half inclined to sacrifice her on the spot by his grasping his sword-handle, and impulsively pulling it partly out of the scabbard. 'Guards, remove you prisoner!' shouted he; and the men advanced to force me away. I took Leffler's hand, pressed it eagerly, gave an approving and kind look to Susette as she caught my hand, bade Julia farewell, and accompanied the soldiers to my miserable place of confinement.

"Hawser, it is impossible to describe the restless state of disquietude in which I passed that night. I was well aware that the fellow I had prostrated was either Santhonax or Poverel,—the commissioners sent out by the French Director

* This man was afterwards President of the Republic of Hayti, and bore an implacable animosity to the English.

† This is a fact. Boyer's father was a tailor in Port-au-Prince, and his mother a negress from the Congo country, and a slave in the neighbourhood of the city.

to govern the island.—but which of them I could not tell. I also knew that they were appropriate emissaries from the school of Robespierre, and both bore a detestable character in the colony for ruthless infamy ; for the former, whilst professing the warmest solicitude for the preservation of the whites, was yet secretly encouraging the people of colour and the negroes to revolt ; and by having a mulatto for his aide (for each assumed the rank of a general officer), I conjectured it was he that had felt the weight of my foot ; and reports represented him as of a most sanguinary and ferocious disposition, cherishing above all things a deadly hatred to my countrymen.

“The jailor was a man who studied his own interests ; and as I did not want for means to gratify his avarice, I was something of a favourite. My poor fellows had mentioned to me the frequent solicitations of a man (who was admitted in the prison apparently for the express purpose) to enter for the French marine, and I was particularly desirous of seeing this fellow, who dared to tamper with the honest feelings of Englishmen. One of my men, an Italian by birth, had acceded to his propositions and been released from prison, but my sturdy Britons resisted every tempting offer. It happened that this agent made his appearance on the morning after my parting with Leffler, and by some means,—whether by accident or design I cannot now tell,—we came in contact. I was in the jail-yard, and noticed an individual who seemed to be watching me with more than usual interest, but it was done so indirectly as not to excite the attention of others. He was a robust, well-made man, about five-and-thirty years of age, of handsome features, and with a cast of benevolence on his countenance ; his dress was studiously neat, with a cut of the seaman about it that could not be mistaken. At length he approached me somewhat cautiously, and whispered, ‘Monsieur wishes to be free !’ The very thoughts he had excited by this brief appeal brought a rush of blood to my face, but more so that which followed. ‘He is too generous to go alone. Can I assist him ?’

“Suspicious of treachery instantly arose in my mind, and I felt an inclination to spurn the fellow, but he contrived, by offering something to my notice, to evade the looks of the other prisoners, and to hold me in conversation.

“‘I do not understand you,’ said I. ‘Liberty must be dear to every one—it is peculiarly so to me ; but who are you who thus address me ?’

“‘Look at this, Monsieur,’ answered he, presenting to my

view the ring which had been given to me by Miss Leffler and which I had missed the previous evening on my return to my dungeon,—for I can call it nothing better.

“‘It is mine,’ said I, endeavouring to possess myself of the hable. ‘How came you by it? I lost it somewhat mysteriously last night.’

“‘Retire to your room,’ replied he, still retaining the ring; ‘the jailer is my intimate friend,’ and he smiled scornfully; ‘we can converse more at our ease alone.’

“Still strongly suspecting the motives of the man, curiosity prompted me to accede to his request, and shortly after entering my cell he joined me. His quick eye glanced round the dismal and detestable place, and then reverted to me, with a seeming look of compassion. ‘This is but poor accommodation for a British officer,’ said he mildly.

“‘I have acquiesced in your desire,’ said I; ‘but before we enter into conversation, I must be informed as to who and what you are.’

“‘As I really wish to serve you,’ replied he complacently, ‘I shall use no deception. I am an agent for procuring seamen for the French marine, but they are not always shipped under the tri-coloured flag.’

“‘Are you the person, then,’ exclaimed I harshly, ‘who has been tampering with my men? You are a villain and a scoundrel, and I will hold no more communication with you.’

“He shrugged his shoulders, looked rather deprecatingly, and showed the ring: I was tranquil in a moment. ‘Monsieur must hear before he condemns,’ said he; ‘I have not acted with concealment, nor will I, for I have something at stake as well as himself. Are you content to hear me?’

“‘How came you by that ring?’ inquired I hastily, my mind still nourishing suspicions.

“‘The occurrence forms part of my narrative, Monsieur,’ retured he mildly, and you must hear none or all.”

“‘Go on, then,’ said I imperatively. ‘If gold can purchase the truth it shall be yours—if you practice deception I shall find you out. But stop! What is the fate of Monsieur Leffler?’

“‘You shall know everything,’ answered he mournfully, ‘nor shall you find your confidence abused. You love his daughter’—I felt my cheeks tingle, but his look was directed another way—‘she is in danger, and you wish to save her. There is one carefully watching over the welfare of both, and it is on her account that I have solemnly undertaken to rescue you from your present perilous situation. She it was that slipped on your finger this ring last night at parting.’

"'Susette?' exclaimed I with astonishment, interrupting in his discourse.

"'The same,' replied he, 'but attend—business, no matter of what nature, often took me to the residence of Monsieur Leffler; there I saw his lovely daughter, and there I became acquainted with the interesting Susette. For the latter I conceived the strongest regards, but met with only slights that induced me to suppose another had possession of her heart.'

"I looked intently at him to ascertain whether he meant the allusion to be personal, but he took no further notice, and went on.

"'Latterly, however, she has been more favourably disposed, and has promised to accompany me in the flight I have arranged for you and Miss Leffler.'

"'Flight!' uttered I inquiringly, for knowing the closeness of my confinement, suspicion was again excited that there was an intention to entrap me.

"'Yes, Monsieur, flight,' rejoined he with calmness. 'I have a small vessel in the harbour; Jeronimo (the jailer) is my very good friend, and—but leave all that to me. Monsieur does not fear to run some risk for liberty?'

"'Not in the least,' returned I with confidence; 'indeed I meant to try and slip my moorings, but the position of Miss Leffler kept my mind wavering. But you must enter into further explanations before I place full reliance upon your word. Julia will not leave her father whilst he lives.'

"'That will not be very long,' replied he, 'for Polverel has one eye upon Leffler's property, and the other upon his daughter—the first, though condemned to confiscation, will be divided between the commissioners, the other he means to appropriate to himself. Unlimited power can soon remove obstacles.'

"'But who is the aide-de-camp, the mulatto?' inquired I, a tinge of jealousy and disgust crossing my mind; 'the individual, I believe, who pesters Miss Leffler with his offers.'

"'I know whom you mean,' answered he, whilst a strange and fierce expression passed across his countenance; 'it is Boyer—the tool, the instrument of Santhonax with his dark-skinned brethren, styled a secretary, but assuming the dress of an aide-de-camp. He presumed to solicit the hand of Miss Leffler for having rendered her father some service when the city was attacked, but she refused him—at first respectfully, till, finding he was not to be easily repulsed, she became more firm in her denial; still he persevered and endeavoured to draw Susette in to aid him in his schemes of entrapping Miss

Leffler, but she spurned his proposals with contempt. He next made a futile attempt to carry her off by means of some revolted negroes, but this also was defeated, and the fellow next impeached the father, whose condemnation was certain ; but he hoped, through his influence with Santhonax, to obtain a commutation of sentence, if not a pardon, and thus work upon the daughter's gratitude—in fact, to purchase the daughter's hand by saving the father's life. Polverel, however, had different views, and to him Boyer was referred ; for Santhonax, though he professes to befriend the mulattoes, and holds his secret meetings with them, yet is he a bitter enemy at heart. Polverel rejected the application in a manner that left Jean Pierre no hope, and the fellow has but the heart of a goose. He has now another card to play ; he cannot stay the execution, but ignorant of Polverel's designs, he meditates on other plans as soon as Miss Leffler is deprived of her only friends,—for it is of no use concealing the fact, your existence is to be assailed by means of deadly drugs, when the father is numbered with the dead ; he hopes by some fortunate circumstance arising from her want of protection to bring the lady to his own terms. Never !' uttered he with vehemence, grinding his teeth with ill-suppressed rage ; ' Julia has one who will defend her : ' he moderated his passion, and bowing to me. ' Monsieur Anglais must be her guardian.'

"There was something about the man I did not altogether like ; his mildness and complacency were evidently constrained, and yet there was nothing tangible which could empower me to utter doubts of his veracity. ' You have been extremely communicative,' said I, ' and I thank you for your information. But may I be allowed to ask why you, who profess to be an agent for the French marine, should thus throw yourself within my power ? Is there no treachery ? Can you wish me to escape, or is it a snare ?'

" ' Monsieur forgets my unbounded attachment to Susette,' replied he, whilst a peculiar expression passed over his features.

" ' You have enticed my men to desert their allegiance for the service of an enemy. Ought I to trust you ?' inquired I with some degree of sternness.

" He smiled, ' Monsieur shall know all,' said he with an air of humility and candour ; ' I am not a Frenchman, but a Spaniard ; I am not an agent for the French marine, but—' he fixed his eyes keenly upon my countenance—and lowered his voice to an audible whisper—' but a dealer in contrabands. It is to man my crafts that I seek hands, and Jeronimo profits by my trade. After all, I save many a poor devil from execution.'

"Have you no apprehensions in making me a confidant ?" inquired I, intently watching his looks.

"None, monsieur—none whatever," answered he, with much of self-complacency, 'for I should have a ready means of stopping unnecessary babbling : besides, how far would your evidence go against me ? The case stands thus : you love Julia,—a bitter feeling of degradation rushed upon my soul at hearing my attachment thus carelessly and disrespectfully noticed, but I was silent from motives of policy,—'and you want to escape from certain destruction ; but, Englishman-like, you will not leave the object of your affection to an uncertain fate. Think of a mulatto, Monsieur, an ugly mulatto, holding that beautiful creature in his arms, sharing the same pillow, and—'

"D—tion !" shouted I, as the fellow artfully drew the picture, which was so well calculated to arouse passions that it was no easy matter to allay, 'you torture me by the very thought.'

"Vous avez raison, Monsieur," said he, glancing a sinister look of triumph in my face. 'You are, I understand, rich and noble, I am poor and in love, alive to all the enjoyments and delights of life, yet wanting money for the smallest indulgence,—with a heart full of fervid affections, yet unable to share them with one I worship. I must have your bill for a hundred onzas, and then, heigh presto, for the British cruisers !'

"Is there any fleet in the neighbourhood ?" asked I, affecting a degree of indifference I was very far from feeling.

"There is an armament preparing to land at Jeremie by invitation of the inhabitants," answered he. 'Mais, monsieur, we are losing time ; your bill must be turned into cash in Port-au-Prince, and then my schooner is at your service.'

"Well, Hawser, after some further conversation our bargain was made. I gave him my bill for the required amount, and that very night, by the connivance of Jeronimo, I was outside the bars of that detestable prison, disguised in the habit of an ecclesiastic. The streets at Port-au-Prince are, as you must well remember, perfectly straight, and crossing each other at right angles, and I was sufficiently acquainted with them to avoid every place where there was the smallest probability of meeting with obstruction. Near to the building which they have designated a cathedral, I was accosted by a lad in a sailor's dress, and the preconcerted signal being given, we moved quickly onwards.

"Monsieur must hasten," said my companion in an audible whisper ; 'ma'mselle Julia is waiting.'

“ ‘And Susette,’ inquired I, ‘does she not accompany us?’

“ A noise, half sob, half laughter, convinced me that it was none other than Susette by my side, and as no other responses was made, I forbore questioning. In a few minutes we were on the quay, where I found Julia and the man who had promoted my escape. He had been urging the mourner (for her father had suffered that day, and his property confiscated) to embark, but she peremptorily refused until my arrival; and though the fellow’s manner excited strong suspicions, we had gone too far to recede; the boat was waiting, we entered it, and got on board the schooner, but it was not until we had reached the deck that we discovered Susette had been left behind. How this happened I never could tell, although I conjecture it was so arranged by the scoundrel who had entrapped us, and who had professed such devoted regard for the poor girl. To save appearances, however, he pretended to return to the quay, but just before daylight he again came on board, and in a well-acted paroxysm declared his wretchedness at being compelled to get under way directly.

“ From my heart, Hawser, I believed the fellow lied, but what could I do? I was actually more powerless than when on shore; and in less than an hour we were clear of the land. It was then the villain’s scheme became fully apparent; it was Julia on whom his inordinate desires had been fixed, and confining me below he pestered her with his addresses, which were scornfully rejected. I need not tell you that I did not tamely submit, and perhaps the scoundrel would have at once taken my life, but that he entertained hopes of obtaining a ransom, and the fear of falling in with the British cruisers; whilst the same thing, or some cause or other, prevented his proceeding to extremities with the unhappy Julia. Suffice it, Hawser, to say, the schooner was no other than the Thundercloud, which was chased into Cuba by the Clinkem, and the fellow who had entrapped us was the celebrated pirate, known in those seas by the name of Blueblazes—old Andy did for him. Thus, Hawser, you have the story.

“ ‘But the lady,’ inquired I with eagerness, ‘what became of the lady?’

“ A mournful expression passed over his fine features as he uttered solemnly, ‘Dead! Hawser, dead! the painful events she had undergone, the loss of her father, and perhaps—:’ he strode hastily along, there was a wildness in his manner, his whole frame seemed agitated, and I urged him no further on the subject.”

NAVAL YARNS.



THE INSPIRED SHARK.

THE sailors were cooling themselves in the shadow of a sail, on the deck of an American whale-ship, in the Pacific, one summer afternoon, keeping each other awake by telling long yarns of wonders by land and sea, when Tom Toplight knocked the ashes from his pipe, rolled his eyes wisely, and spoke as follows:—

"Mebbe, shipmates, you think you've been surprisin' me by all your gabbles; but I can tell one which actually happened, true as a compass, and is more stranger than anything you've been relatin'."

"And what is it all about?" asked Jack Bunder, who prided himself upon his marvellous stories.

"All about a shark *that was inspired!*" said Tom.

"*Inspired!* What is that? Are we going to hear a mess of your highflying language that nobody can understand? Speak English!" said Mose Godge, a plain-spoken tar, who hated all words he did not understand.

"Lay to, Godge, and wait for a wind from me," said Tom Toplight, "and mayhap you'll understand the story as fast as I can tell it, and no faster."

"Never mind him—go on—heave ahead, and don't lose all your wind before you begin the voyage," said the others.

"I was aboard a merchant vessel once," returned Tom, "bound to the East Ingees, with all sorts of a cargo, and the devil among us for one of the hands."

"The devil?"

"Yes, shipmates, a regular out-and-out devil—though he wore ducks and a white shirt like a true seaman—and his name was Bijah Stabbers. Bijeh was as smart a lad as ever mended sail or handled handspike; but he was wicked; wicked as an

old woman who has lost seven husbands and is looking arter an eighth; and you might have known that there was plenty of Satan in him, by the twist of his beard, and the malicious glitter of his eye. Well, this Bijie Stabbers had a great knack of turning somersets—you see, his father was a showman, and he was brought up to the circus—and he had this habit of somerseting onto him, strong. Oh, boys, Bijie Stabbers could tumble and roll like a porpoise, and he never was so happy as when he could throw his handsprings and turn his over-and-overs on the deck; and to tell the truth, I would as soon see him do it as to see a sperm whale, any time, and so would all on us—though he did too much of it—out of pride, perhaps, but howsomever—moreover, he was—”

“Oh, don't give us any more of those forty-foot words!” interrupted Mose Godge.

“Avast there, Mose, and don't be interrupting me, or not a word about the shark will I tell you.”

“And give him a chew of tobacco, since his pipe's out, to help him along,” said Jack Bunders, in a conciliating way. And it was done.

“I said, moreover, Bijie could lie as well as Mose, there, and swear bad enough to frighten a hurricane; and he used to tell some of the rippenest yarns that ever I heerd tell, about the wickednesses he'd committed in his younger days. So you may suppose that, take him for all-in-all, he was a chap of mark aboard our ship—though few, if any of us, like him—he was so swaggery.”

“What has all this to do with the shark?” exclaimed the impatient Mose Godge.

“It has much to do with it; and now that I've introduced Stabbers, I'll make you acquainted with the Inspired Shark. This shark was one of the *white* species, which, you all know, is of the very largest and most terriblest and ravenest known, and often found among the *West Ingees*—which it was to the *East Ingees* where we were bound for. And it was this shark which to our surprise followed our vessel for weeks, as if he was in love with some petikler piece of flesh of us, and was bound to have it, even if he wiggled his way as far as the Injun Ocean.

“S'pose he was arter *you*,” sneered Mose Godge.

“He would have had *you*,” continued Toplight, savagely, “if you'd ha' been aboard, and I'd ha' had the flingin' of you over to him! Howsever—Bijie seed the shark, and didn't seem to mind him at first, but continued on, turning his somer-

sets in the most out-hazardous parts of the ship—on the bulwarks, fore and aft, sometimes on the end of the yards, and sometimes on the tip-end of the bowsprit—where, if he missed his footing when he came over, he would have converted himself into white shark's meat in a very celeterious manner—for whenever Bijé showed himself in that tempting way, the shark showed himself higher than ever.

"Well, we didn't much like Bijé; but he were our shipmate, and so one day I warned him agin going to Beelzebub's paradise by the white shark route."

"Which was werry charitable on you!" said one of his sympathising hearers.

"Pure nature and nothing else. And what do you s'pose Bijé said? 'Why,' says he, 'I'm a circus cuss, myself, and don't care two skips of a cricket for any man, shark, or devil, which Davy Johes ever scraped acquaintance with!' And he snapped his fingers at the shark, and went out on the main-yard and throwed seventeen somersets without winking."

"And what did the shark say to that?"

"He got into a rage and riz right up, and made a splashing you might have heerd a mile, if you'd been there and hadn't been deaf. And then he made arter us, and came alongside within a boat's length of us, turned over and showed his teeth, as if he was in a hurry for a dish of Stabbers."

"'You'll starve to death if you wait for me,' said Bijé, shaking his fist at the white-bellied scarecrow; and the shark slapped his tail on the water as if spanking Neptune for not giving him his due—and then went down a bit. Then he came up in our wake, as afore, as if he'd cooled off, like."

"Why didn't you try to ketch him?" asked some, getting interested at the near approach of the shark.

"We did, Lord love you!" said Toplight, arching his brows and taking a fresh quid. "But not so much on account of Stabbers, as for our own dear sakes. We were not so sartin that *we* mightn't tumble over, ourselves, and didn't care to be made sweet morsels for his honour to chew. So we tried poisoned pork, on hooks, then the boats, with harpoons and musket-balls—but the old fellow's time hadn't come, and he knew it. We hit him twice, and he got all our bait—but he made nothing on it; and *we* didn't either; he kept on, and we gin him up in despair."

"Tired of getting mad with the shark, we got mad with Bijé, and up foot and told him he was an out-and-out Jonah, and we wished he hadn't ha' shipped along of us. And at last

he got desprit gloomy and dumb-fungled, and said he wished so, too.

"What, on land or water, have you ever done?" says the cap'n to him, 'that you should make us to be followed by a shark, away out here where nobody lives, and nobody ever saw a shark afore?"

"I begin to see what it all means!" says Bijé, turning white as a flounder's belly.

"You see more'n we do, then," says the cap'n, gitting nervous, 'and tell us what you see.'

"Did I ever tell you I'd murdered a messmate, once?" says Bijé, looking mournful as a preacher.

"Never a tell—out with it!" says we all.

"We was bathing, one hot day in a calm, and the sharks of suddint showed themselves in full crew. We got aboard, scamperin'. I'd stole Ike Morkus's knife and he said so, and I heaved him overboard to the sharks!' and Bijé, when he said this, gasped like a dying fish and looked all of a blue shiver, as he stared at the shark astern of us.

"Bijé! you've been a desprit villain!" says the cap'n.

"I knowed that afore," says Bijé. 'But I never thunk I should live to be hunted by a shark. You see, a big white shark, just like this here one, grabbed Ike Morkus as I would a dough-nut. Ike looked towards me, as he was going down, and yelled out, 'Bijé, Bijé! You kill my wife Polly, when you kill me. You'll live to see the day when you'll be shark's meat, too. Come!' and when he said 'come!' he was gone! The men ironed me, but I slipped my irons and swam ashore and got off, at the next port, and soon after I thought no more of it—but this shark brings it all to mind, at last.'"

"Which shark?" said Mose Godge, starting and looking over the stern—for he was so absorbed in the story of the sharks that he imagined the ship surrounded by them.

"Why, the one I'm tellin' you on!" said Tom Toplight, contemptuously. "Listen, hard to windward, and take warning. When Bijé told his story, we all felt solemncholy as he did, and so the cap'n had a stiff glass of grog served out to us, all round, as I've no doubt they did when Jonah raised the squall.

"The liquor raised our sperrits, and we begined to dance and laugh to think that the white shark wasn't as bad as a white squall, after all; but in the midst of it, we observed that Bijé Stabbers stood still, leaning agin a cask, looking down on the deck, with never a word to say.

“‘What’s the matter, Bijé?’ says we.

“‘Much is the matter,’ says he, piping his eye—the first time we ever seed him at that game—‘I can’t shake a foot or turn a flip-flap any more!’ And he took out his old blue bandanna and blew his nose, and I thought he had a heart in him then!

“Yes, messmates, you may roam over the seas as long as ever a tar did, and meet with the roughest sea-dogs as ever ordered a poor sailor a lashing, or ever run up the black flag at a signal of distress and shed the blood of innocence for gold, but never meet with that man who hadn’t something in his locker *here*, which tells him at times he isn’t *all* stone. Don’t go for to think otherwise. There’s a pulpit in every man’s breast, that works the pumps of the conscience, better nor ever a preacher on shore!”

After this rude but feeling homily, Tom Toplight paused a few moments, and silence prevailed about him, and the weather-beaten assembly’s thoughts no doubt were far, far away. Wide over the waters perhaps then they saw those unreturning days and scenes of childhood, where maternal love smiled on boyish innocence, and knowledge had not grown with sin.

Whatever their musings, one, at least, soon had a considerate regard for the present hour, and said, in an under-tone:—

“Bob Small, won’t you be so bold as to ax the first mate, for Tom Toplight, for a glass of gin?”

The first mate had been a listener, and ordered it forthwith. Tom took it without a murmur, and then resumed his narration.

“Bijé thunk he couldn’t turn any more summersets, but next day he was at it agin, as nat’ral and dangerous as ever, and even slipped overboard once, but caught a rope just in time to escape the shark. So he found he could not help his pranks, and we put him in irons, as he axed it, to prevent him. When the big fish saw this he disappeared.”

“And was that all of him?”

“Belay a bit. We was rounding the Cape of Good Hope, three days after that, Bijé still in irons, when we found the ship was turning somersets, on her own account, and bid fair to beave us *all* to the fishes! It blowed great guns, as I may say, and not be hung at the yard-arm for lying. *Whew!* what a gale! It remembered us of Jonah again, and we thunk of Bijé and wondered if it would lighten the ship to toss him over. But we hadn’t a hand too many, and as Bijé was a good seaman we took off the irons and he worked like a major in our extremity. Yes, Circus Bijé Stabbers did good service

that time, and we weathered the storm in gallant style. Then came a sweet, fine calm, and as we saw no more of the shark, we thunk he might be drowned in the gale, or been tackled by a strange fish, he was so far out of his latitude, and Bijé became so jolly, what do you think but he begins his capers agin?

"Don't do them things, Bijé," says I, as he was vaulting away on the end of the bowsprit.

"Whether it was my speaking, or he was weakened by his working in the storm, or that his time had come, anyhow—his foot slipped, arter he had done just ninety-nine somersets, overboard he went, he floated aft like a log, and afore we could get a boat out, up came the white shark, turned over, opened his jaws, and seized Bijé by the heels!

"My eyes! mebbe there wasn't a yell on all sides.

"Good-bye, all hands," says Bijé. "My *vige* is over. My time's come. Tell my story as a warning. *This is the same old shark that swallowed Ike Morkus!*" And he hadn't more'n said *Morkus*, afore down he went between six rows of the whitest and biggest teeth I ever set my eyes on!"

"And the shark went down, too?" asked all hands.

"Not a bit of it! He lay afloat at full length on the surface, and whisked his tail as if he enjoyed his meal. This was *aggravatin'*, as you may s'pose. So we out boat and arter him with a swivel-gun, to shoot him."

"But of course you couldn't shoot such a knowin' shark as that?" said Jack Bunder.

"Of course we could, and we *did*, though! *Smash!* went the shot through his jaws, and the blood and the bone scattered, and we lad him all aboard in less than an hour."

"And how long was he?" asked Mose Godge, who by this time had become a convert to the whole story.

"Twenty-five feet, if he was an inch," said Tom Toplight, decidedly.

"And you cut him open?" inquired Jack Bunder.

"Why, for the matter of that, at fust pop, we thunk we hadn't oughter, bekase, you see, he was a sort of a judgment fish, like Jonah's whale, or Balaam's ass, or Daniel in the den of the lions; and we didn't know but if we ripped him up, something might happen to us,—but, we ripped him up,—but more on account of something else then Bijé Stabbers."

"And what other reason had you?" asked the mate.

"Why, you see, we thinked about the story of Ike Morkus, and remembered that Bijé said, that when he heaved him over,

he had on his toggery, and we suspicioned that if there was anything in Ike's jacket or trousers that wouldn't digest, it might be in the fish still."

"A good idea," said all.

"So, says we to the shark, 'Inspired or no inspired, judgment or no judgment, we're bound to see if Bijé's story be true.' And in went our knives."

"And what might be found there?" inquired every tar, taking fresh quids all round.

"The first thing we found was Bijé Stabbers, nearly dead——"

"What! *not dead yet?*" exclaimed all.

"Just as I'm telling you, for all the world!" said Tom, coolly.

"We pulled him out whole, though somewhat mangled, and he shook hands all round, and said, faintly, 'Look for Ike's things!' and then died."

"My eyes! that was a queer go!" said Godge, who had now become the most credulous of all.

"Then we found a ring, a leather strap, and a thick chunk of a pocket-book, and all of 'em was marked *The Morkus* as clear as day! There were papers in the pocket-book, and among 'em a letter to his young wife, Polly, telling her he felt as if he was going to die soon, and asking her to be sure she got the right feller when she married next."

"And then that shark *was* inspired, arter all, as sure as preachin'!" said several, with solemn faces, though they stuck their tongues into their cheeks in a very dubious manner.

"And is Mrs. Polly Morkus still living?" asked the mate.

"Of course she is," said Tom. "When we got home, I took the letter to her, and she was very grateful; and so she gin me sich a buss and a hug, that, somehow or other, *I married her myself!*"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared all, at this conclusion. "So a shark was the means of marrying you!" exclaimed the mate.

"Ay," said Tom, imperturbably. "And I'm not the first honest tar that a 'shark' has married to a widow."

"*Land-sharks*, I s'pose you mean, Tom. And have you got any little shark?"

"Yes, three, and all *white* ones. They're all fond of shark stories, too, and of sharks; though a shark eat up the man that *ought to have* been their father."

It need not be said that this story is "founded on fact."

SCENE WITH A PIRATE.

IN the month of July, 1831, I was on my way from Hull to the Island of Curacoa, on board the British ship *Enterprise*, commanded by Captain Tuttle. We had a fine passage, and were looking forward to the end of our voyage in about a week. —I was the only passenger, and of course was thrown in a great measure on my own resources for amusement, the chief of which was testing the powers of an admirable glass of London manufacture, upon every vessel that showed itself above the horizon. Our captain was kind and civil, but there appeared a mystery about him that he did not like to be pried into, and the communication had in consequence been reserved.

In about latitude twenty degrees and longitude sixty degrees and fifteen minutes, we were running along with a fine fresh breeze abeam, and all our weather studding sails set. I was sitting alone in the cabin, ruminating upon the changes of scene and society into which I had been forced so contrary to my own inclinations, and wondering whether the quiet and happiness of a domestic life was ever to fall to my lot, when the captain came down and told me that, as I was so fond of using my glass, there was a vessel just appearing on the horizon to windward, and that I might go and see what she was, for he could not make her out at all. I went on deck, and mounted into the main-top and began my scrutiny.

‘Well, what is she?’ asked the captain from the deck.

‘I can hardly make her out—but I think she is a schooner.’

‘Aye—what’s her course?’

‘Southwest by south, I think; about the same as ourselves.’

I remained in the top a few minutes, and continued looking at the stranger.

‘She seems fonder of the sea than I am,’ I continued, ‘for she might have her topsails and top-gallants, and studding-sails to boot, all set, instead of slipping along under her lower-sails.’

The captain made no answer, but was looking hard at her with his eye. I now perceived through a glass a white speck above her foresail, flap, flapping against the mast.

‘Well, she must have heard me, for there goes her topsail.’

The captain now went to the companion for his glass, and after looking attentively for a short time—

'What's that?' he asked; 'is that her square sail she's setting? I can't very well see from the deck.'

I looked again.

'Yes 'tis her square sail; as I'm alive, she has changed her course, and is bearing down upon us.'

But by this time the captain had mounted the rigging and was standing beside me; he was eyeing the distant vessel keenly. After having apparently satisfied himself, he asked me to go with him to the cabin, as he wished to talk with me alone. We descended to the deck, and I followed him to the cabin. He motioned me to take a seat, and after carefully shutting the door, said—

'I rather expect that fellow's a pirate.'

'Pirate?' I asked in alarm.

'Yes, I say pirate, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, you see, he'd no business to be sneaking along in that do-little sort of a way, as when we first saw him; who ever, that had any honest business to do, would allow such a fine breeze to go by without showing more canvas than a powder monkey's old breeches to catch it? Next, you see what the mischief he has to do with us, that, as soon as he clapped eyes on us, he must alter his course, and be so anxious to get out his square sail. Again, he looks like one of those imps of mischief, with his low hull, and tall, raking masts. But it's no use talking; I tell you he's a pirate, and that's as true as my name is Isaac Tuttle. And now the only thing is, what shall we do? The Enterprise ain't a clipper, and that 'ere crew will walk up to us like nothing. But I'll tell you what strikes me; if we let them rascals aboard, it's most likely we'll all walk the plank; so we'll try to keep 'em out. We haint got but an old rusty carronade and two six pounders, and I don't believe there's a ball on board, we came off in such a hurry. Then there's two muskets and an old regulation rifle down in my state-room, but they ain't been fired, I don't know when, and I'd as lief stand afore 'em as behind 'em. But our ship's as handsome a looking craft as you'll see; and couldn't we look wicked like now, and try to frighten that cut-throat looking rascal?'

I confess I was at first startled at the captain's opinion of the strange sail, and his reasoning left me hardly a hope that his judgment was not correct; but his cool and collected manner impressed me with confidence in his management, and I told him he knew best what we should do, and I would second him as best I could. He walked up and down the cabin twice; then rubbed his hands together as if pleased with his own idea.

‘I have it,’ he cried, ‘I’ll just go on deck to put things in order, and in the meantime you’d better amuse yourself looking out your pistols, if you have any; for if he won’t be content with a look at us we’ll have to fight.’

I hurriedly took my fowling piece and pistols from their cases, for I fortunately had both; and though I somehow refused to allow myself to believe there would be any occasion for their use, yet I loaded them all with ball, and in each of the pistols put a brace; this done I went on deck, where I found the captain surrounded by his crew, telling them his suspicions and his plan of action.

‘But,’ said he, ‘maybe we’ll have to fight. If them villains have a mind to try us they’ll send a boat on board, and I want to know if you’ll help me keep ’em off. You see it’s most likely they’ll make you walk the plank, whether you fight or not, if they get on board, and I calculate, if you do just as I tell you, we’ll frighten ’em.’

There was a hearty ‘Aye, aye, sir,’ to this short and pithy harangue.

‘Thankee, thankee, boys,’ said the captain, ‘now we’ll not show another stitch of canvas, but seem to take no more notice of the fellow than if we didn’t see him; and if he does try to come on board, then we’ll show ’em what we can do.’

Our captain was about fifty years old, rather short and stout, but muscular; his face was bronzed with time and tempest, and his locks, which had once been black, were grizzled by the same causes. He was an old sailor; and as some of his men told tales of fights in which their captain had borne a part, I presumed he had served, when a young man, in the royal navy.

The crew were busy, in obedience to his orders, cutting up a spare foretop-gallant-mast into logs of about four feet long; these were immediately painted black, with a round spot in the centre of one end, so as to bear a tolerable resemblance to pieces of cannon, and with two old six pounders, were placed, one at each port, on our deck, five on a side: but the ports were to be kept closed until the captain gave the order to open them, when they were to be raised as quickly as possible and the logs to be thrust out about a foot.—A platform was then made on the top of the long boat, which was fixed between the fore and main masts, and the carronade, or fourteen pounder, was hoisted up. These things being arranged, the captain went below, and the crew mustered in knots to wonder and talk of what was to be done.

In the meantime we had been standing on our course, and

had not shifted or hoisted a single sail, but were as if perfectly regardless of the schooner. Not so with her, however; for besides a large square sail and square top-sail on the foremast, she had run out small fore-topmast studding sails, and onward she came, right before a pretty smart breeze, yawing from side to side, at one moment sinking stern foremost into the trough of the sea, as an enormous wave rolled out from under her, and at the next forced headlong onward by her successor, while a broad white sheet of foam spread out around her, giving beautiful relief to the colour of her hull, testifying how rapidly she was going through the water. I could not help thinking of the captain's expression, for she certainly did 'walk up to us like nothing,' and as there appeared to be no time to lose, I went down to assume my weapons.

The captain was there arranging some papers, and a bottle was before him, into which he had put a letter.

'Maybe,' said he, 'something'll happen to me; for if them bloody pirates won't be cheated, I will be the first to suffer; and, natural enough, too, for all the mischief they'll suffer will be by orders, just because I didn't like to be overhauled like an old tarpauling by every rascal who choose to say heave to, on the high seas. But never mind; only should you escape, just drop the bottle and letter over board, if you think you can't deliver it yourself.'

Now I had never seriously considered the probability that I might also be killed in an approaching *mêlée*, for I thought that the captain intended to throw open his ports and show his sham guns, and that, of course, the schooner would take fright. But when he began to talk about death in such a serious strain, I began to feel very uncomfortable; and, not being naturally a warrior, I wished myself any where else than on board the *Enterprise*. There I was, however, without a chance of escape; and I suggested to the captain that it would be as well for me to put a letter in the bottle also, in case of any accident to both of us, which was agreed to; and we arranged that if either survived and had the opportunity, the letter of the unfortunate should be safely forwarded to its destination. After this little piece of preparation the captain took me by the hand.

'Tis well,' said he; 'are you willing to share with me the post of danger? Do not suppose I am unaccustomed to the perils of a sea fight; no, young man, I've supported the glory of our flag in many a gallant action, and have witnessed the death of those honoured and esteemed as the sons of liberty. Yet they were fighting for their country, and it was their duty

to hold their lives cheap ; but you are a passenger, and should be under my protection—yet I ask you to share my danger. I wish some one to stand by me on the platform, and help me to manage the swivel. Hands are scarce, and I don't know where else to place you.'

The hardy fellow's eyes glistened as he made the proposal, to which I, of course, instantly agreed.

'Thankee, thankee,' he replied, and relapsed into his former character.

'Twas strange ; he had always appeared on board his vessel as a common sort of person, with little to say, and with a rough, uncouth manner but little removed from his men ; yet he at once, though evidently inadvertently, assumed the air and manner of a polished gentleman ; and it certainly struck me that the latter character appeared more natural in him than the former. There was evidently a mystery about him, and I determined to find it out when more opportune circumstances should occur.

We went on deck, and the men were still hanging about waiting for the orders of the captain to make them start. These were soon given. The cooper and carpenter were ordered to bring up all hatchets and other offensive and defensive weapons, and with the muskets and rifles they were distributed among the crew, who received their orders to use them in repelling any attempt to board.

The schooner had now come down within half a mile of us, when she suddenly took down her square sail, and hauled her wind, to have a look at us. I dare say she did not know what to make of our seeming indifference.

Presently a cloud of smoke burst from her side, and a ball came skipping over the water and passed astern of us.

'I thought so,' said the captain, 'now lads, show her our ensign.'

A ball of bunting flew up to the end of our mizen peak, rested an instant, and fluttered out into the union jack. The smoke drifted away from the schooner, and she run up at her gaff the ensign of the Columbian republic.

'That's the way with them blackguards ; they're always making a fool of some republic.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when another column of smoke burst from the schooner, and another ball came skip—skipping along towards us, but, catching a swell, it plunged in, and we saw no more of it.

'That fellow, now, I take it, is a good shot, so we'll not wait

for another. Clue up the mainsail, boys; haul aft the weather mainbraces; clue up the foresail; luff her, man, luff her a little more—steady,' burst from our captain's mouth.

The orders were obeyed with the quickness of a well-disciplined crew, and our ship was hove to.

'Now my lads take your stations; four to each port on the weather side; but do nothing till I tell ye.'

The men took their stations as directed, round each log on the weather side, and I followed the captain to the platform where our carronade was mounted. It was loaded to the muzzle with bits of iron, musket balls, lumps of lead and other missiles, for the captain had conjectured truly—there were no balls on board.

The schooner hove to, and a boat was lowered and crowded with men. It approached rapidly, pulled by eight rowers. The muzzle of our carronade was depressed as much as possible, and made to bear on the water about fifty yards from the ship. The captain stood with his speaking trumpet in one hand, and a handspike, with which he shifted the position of the gun as required, in the other.—The schooner's boat approached, and was rapidly pulling to get alongside.

'Now sir, keep steady, and obey my orders coolly,' said the captain in an undertone.

'Boy, fetch that iron that's heated in the galley—run.'

The boy ran, and returned with the iron rod heated at one end, which was handed to me.

'When I tell you to fire, fire, as you value your life and those on board.'

The captain now put his speaking trumpet to his mouth, and hailed the boat which was within a hundred yards of us.

'Stop—no nearer, or I'll blow you all out of the water—keep off, keep off, or, I say, I'll——'

At that instant the man at the bows of the boat, who appeared to take the command, gave an order, and a volley from several muskets was fired at us. I heard the balls hit about me, and turned to look for the captain to receive my order to fire. He was on one knee behind the cannon, and holding it by the breech.

'Why, captain, what's the matter? are you hit?'

He rallied. 'Nothing—they're coming.'

He gave another hoist to the gun, cast his eye hurriedly along its barrel—

'Fire, and be quick!'

I needed not a second bidding, for the boat was close alongside. The smoke burst from the touch-hole with a hiss, and

for an instant I thought the gun had missed fire, but in the next it exploded with a tremendous report that deafened me.

'Throw open your ports, boys, and show them your teeth,' roared the captain through his trumpet, and his voice sounded hideously unnatural.

In an instant every port was up and our guns protruded their muzzles.

I had fancied that I heard a crash, followed by wild screams, immediately upon the discharge of the cannon; but the report had deafened me; and the smoke, which was driven back in my face, had so shrouded me that I could not see; the unearthly shout of the captain had also for the moment driven the idea from my mind, and I now grasped my gun to repel boarders. But my hearing had not deceived me; for, as the smoke was borne away to leeward, the whole scene of destruction burst upon my sight. The cannon had been most truly pointed, and its contents had shivered the hapless boat, killing or wounding almost every person in her.—The longest lifetime will hardly efface that scene from my mind. The stern of the boat had been carried completely away, and it was sinking by the weight of the human beings that clung to it. As it gradually disappeared, the miserable wretches struggled forward to the bows, and with horrid screams and imprecations battled for a moment for what little support it might yield. The dead and the dying were floating and splashing around them, while a deep crimson tinge showed how fatal had been that discharge. Hopes were thrown over, and everything done to save those who were not destroyed by the cannon-shot, but only three out of the boat's crew of twenty-four were saved; the greater part went down with the boat, to which they clung.

The whole scene of destruction did not last ten minutes, and all was quiet again. The bodies of those who had been shot did not sink, but were driven by the wind and sea against the side of the ship. From some the blood was gently oozing, and floated round them; others, stiff in the convulsion in which they had died, were grinning or frowning with horrible expression.

One body, strong and muscular, with neat white trousers, and a leathern girdle, in which was stuck two pistols, floated by, but the face was gone; some merciless ball had so disfigured him, that all trace of human expression was destroyed. He was the pirate captain.

But where was the schooner? She lay for a few minutes after the destruction of her boat; and whether alarmed at our appearance, or horrified at the loss of so many men, I know not,

but she slipped her foresail, and stood away as close to the wind as possible. We saw no more of her.

The excitement of the scenes we had just passed through, prevented our missing the captain; but so soon as the schooner bore away all naturally expected his voice to give some order for again getting under weigh. But no order came. Where was he? The musket discharge from the boat, with the unearthly voice that conveyed the orders for the ports to be thrown open, flashed across my mind. I ran to the platform. The captain was there, lying on his face beside the gun which he had pointed with such deadly effect. He still held the speaking-trumpet in his hand, and I shuddered as I beheld its mouth-piece covered with blood.

'The captain's killed!' I cried, and stooped to raise him.

'I believe I am,' said he; 'take me to the cabin.'

A dozen ready hands were stretched to receive him, and he was taken below and carefully laid on the sofa.

'Ay,' he said, 'I heard the crash; my ear knows too well the crash of shot against a plank, to be mistaken, and my eye has pointed too many guns to miss its mark easily now. But tell me, is any one else hurt?'

'No, thank heaven,' I said, 'and I hope you are not so badly hit.'

'Bad enough. But cut open my waistcoat—'tis here.'

A mouthful of blood stopped his utterance, but he pointed to his right side.

I wiped his mouth, and we cut off his waistcoat as gently as possible. There was no blood, but on removing his shirt we discovered, about three inches on the right of the pit of the stomach, a discoloured spot, about the size of half-a-crown, darkening towards its centre, where there was a small wound. A musket ball had struck him, and from there being no outward bleeding I feared the worst. We dressed the wound as well as circumstances would permit; but externally it was trifling—the fatal wound was within. The unfortunate sufferer motioned for all to leave him but me; and calling me to his side,

'I feel,' said he, 'that I am dying; the letter—promise me that you will get it forwarded—'tis to my poor widow. Well, I've tempted this death often and escaped, and it is hard to be struck by a villain's hand. But God's will be done.'

I promised that I would personally deliver the letter, for that I intended returning to England from Curacoa.

'Thank you truly,' said the dying man, 'you will then see my Helen and my child, and can tell them that their unfortunate

husband and father died thinking of them. This ship and cargo are mine, and will belong to my family. Stranger, I was not always what I now seem. But I could not bear that the captain of the *Enterprise* should be known as he who once—'

A sudden flow of blood prevented his finishing the sentence. I tried to relieve him by a change of posture, but in vain; he muttered some incoherent sentences, by which his mind seemed to dwell on former scenes of battle in the royal service, and of undeserved treatment. He rallied for one instant, and with a blessing for his family, and the name of Helen on his lips, he ceased to breathe.

The body of our unfortunate captain was the next day committed to the waves, amidst the tears of us all. Our voyage was prosecuted to the end without further interruption. I did not forget the wishes of the dying man; how faithfully I fulfilled them, and how I have been rewarded, or how satisfactory to me was the previous history of the poor captain, need not be told. Suffice it to say that I am settled in Elm Cottage, Bloomingdale, and the happiest son-in-law, husband and father in the kingdom.

A RACE WITH A FLOOD TIDE.

WHILE engaged coaling ship, on the west coast of Kamtschatka, a number of us met with a disagreeably exciting adventure.

We had been on shore hunting all day, and the officer of the deck had sent a boat for us towards the evening, with orders to 'work until the officers came down, and then to bring them on board.' The firemen and the boat's crews having worked at the coal as long as the tide would permit, had returned on board, shortly after noon, for the purpose of getting a few hours' rest, previous to the arrival of the next tide, for, as I have already remarked, we had to consult the height of the water in the selection of our working hours, and this often resulted in our devoting the day to sleep and the night to work.

Now the coxswain of this boat, which had been sent to take us off, instead of keeping her at the end of the promontory,

where there was even at dead low tide, water enough to float her, had pulled in over the mud-flat, and hauled her up on the beach, half way between that point and the coal vein, and then, with the rest of the crew, walked along the beach, a distance of nearly a mile, to the expiring fire which had been left by the firemen when they went on board. There they piled on a fresh supply of coal, and seating themselves around it, began smoking their pipes, telling their several histories, spinning yarns, and making themselves as generally comfortable as the cold air and their wet feet would admit of. And this was the state of affairs that existed when our party arrived, and asked,

‘Well, boys! where’s the boat?’

‘Down along the beach, sir!’ said the coxswain, as he jumped to his feet, and started off towards her. ‘We hauled her up nicely, clear of the water, before we came up, and buried the anchor in the sand. She cannot get away, sir.’

‘I suppose not,’ I replied. ‘Why didn’t you leave half the crew in her to keep her afloat? There’s half a mile of mud between her and the water by this time.’

And so it proved to be, for when we had turned a point and got her in view, we saw the whole flat before us, without sign of water near it, and thus found ourselves under the necessity of waiting for the next tide; three or four long, inactive hours to be passed in the cold air, with our weary limbs and our empty stomachs as our only companions; the idea of dragging the boat through a half mile of mud and rocks being of course out of the question.

‘A stupid piece of work, altogether!’ remarked one of the party, in an irritated voice. ‘It is singular how many jackasses there are in this world.’

The coxswain here looked very guilty, and to hide his confusion, suddenly discovered an imaginary coal vein in the precipitous side of the mountain on our right.

‘Never mind finding any more coal,’ I observed to him. ‘What I want you to do now, is to take two of the crew with you, and go and stay by the boat until the tide rises, then bring her up along the beach as the water deepens. We’ll go back by the fire until then, and meet you as you come up.’

So the rest of us retraced our steps, piled on more coal, and tried to imagine ourselves in a very comfortable situation.

By-and-by, as we were seated round the blazing pile, limbs began to feel less weary under the influence of returning warmth, eyes began to grow heavy in about the same proportion, heads began to bob spasmodically, and even the breathing of

some to become heavy and regular. Not a word had been spoken for—I can't say how long, for mine was one of those bobbing heads, and time had assumed a most misty appearance in its drowsy chambers.

Suddenly we were roused by shouts, away down the beach; and springing to our feet, we found that night was closing around us, that the fire had burned quite low, and that hurried feet were approaching us from the direction of the boat. Excited voices, too, were borne to us upon the damp night air, telling us that something wrong had turned up at the boat, and awakening us most effectually. The next moment the breathless coxswain and his two companions rushed into sight, exclaiming at the top of their voices,

'Come on, sir! Come quick, Mr. Smith! The tide's a rising fast, and we've come up to let you know.'

I don't know that I ever felt more like knocking a man down in my whole life than I did at that moment. As for Vel Lager, he actually foamed at the mouth, in his desperate attempts to command enough English to convey his emotions.

That fellow had been left by the boat with the previously mentioned orders, and instead of obeying them, he had become frightened at the noise of the swelling tide, and wasted precious time by coming almost a mile to tell us that it was rising. And now we were left with but one alternative; we must either be content to remain where we were, out of reach of the water, and leave the boat to beat about in the surf, and be probably drifted out to sea, or we must make a run for it, and try to reach her before the tide rose so high as to cover the beach and drown all who should not be able to swim back. We had travelled up and down that beach day and night, and knew well enough that there would be no use in trying to climb up those steep, and almost perpendicular walls, when the water should wash us from our feet; our only hope would be in the untiring arm of the practised swimmer.

It was something of more than ordinary importance upon which we were now called upon to decide; and I am free to acknowledge, as I look back upon that darkening night, that I might have acted with much more prudence than I did, when some one cried out,

'Let us run for it! there is yet time.'

I stopped to think no longer, but dropping my gun on the beach, and telling one of the men to come on with it as fast as he could, I started off at a full run, and was followed by the entire party.

And such a run as that was. I never was engaged in anything approaching it before—I hope never to be engaged in anything similar to it again.

The lingering twilight of the almost endless arctic day was at length giving place to the tardy night. The atmosphere was just cool enough to keep one from getting warm, even by running, and the confounded ‘boot-jack mixture’ that was constantly crossing our path, more than once threw me down, at the imminent risk of breaking some limb, or even my neck. I could hear the increasing surging of the flood-tide as it rolled towards us, and the decreasing noise made by my companions as they hurried along after me; I was evidently distancing them slowly, and nearing the tide-rip rapidly.

I was either the worst scared man in the party, or had the lightest pair of legs, one of the two. And I remember that thought flashing through my mind, and causing me to laugh, as I looked ahead to the next breakfast table, and heard some one say:

‘Oh! but you should have seen Smith run, that was the best part of it all.’

I heard this in the imaginary future, I say, and smiled, but I expect it was a most ghastly attempt.

At any rate it was of short duration, for it fled before the increasing noise of the nearing tide, and left me with a feeling of startled alarm. It was much more like a bad scare, the feeling that possessed me, as my left foot just then sank into a streak of the ‘mixture,’ and caused me to measure my length on what fortunately proved to be good hard sand.

That particular streak happened to be narrow, and I was carried over it by my momentum, and was, moreover, very well satisfied to be able to pick myself up again, rub my skinned elbows, and continue the race with anything but decreased speed.

There were two high points between our starting point and boat, which ran down across the beach to about half tide mark, and I had now arrived at the first of them, just as the advancing ripple commenced to wash it. Doubling around it at full speed, with the water already ankle deep, I shouted to them behind, ‘Bear a hand! bear a hand!’ and dashed along the next stretch of beach for the last point.

I now began to feel a little the worse for exercise. My skin was hot and dry. My knees decidedly weaker than at first; while my chest and throat actually seemed to burn under the constant friction of heavy and rapid breathing. My eyes too

were dimmed by the extreme exertion, and a dizzy feeling about the brain advised me to slacken up or risk a probable fall. Still, knowing that everything now depended upon some one reaching the boat before she was washed away, and knowing also that I was the nearest one to her, it became me to continue lifting my feet up and putting them down again as fast as possible. Could I but weather this point all would be well, for I could then get into the boat and bring her around it for those who might arrive too late. It was this consideration, which, combined with my 'badly scared condition,' served to keep me up to my speed, while I felt every moment more and more like fainting.

At times I thought of giving in in spite of all this, but then I cast my eyes from the inclined, wedge-like surface of the foaming waters to the dark outlines of the point which was now only a few hundred yards ahead, and reflecting that I had only to round the latter and put my head on the boat's gunwale I straightened up bravely, (in spite of my alarm,) and threw myself boldly towards it, though my knees did tremble, my feet came down rather wildly, and my eyes grew dimmer and dimmer under such a combination of excitement and exertion.

Finally it was reached. And as I dragged myself heavily around it through the knee-deep water that broke around me, I saw the boat rolling from bilge to bilge in the rising surf, a few rods ahead, and was so enlivened by the sight that I expended much of my remaining breath in an encouraging shout to my following companions. I had not arrived much more than a minute or two too soon; a few moments later and she would have been afloat, possibly drifting out into the bay, and leaving us to swim, climb up the steep and crumbling sides of the promontory or—sink.

I staggered up to her unsteady side, and grasping her gunwales with both hands strove to shove her into deep water, but my strength was all gone; I felt at once that I was powerless while alone, and so with an exhibition of what I call a vast amount of common sense, I crawled over into the stern sheets, and was rolled from side to side for a minute or more until the others came up and pushed her into deep water. I was used up.

We now got out our oars, and while doing so drifted by the point we had so lately waded around, and one of the crew shoving his boathook over the side, found four feet water, where a minute before it had been but knee deep. We looked at the hopeless hill side, shuddered and felt thankful.

'You ought to have seen Smith run,' remarked one of the party at breakfast, next morning. And Smith laughed, and such a laugh. The next day we were again under way with bunkers full of coal, that had cost the Government nothing, and our apparently endless work still looming up ahead of us.

THE SAILOR'S REVENGE.

It was in the month of October, 1840, that I shipped as second mate on the Nautilus,—a crazy, care-worn old craft, built on the old plan, similar to a tub, not to say that she was of circular form, but straight up and down on sides, bow and stern,—bound on a three years' cruise on the Spanish American coast, and with a consignment of merchandise to a partner of the firm, in whose employ the vessel sailed at Rio.

The rigging and spars of the ship were new, and how the owners could refit such a hulk as she appeared to be, I could not for my life conceive. She resembled to me some antiquated dame, whose form everlasting time had touched with no light hand, gaudily attired in a new, flaunting bonnet, and other 'fixings' to match, not with her, but the bonnet. But despite the old whip's looks, she was a clean-bottomed craft, a good sailer, and a stout piece of sea-going wood.

But I took the offer as second mate. My predilections for a sea life had grown upon me, instead of being worn off by a contact with salt water, as my relations had hoped and often predicted. I was advised by Captain M——, the commander of the Bolter, the vessel in which I had made my preceding voyage, (who also recommended me to the owner and Captain of the Nautilus, without my knowledge,) to accept the situation, as it would advance me in the profession I had chosen and was ardently attached to.

The usual matters of storing the vessel, getting ready to leave port, &c., will be of no amusement to the reader, so let him imagine an elapse of some days, during which time I had full employment for my mind, hands and feet, and that we had gotten underweigh and were standing out of the Bay of Manhattan, with a capfull of wind to the westward, that urged the ship on at a very respectable rate. The duties of second mate

on board a vessel like the *Nautilus* were none of the lightest or most agreeable, for in the absence of a boatswain, I had, aside from the duties attached to my real situation, those appertaining to that office to perform. The stowage, rigging, spars, &c., all came upon me to take care of, as did also the spare bits of rigging, sails, spare spars. I had to have my wits constantly about me—to know where to lay my hands on anything when wanted, and in fact I was the servant of the whole. The men, too, care little for a second ‘dickey,’ as the officer who holds the position of second mate is called. He (as they regard him) is a sort of go-between—neither one nor the other—a sort of loblolly—officer.

I had scarcely seen the first officer from the time I had shipped till the time we had got underweigh. Once or twice he came on board, but from his appearance there arose in my mind a feeling of dislike towards him. His physiognomy was not frightful, but a sort of sneering, imperious smile, continually hovered upon it. And his manners were brutal and overbearing. I put him down in my mind, as a petty tyrant, ‘clothed with a little brief authority;’ nor was I much in error.

Captain J——, my commander, was one of those easy-going lazy-bodies, that are often met with afloat or ashore—one who dislikes everything where labour, mental or physical, was required. So long as he remained at ease he was content, but when called up from repose, was testy as a spoilt child. The men were a mixed class of old salts and green-horns. As a whole, they were as good a company as could be got on a vessel like the *Nautilus*. I thought that, after all, my situation was as good as circumstances would permit. But this was a mistake, as events amply proved afterwards.

We had been out three or four days, when the wind chopped round to the north-east, and commenced blowing a gale, with a cold sleety storm of rain. The first intimation old Boreas gave to us of his humour, was a low dark cloud, resting on the verge of the horizon, which spread and loomed up till the whole heaven above us was sheeted in black. We were prepared to meet it.

A little incident transpired about this time which may be regarded as the ‘beginning of the end’ of my story.

While we were getting things ‘snug’ to meet the storm, a youthful seaman, named Johnson, let fall a block, from which he had unreeved the fall, accidentally. It struck Phillips, the first-mate, who ordered him down with an imprecation that had no savour of refinement about it.

As Johnson reached the deck, Phillips ordered him to go forward, coupled with an epithet too opprobrious to repeat.

The youthful sailor sprang upon his insulter and with a blow dashed him to the deck. It was the work of a moment, but ere he could inflict more injury to the mate he was seized and placed below in confinement. The blow did no more hurt than to blacken the eyes of Phillips. But when he rose from the deck he fairly raved and foamed in his rage, swearing that he would give the sailor a lesson that he would not soon forget. His face, distorted by rage and blackened by the blow, looked frightfully ludicrous. For my part, I had acquitted Johnson of all blame. He had done no more than that which the meanest-spirited wretch would have done under the same provocation.

The storm gave us but little trouble, except to make us feel uncomfortable—a thing which it is the peculiar province of a storm to do. It lasted throughout the day and night, clearing up late in the forenoon of the morrow. From this date commenced a series of troubles, which grew worse every day; and at the first port we touched, two of our best men deserted from the ship. But I am anticipating.

During the storm, the spleen and ill-humour of Phillips was vented upon the men, all of whom bore the abuse without remonstrance, either because they regarded him severely enough punished already, or not, I am unable to determine. The mate's deportment towards me was far different; whether it was a something in my looks which deterred him from bullying me, or my station, I cannot say. I think it very possibly might have been the former, for every one else, beside me, came in for a share of his abuse.

Captain J—— dogged away the time in his cabin, that he ought to have employed in the care of his vessel. He appeared to resign the charge and control of his ship into the hands of his chief mate, and lolled away his time in smoking and drinking. Phillips was now the commander of the vessel, although another held that title, and I verily believe that the weak-minded being J—— was controlled by the bold, assuming mate.

'Mr. H——,' said Phillips to me on the afternoon of the day succeeding the storm, 'you will see everything ready for the punishment of the dog who dared to strike his officer.'

This was no more than I expected, but I observed to him that I thought it was due to my office to have spoken to me before the sentence had been resolved upon.

'Why, H——,' said the wretch in a wheedling tone, that almost tempted me to give him the same chastisement that he

had received from Johnson over again. 'I declare you are too jealous. The man ought to be punished, to make an example against future occurrences.'

I knew it would avail but little to parley words with him; that he had already persuaded the captain into his scheme for the punishment of the affront to his office, and set about the work with a determination that it should be made as light as possible for poor Johnson.

Everything was put in place, the call sounded, the men took their stations, and Johnson was brought up from below. He was released from the fetters and commanded by Phillips to strip. Not a muscle moved, he turned and gave the mate a look of most dignified contempt, (if the expression be a proper one,) that could be imagined. He was pale, but the ashy hue was not of fear of the punishment itself; it was caused by the disgrace of the thing, and indignation of the injustice he was to meet with, and all for asserting his manhood by chastising the wretch who insulted him.

'Strip the rascal!' exclaimed the mate, in a transport of rage.

His back was bared, and he was lashed to one of the guns by a stout seaman, who performed the action with evident dissatisfaction. But it was his duty, for he had been advanced to the berth of boatswain, or boatswain's mate on the second day out.

'Now lay it on, good and strong!' shouted the mate.

The cat-o'-nine was raised, and it descended on the crawling flesh, with a sharp, whistling sound as it cleared the air. A single exclamation burst from the prisoner at the stinging cut of the lash. Another and another blow was struck. At the fifth, the lash cut the flesh, and a stream of blood started from the quivering flesh.

'Lay it down harder!' exclaimed Phillips, enjoying the torture the poor sailor was undergoing, with all the ferocity of the savage of the Caribbean Isles.

The man paused for a moment, and I whispered in his hearing,

'For the love of God, don't strike him harder!' I fancied the mate heard me, for as I turned, methought there was a lurking devil in the look that he gave me.

'Cut the blood out of him!' he added, in a tone of devilish glee.

Full thirty lashes had been struck, when one of the men cried out—

'Good God! he's dead!'

‘Stop!’ said Captain J—— to the man, the first word he had given utterance to all this while. ‘Take him from that gun!’ There was a sternness in his tone, something like a manly sound. The sight had aroused his sluggish nature even, and brought him to a sense of the injustice of the act.

The lashings were quickly cast off. It did indeed appear as if the vital spark had fled. He was inanimate, motionless; and around his unclosed eyes, which were horribly bloodshot, were black hideous circles. It was a sight of horror. That life still remained was soon ascertained by the slow beating of the pulse, and he was taken below senseless, a cloth wetted with the briny flood about us having been thrown across his bleeding back, to check the blood from flowing too freely, as well as to heal the lacerated flesh.

Everything went wrong after this. The ship’s crew became moody and morose, and went through the routine of duty with a sullenness which was plainly indicative of their feelings. They felt that they were no longer men; but condemned to be tyrannized over like a gang of slaves. Another such punishment and they would have mutinied. No mark of respect was shown to Phillips; he was no longer an officer, except in name on the ship’s books. Every look turned towards him by the men showed that he was the object of their hate. Sullen, threatening looks were given him by all.

The voyage to Rio, not long in reality, appeared an age, —everything lagged. It was a miserably wearisome, dull passage; at length, however, we arrived in port. Here the two mentioned swam to the shore during the night, and never returned. Others would, no doubt, have done the same thing, had not a guard of Brazilian soldiers been set to prevent further experiments of the like character. We lay here a day or two, unshipping the goods consigned to the branch partner of the New York firm.

It was a mild afternoon on one of those days that the circumstance, which gives my yarn its name, happened. There was but a slight breath of air stirring, just enough to cause a ripple on the water’s surface. The weather was calm and balmy as an August day, and the officers and men were lounging about the decks, the latter engaged in mending and patching up old garments or in conversation. We had delivered over to the consignee the goods entrusted to him, and the hatches were again battened down, so to remain till we had weathered the stormy Cape and reached the western coast of South America, where we are expected to open a brisk trade among the Dons.

Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' together with the loud splash of a body in the water, roused every one from apathy. Simultaneous with the cry there came another of, 'Shark! shark!'

Every one was at the ship's side in a moment. It was Phillips who had fallen overboard, and as he rose above the surface with his face towards us, there was such an expression on his features that made us mute. Years have passed since then, but it hangs on my memory still, and time will never efface from my memory that look of terror and supplication. The water was clear as crystal, and two huge sharks were seen skimming along just beneath the surface, their large black fins just rising above the water. As the form of Phillips sank, another splash was heard, and in a moment Johnson reappeared above the surface, grasping the drowning man's clothes. There was no boat easy to be launched, and no time to lose, for the monsters of the deep were close by them.

'A rope! quick!' shouted Johnson with tremendous energy. The dāvit falls were let run. Phillips, on being raised for the little time above the surface by the young seaman, recovered his senses. He grasped the block with both hands, and was swayed up in a moment. Johnson made an attempt to grasp the other which had been loosed; but a cry that sent a thrill of horror to our hearts, told the fatal truth. He had been seized by a shark. A bloody hue on the water for a moment, which was soon blended in the green of the sea, alone marked the spot where he had perished in his noble attempt to save the life of his enemy.

Phillips from that day was a changed man. Through the remainder of that voyage he was ever yielding, kind, and at times he appeared even to solicit the friendship of the rough tars. He never could hear the name of poor Johnson mentioned without the trickling tear came. We made our voyage pleasantly enough, with but this one incident. Phillips is now a captain, or at least was, of a merchant ship, in the employ of H. & Brothers.

SPIRITUAL FORESIGHT.

A REMINISCENCE.

THE third day of my stay at Havre, as I sat by my window reading a French edition of Cooper's 'Last of the Mohicans,' to an accompaniment of rattling sashes, played upon by the fists of a rude north-easter, a cry of distress, piercing and agonized, and coming apparently from the next room, sent a chill, foreboding of I knew not what, through my heart. The book fell from my hand, and trembling excessively, I made my way to the door. A waiter was hurrying past, but stopped to inform me that the lady in the next room had a singular fit. 'She was,' he said, 'wife to the captain with whom my friends had embarked.' This was all I could gather from the garçon; but just as he left, a lady stepped from the next room in great agitation. She motioned me toward her, and led me into the room. Three or four ladies were endeavouring to hold the unfortunate wife in a large chair. Her dark hair fell in glossy masses to her feet. Her eyes were fixed wildly on the sea, which was tossing before the open window. One hand tightly grasped the landlady's robe, the other was pressed to her heart. Her face was as rigid as marble, and as colourless.

'Let me go!' she cried; 'I can save them. See, see! oh, why cannot you see! Hist! how the water gurgles, gurgles through the port-holes! 'Tis he, 'tis he!—Harry, Harry!'—here she shrieked fearfully, and struggled to free herself. 'He is sinking—I *must* save him; Let me go!' I aided the others in holding her, for they were quite exhausted. She turned her eyes, for the first time, from the water, as I grasped her form. She gazed into my face a moment. 'All gone!' she murmured faintly, shaking her head as she spoke; 'the mast parted; she sunk! all swept down! Her hair looked like the sea-weed. Harry, my Harry! will no one save you? See! see! how the plank tosses!' She shook fearfully: I expected every moment to see her die with mental agony. For several minutes she trembled in this manner, without speaking, and her eyes fixed on the heaving sea. At length, with a sigh, she closed her eyes, and sank into a deep swoon, as she softly whispered: 'Gone, all gone!'

The ladies retired to rest, leaving the patient with the doctor

and myself. The former had just arrived. She laid motionless for two hours, then the colour gradually came to lip and cheek, and a deep sigh heralded her returning consciousness. She opened her eyes, pressed her hand to her forehead, and said:—‘Such a dream—awful!’ She endeavoured to rise, but in vain. The physician desired her to keep quiet, for she had fainted, and any exertion would make her dream again. As her strength returned, her frenzy became again apparent. On the second day of her illness, after the physician had reduced her by bleeding, she motioned me to her side. The tears fell fast on her pillow, and with broken accents she said: ‘Was it a dream?’

I shuddered: since her first frenzy a dread fear had haunted me. I had been, and was then, as now, a believer in spiritual foresight and prophetic admonitions. ‘A dream?’ I inquired; ‘what was a dream? Of what are you thinking?’

‘Oh, that terrific sight!—Harry and all sinking, sinking!’

‘Yes, dear creature, that was a sort of dream, certainly.’

‘Have you heard? Are they safe? Is all well?’

‘I have heard nothing to the contrary.’

‘You will—you will!’ she hid her face in the pillow. I could hear her praying softly for resignation. The landlady entered. She was deathly pale.

‘The “Oberon” has arrived,’ she whispered. ‘They passed a ——’

‘No more,’ I cried, overcome with horror. ‘She saw it?’ I pointed to the invalid.

‘Yes!’ gasped the terror-stricken woman; ‘all is lost!’ She hurried to the window. The invalid raised herself half out of bed—she had caught one word.

‘Lost! you know it now; you would not let me save him!’ She fell back on her pillow, struggled for a moment, then life passed away with her prophetic spirit.

To this day the image of Anna’s sister often rises to memory, as described by the poor wife. ‘Her long hair looking like the sea-weed.’ The ‘Oberon’ picked up one body, which proved to be the captain. He was lashed to a plank, and no doubt could have been saved had the ‘Oberon’ arrived a few hours sooner to the site of the wreck. It was a satisfaction to us all that husband and wife were buried together. She generally accompanied her husband, but was prevented this trip by the illness of her sister. This lady recovered her health, and sailed in the next vessel. She wrote a letter to us all from her home in Baltimore. I received and ~~read~~ ^{read} beside Anna’s grave. A

year afterward she revisited Havre, in buxom health, accompanying her husband, also a sea-captain. For aught I know to the contrary, she is living yet.

THE SIGNAL GUNS.

I REMEMBER an occurrence connected with one of the voyages which I made across the Atlantic, which exhibited, by a fearful example, how potent an ally the imagination may become to the conscience in its persecution of the guilty.

Late in the autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy. The delay which would have occurred by coming to New York to embark, and the inconvenience of travelling by land at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in a vessel which was about to sail from Charleston, laden with cotton for Marseilles. The ship was commanded by Captain S., who was also the owner of the cargo.

Without any note-worthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marseilles; the vessels exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and went on again in their several courses. When the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our captain read with unexpected delight that so small was the supply of cotton in the market, and so strong the demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it might command any price which the avarice of the owner should dictate. The wind, which had been for some days setting a little towards the south, was at this time getting round to the east, and promised to bring us without delay directly to the Mediterranean. The captain perceived that, by availing himself to the utmost of this refreshing breeze, he might, pretty certainly, realize a splendid fortune; a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most enthusiastic joy. Every sail was expanded to the wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning a light was descried in the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived it was a ship on fire. The light increased every moment, and the signal guns fell upon our ears with distressing rapidity. The captain was at this time pacing the deck, as he had done almost constantly since the intelligence had reached him from the passing vessel; for the restlessness of expectation scarcely allowed him to repose for a moment. His eyes were directed resolutely towards the north, and though the light now glared unshunnable, and the frequent shots could not be unheard, and the commotion and exclamations of the passengers could not be unnoticed, his glance never fell upon the object which engrossed all others.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement among the passengers and crew at the silence of the captain, the steersman called to him, and asked if he should not turn out to the distressed vessel, but the other rudely ordered him to attend to his own concerns. A little while after, at the solicitation of the whole company on board, I went up to the captain and informed him that I deemed it my duty to tell him that the universal desire of the crew was that relief should be given to the burning ship. He replied with agitation that the vessel could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind; and immediately went down to the cabin and locked the door. He was a kind-hearted fellow by nature, and on ordinary occasions few would have taken greater trouble to benefit a fellow being. But the prospect of riches was too much for his virtue; the hope of great gain devoured all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but lament the master's cruelty, and submit to it. They watched the fiery mass, conscious that a large company of their brethren were perishing within their sight, who, by their efforts, might probably be saved.

It was after several hours that the captain appeared again upon the deck, and from his appearance then, I imagined that the conflict during his solitude must have been severe and trying. I stood near him as he came up. His face had a rigid yet anxious look: the countenance of a man who braved, yet feared some shock. His back was turned to the quarter from which we came, and in that position he addressed to me calmly

some indifferent observations. While the conversation went on, he cast frequent and hurried glances to the south and east till his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that the ship was no longer in view; he then turned round with an affected gaiety, but a real uneasiness which was apparent in the random character of his remarks, drew out his glass, and having, by a long and scrutinizing examination, satisfied his fears, at length recovered his composure.

When we reached our destination, I found a ship just preparing to sail for Florence, and I took my passage, leaving the captain to dispose of his cargo at his pleasure. About eight months after this, when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I was sitting in a private ~~saloon~~ ^{saloon} of a London hotel, when a letter was put into my hands from Captain S. It stated, that the writer, who was in the city, had heard of my arrival, and would esteem it a very great kindness if I would visit him at my earliest leisure; my coming would be of the utmost importance to himself and others; his servant, it added, waited to show me the way. I immediately set out to comply with his request.

Upon entering the room I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He was thin, pale and haggard, with a wildness of eye that almost indicated that his reason was unsettled. He testified much joy at seeing me, and desiring me to be seated began his communication.

'I have taken the liberty,' said he, 'of desiring your company at this time, because you are the only person in London to whom I can venture to make application; and I am going to lay upon you a commission, to which I am sure you will not object. The circumstances of your voyage to Marseilles will occur to your mind without my repeating them; I sold my cargo upon the most advantageous terms; and was rendered at once a rich man. The possession of wealth was new to me, and its enjoyment added, in my case, to its usual gratification, the charm of novelty. In the capital of France I spent many weeks of the highest pleasure, until one day on entering a cafe I took up a gazette, and my eyes fell upon the account of the awful burning of H. B. M. ship ——. The announcement fell upon me like the bolt of heaven. My heart beat and my frame shivered; but I read every word of the article. The vessel which I passed the day before had seen the light from a great distance and immediately put back to render assistance, but arrived too late to rescue more than two of the crew.—They reported that a vessel passed to the north of them within half

an hour's sail, but paid no regard to the repeated signals; upon the commander of that ship, the article concluded, must rest the loss of the two hundred persons.

'My peace of mind was gone for ever. My ingenuity could devise no sophistry which suggested comfort. Wherever I went, that day I was haunted by remorse. I retired to bed that I might forget in sleep the tortures of the day; but a terrific dream brought before my mind the whole scene of the conflagration, with the roar of the signal guns. I awoke with horror. Thrice on the same night did I compose myself to sleep, and thrice was I awakened by the repetition of the dream. For many hours on the succeeding day my spirits were shockingly depressed, but the gay company which I frequented gradually restored me to serenity, and by night I was tolerably composed. But the evening again brought terror; the same vision rushed upon my mind and racked it to agony, whenever I fell into a slumber. Perceiving that if I yielded to this band of tormentors I should quickly be maddened by suffering, I resolved to struggle with remorse and to harden my heart against conscience. I succeeded always, when awake, in mastering the emotion, but no power on earth could shield me from the torments of sleep. Imagining at length that the prostrate position of my bed might be one cause of the vividness of my dream, I took the resolution of sleeping upright in a chair while my servant watched by me. But no sooner did my head drop upon my breast in insipid slumber than the fire again tortured my brain; the booming guns rang again upon my inward ear.

I sought all diversions; I wandered all over Europe, seeking to relieve myself of the domination of this fantasy, by perpetual change of sights and succession of sounds; but in vain. Daily the horrid picture more and more enslaved my imagination, until at length even in walking, while my eye rested in vacancy, a burning ship was painted in the air, and with my waking ears I heard the eternal guns. The horror has absorbed my being. I am separated from the world by a circle of fire; I breathe the stifling air of hell. Even now, I see nothing but the wide sea and the incessant flame upon it; I hear now the agonizing signal, boom! boom!

The unfortunate man paused for a moment, and upon human face never yet saw I such anguish. He resumed in a few moments his account.

'This must soon end. The purpose for which I have sent for you is briefly this—The whole sum of money which I gained

by my ship's cargo is in the bank of England, I shall order in my will that every cent of it shall obey your disposal. I wish you to discover the families of those who perished in this vessel; you will learn their names by inquiring at the admiralty. I will contribute to them every cent of the money. You will not deny the last request of a dying man; promise me that you will faithfully perform my wish?"

I gave him the promise which he desired, and I left him. That night Captain S. took poison.

THE CABIN-BOY.

ON my way across the Sounds I fell in with two old sea captains—John Streeter and Asa Morton—with whom I had some slight acquaintance. Streeter was all of three-score, and had followed the sea during most of his life. Morton was considerably younger, but still a seaman of much experience. The subject of the abolition of flogging in our navy came up in course of conversation, and Captain Morton expressed himself very decidedly in favour of keeping up that time honoured institution of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

"I am not prepared to say," remarked Captain Streeter, in reply, "that the condition of our man-o'-war-men will be in every case benefited by the abolition of flogging, though I am that it *might* be so. The results must, after all, depend upon the habits and dispositions of the officers. The simple hanging up of the 'cat' and 'colt' cannot prevent ill-tempered, brutal commanders and lieutenants from treating their men like brutes. Still, I regard the movement as the commencement of a needed reform; though 'tis a pity that the reform could not commence in another quarter."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why," returned the old captain, with a touch of indignation in his emphasis, "if they would commence the reform where the evil is firmest rooted, they would reform the officers first. Give our men-o'-war humane and kind-hearted officers, and there would be no need of resorting to legal enactments for the comfort of the men. A tyrant will be a tyrant still, whether he have the cat in his hand or not, and the men must suffer under him. He will find plenty of brutal and degrading modes of venting his vengeance. I tell you, sailors take their cue of habit from their superiors much more than is generally imagined."

"But," said Morton, "do I understand you to mean that flogging is never necessary on board a ship?"

"I mean more than that," answered Streeter, "I mean that the officers have it within their power to do away with nearly all kinds of punishment—I mean, of course, for such offences as are usually punished on shipboard."

"For my part," returned Morton, "I should not care to take command of a ship if the power to punish refractory seamen as I thought proper was taken from me."

"Well," resumed Captain Streeter, "I used to think so. In fact there were few masters more passionate and severe than I was. Men used to run away from me, and on more than one occasion my very life has been in danger from the vengeance of men whom I had abused. I used the cat and the rope's end almost as freely as I used my tongue; and I used to wonder how it happened that I always had the good luck to get such bad men."

"When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship 'Petersham.' She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety; but her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her so I would not refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran afoul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not more than six or eight feet of the ice was out of the water, it having been nearly all melted away in the warmer water of the Gulf-stream. I did not think that we had sustained any injury, for the shock was very slight; but I was very angry and gave the lookout a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the berg in season to escape it.

"My cabin-boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from a widowed mother and had promised her that I would see him well treated—that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick, intelligent lad; but I soon made myself believe that he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of youthful humanity that I had ever come across. I made up my mind that he had never been properly governed, and I forthwith resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper for him before I had done with him. In reply he told me I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the mizzen-top-gallant halliards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he had got enough, and he told me that

I might flog more if I wished to. I felt a strong temptation to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about that boy's disposition I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would start off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

"One day, when it was very near noon, I spoke to him and told him to go below and bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter-rail, and I knew he did not hear me, and the next time I ripped out an oath, and intimated that if he didn't move I'd help him.

"I did'n hear ye," he said, in rather an independent tone.

"No words," said I.

"I 'spose I can speak," he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion-way.

"His look, and his words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar.

"Speak to me again like that," said I, "and I'll flog you within an inch of your life!"

"You can flog away," he replied, as firm and undaunted as a rock.

"And I did flog him. I caught up the end of the first rope that came handy, and beat him till my arm fairly ached. But he never even winced.

"How's that?" said I.

"There's a little more life in me yet than you'd better flog out," was his reply.

"And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and then I sent one of the men after my quadrant. When it came, and I had adjusted it for my observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and that I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down and swore that I would keep him there until his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon—not with any compunctions for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool stern

opposition. 'But I *will* do it,' I said to myself. 'By the heavens above me, I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation!'

"After supper I went to the hatchway, and called out to him, but he returned me no answer. So I closed the hatch and went away. At ten o'clock I called again, and again I got no answer. I might have thought the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they had heard him, not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again till the next morning; but I went to the hatchway after breakfast, and called out to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him—I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times, but he would make me no answer; and yet the same men told me that they had heard him talk that very morning. He seemed to be calling for them to help him. He would ask them for help, but he would not ask me. I meant to break him into it. 'He'll beg before he'll starve,' I thought; and so I determined he should stay there. I supposed he had crawled forward to the fore-castle bulkhead in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked to be permitted to go down and look after him, but I refused. I threatened to punish the first men who dared to go down.

"At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came I began to be startled. I thought of how many good qualities the boy had; and I thought of his widowed mother. He had been thirty-six hours in the hole, and all of forty without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if the boy died there from absolute starvation, it might go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off, and I jumped down upon the boxes alone. A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might have gone down, and to that point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out here but could hear no answer. A short distance further was a wider space, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would have let anything that might have been stowed there rest directly upon the outer planking of the ship.

"To this place I made my way, and looked down. I heard the splashing of water, and thought I could detect a sound like

the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing, but as soon I became used to the dim light I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy, at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting upon the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him, and I thought he looked up.

"'Jack,' I said, 'are you there?'

"And he answered me in a faint, weary tone—

"'Yes—help me! In God's name, help me! Bring men, and bring a lantern—the ship has sprung a leak!'

"I hesitated, and he added, in a more eager tone—

"'Make haste! I can hold it till you come back.'

"I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and when I saw it all I could hardly realise the evidences of my own senses. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had broken, and would burst in at any moment the boy might leave it. He sat there with his back upon it, and his feet braced against the cask before him. Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the skin. I saw that the plank must burst in the moment the strain was removed from it, so I had my men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up. Other men were called down with planks and adzes, and with much care and much trouble, we finally succeeded in stopping the leak, and averting the danger. The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would have let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long ere we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I knew it must be where the ice-berg had hit us.

"Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell me his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold he crawled forward, and when his eyes became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead-lights, he looked about for a snug place in which to lie, for his limbs were stiff and sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound, like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open space in the cargo, and looked down, and he was sure he saw a small jet of water spurting up from the ship's bottom. He leaped down, and in a few moments found that the timbers had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank and found it broken,

and also discovered that the pressure of the water without was forcing it inward. He had sense enough to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship must be lost and perhaps all hands perish! And he saw, too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask; and then he called for help. But he was so far away, so low down—with such a dense mass of cargo about him—that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but they thought he was talking with himself!

"And there he sat with his feet thus braced, for four-and-twenty long, dreary hours, with the water spurting in tiny streams, all over him, drenching him to the skin. He had thought several times of going to the hatch-way and calling for help; but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His strength was failing him—his limbs were racked with pain—but he would not give up. I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come as I did. He answered me that he could not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself—he was ready to die—but he would save the rest if he could. And he had saved us—surely saved us from a watery grave.

"That boy lay sick in the cabin for many days—sick almost unto death—but I nursed him with my own hands—nursed all through his delirium—and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him, and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arm about my neck, and told me if I would be good to him he would never give me cause for offence. And he added, as he sat up again, *I am not a coward—I could not be a dog!*"

"From that hour I never forgot those words. A brave man cannot be governed by fear; and the coward, under the influence of fear, is not to be trusted. And from that hour I have never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my men feel that they are men—that I so regard them—and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible: and I have not failed to gain their respect and their confidence. I give no undue license, but make my crew feel that they have a friend and a superior in the same person. For nine years I sailed in three different ships, and had the very same crew all the while. A man could not be hired to leave me for an officer's berth.

"And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He

was my cabin-boy ; one of my foremast hands ; my second mate ; and the last time he sailed with me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best this country ever afforded. Such gentlemen, is my experience in government and discipline on shipboard."

MORAL SUASION

THERE is nothing like 'moral suasion.' It has grown to be a great and controlling institution. The best example of the same occurred in San Francisco recently. You well know—if not, I can inform you thereon—that the chief city of California is frequently, if not oftener, invested by Chinamen. An acquaintance of ours was junior partner and occasional salesman in a firm whose business it was to sell fish hooks, and lines, rope's ends, and other odds and ends. One day a John Chinaman, followed by a train of about ten of his countrymen, ranged tandem fashion, entered the establishment, and after peering round for a few seconds, exclaimed :

'Cotton seine twine—got him?'

'Yes,' was the answer.

'How much takee?'

'One dollar a pound.'

'Um, give fifty cents.'

'Get out!' said the junior partner, with menacing gestures, and John Chinaman departed, followed by his tail and his countrymen.

The train passed and re-passed the door several times, and at length re-entered. John, looking round as though he had never been there before, again inquired :

'Cotton seine twine—got him?'

'Yes.'

'How much takee?'

'One dollar a pound.'

'Um, give seventeen-five cents.'

'Get out!' cried the excited partner, and the Chinese population departed as before.

The wild geese procession paraded past a few times, and then re-entered. The spokesman, after gazing around some time, lifted up his voice a third time, and thus spoke :

'Cotton seine twine—got him?'

'Yes.'

‘How much takee?’

The salesman whispered to Patrick, the porter, to hand him a cleaver. This had, he grasped the astonished John Chinaman with his left hand, and raising the cleaver with his right, exclaimed:

‘One dollar a pound!’

John gave one look at the cleaver, another at the face of the salesman, and then yelled out:

‘I takee one hundred pounds!’

The bargain was thereon closed. So much for moral suasion

. NOTE ON TRAFALGAR.

LORD NELSON's well known valet, Tom Allen, lived for some time close to me, he being then retained in the service of Sir William Bolton. I met Tom almost every day in my walks, and often got into chat with him about his brave and noble master, Lord Nelson. Among other things, I spoke of his wearing his decorations at Trafalgar. Now Tom, who had been with him in so many other engagements, was by mere accident prevented from arriving in time on that last memorable occasion, having left London after his Lordship, and not arriving till the battle was over, and his master's career of glory brought to a brilliant close. But it may be amusing to record Tom's opinion and observations. He said—‘I never told anybody that if I had been there Lord Nelson would not have been killed; but that I have said, and say again, that if I had been there he should not have put on that coat. He would mind me like a child; and when I found him bent upon wearing his finery before a battle, I always prevented him. “Tom,” he would say, “I'll fight the battle in my best coat.” “No, my lord, you shan't.” “Why not, Tom?” “Why, my lord, you fight the battle first; and then I'll dress you up in all your stars and garters, and you'll look something like.”’ Thus poor old faithful Tom Allen gave himself credit for having saved his master's life by his rigid discipline in attire on former occasions; and it was evident that he was of opinion that he should have saved it once more at Trafalgar. Tom's accounts of other memorable events of Nelson's life were given with *naivette*. His old age was rendered comfortable in Greenwich Hospital, where he held the office of pewterer till his death.

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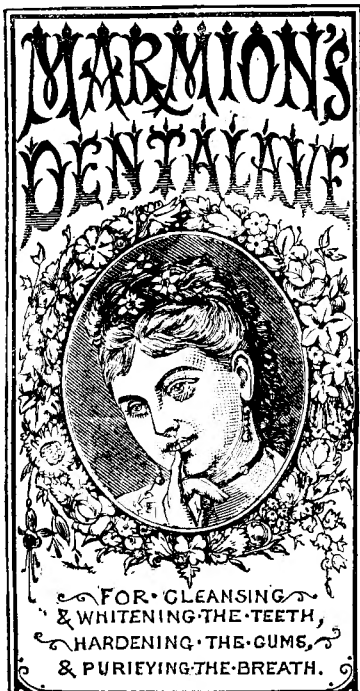
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